THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]ST

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Volume 201, Number 42

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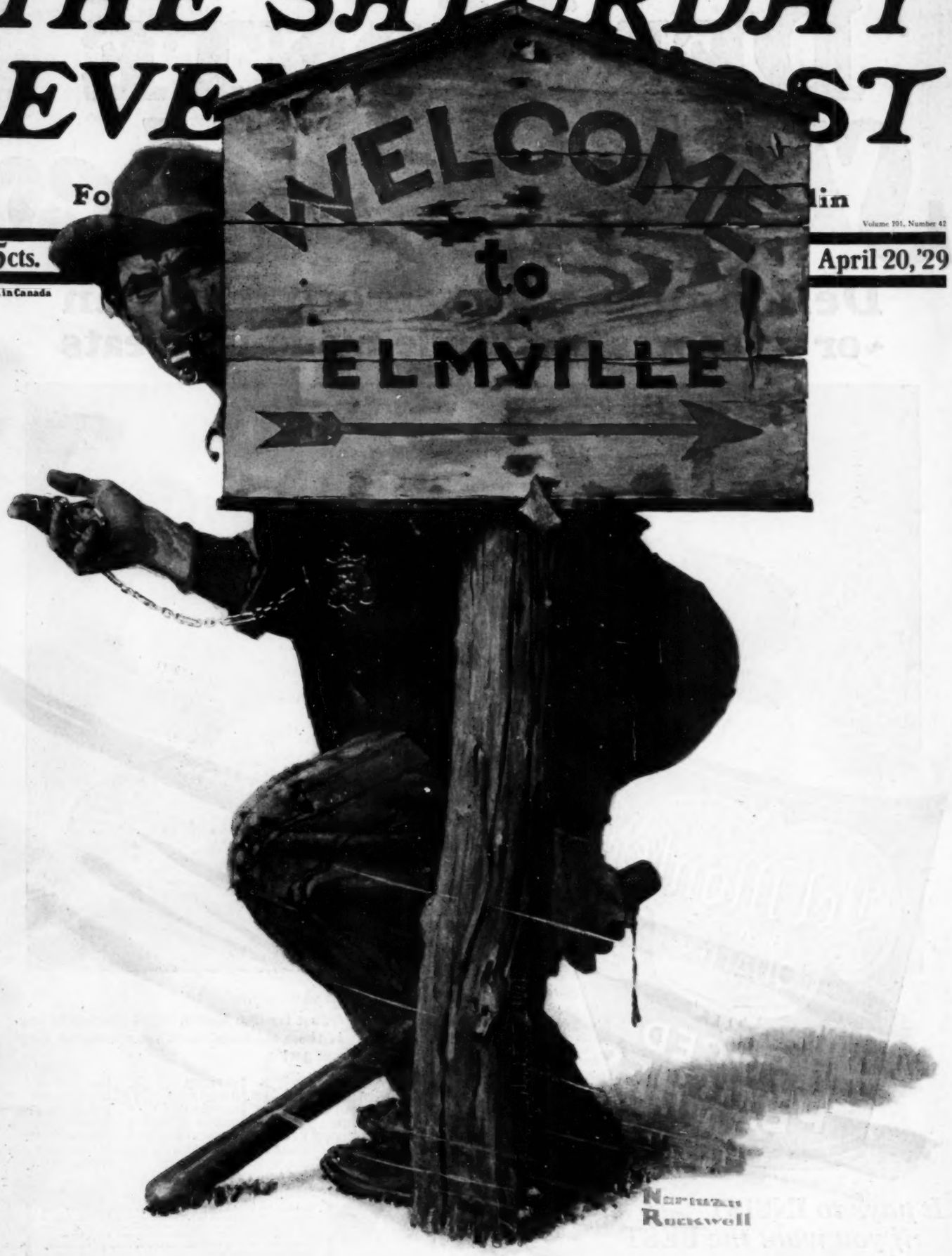
April 20,'29



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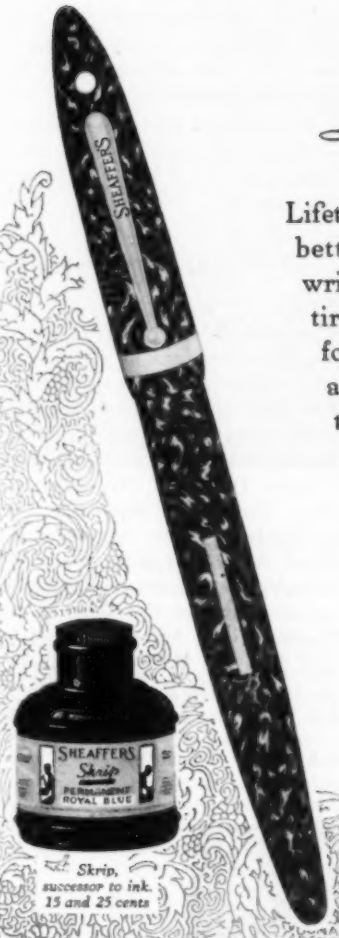

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Four girls speak out in meeting about complexions

And these famous skin specialists agree with them

FOUR of us were attending what business men call a "conference"—four girls and six men.

One of us is tall and slim and cool. She is an authority on fashions. Another is small and soft, but such a tiny dynamo of energy that her husband calls her "Little Tug-boat." Another is an artist, who always looks dressed for tea at the Ritz. And the fourth—well, she has a warm voice and a quick smile and a generous ear for everybody's problems.

What were we doing in the meeting? We were there to represent *you*, because the largest soapmakers in the world, The Procter & Gamble Company, realize that men often don't quite understand what women feel about things. So they called us in to advise them.

What the men thought

Camay, their wonderful new soap, was at last in nearly all the stores and they were ready to talk to you about it in the magazines you like best to read.

There were lots of opinions—there always are in these meetings. But, as sometimes happens, the men and women didn't agree.

One man wanted to tell you about the 10 long years of experimenting it took them to make this really new *kind* of soap. Another was sure you should know about the new process they had discovered to make the world's finest soap oils even finer. Still another thought you'd surely want to hear about Camay's delicate perfume that is pressed from living flowers when they blossom on their sunny French hillsides.

But long ago I'd fallen in love with this lovely new Camay for a very different reason. Also I'd been talking to a lot of girls about it—friends, casual acquaintances, even complete strangers. And I knew

that what I had found so marvelous about Camay was the one thing these girls most especially wanted to know:

Will Camay help me keep my skin fresh and lovely and outdoor-looking?

My idea

So I spoke out in meeting for you—at considerable length, if I remember rightly! And the other three girls backed me up. Finally, after a lot of discussion, these men said, "Well, Miss Chase, we believe you girls are right." Then I *did* have an idea!

A few days later I went to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

He was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a complexion soap of the proper quality—that would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely. He agreed to have Camay analyzed for me, and to test it thoroughly in use.

But he really did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to the dermatologists whom he regards as outstanding in their profession today and asked them to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these doctors are the heads of the department of dermatology in the leading universities and hospitals of the country.

Why leading dermatologists approve Camay

And now I am very happy to tell you that because these skin specialists approved Camay's formula and the gentle way Camay cleanses even the most delicate feminine skins, they have given Camay their unanimous approval.

So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's velvety lather, you can have the very pleasant reassurance that you're using just the kind of soap these leading skin specialists would recommend to you if you paid them a personal call and asked their best advice about a soap for your complexion.

If you think any other soap can give you an assurance more important than *that*, I wish you'd write me about it!

Helen Chase

Free! For you—Complexion help from famous skin specialists. Into a smart little book I've put all the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Oily skins; Sensitive skins are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; with Hard Water and Soft. Also Diet; Exercise; Rest; Sleep and their effect on complexions; the Way to Use Cosmetics and many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-49, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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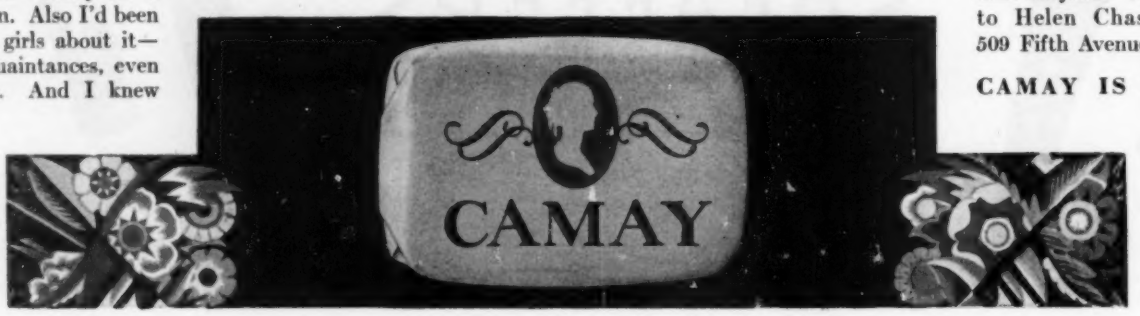

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Million-Pound Deposit

"We Saw the Light Go Up, and That Old Guy Standing There Gaping In at Us"

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NED SWAYLES, the younger of the two men seated in an obscure corner of the cheap, odoriferous restaurant of which they were the only occupants, stretched out a long, shapely hand across the soiled tablecloth, and turned toward him the watch which he had detached from its chain. His protuberant knuckles, the prehensile, electric crawl of his fingers, had awakened a great many speculations at various times as to the nature of his occupation.

"Twenty minutes after nine," he muttered. "He surely is late."

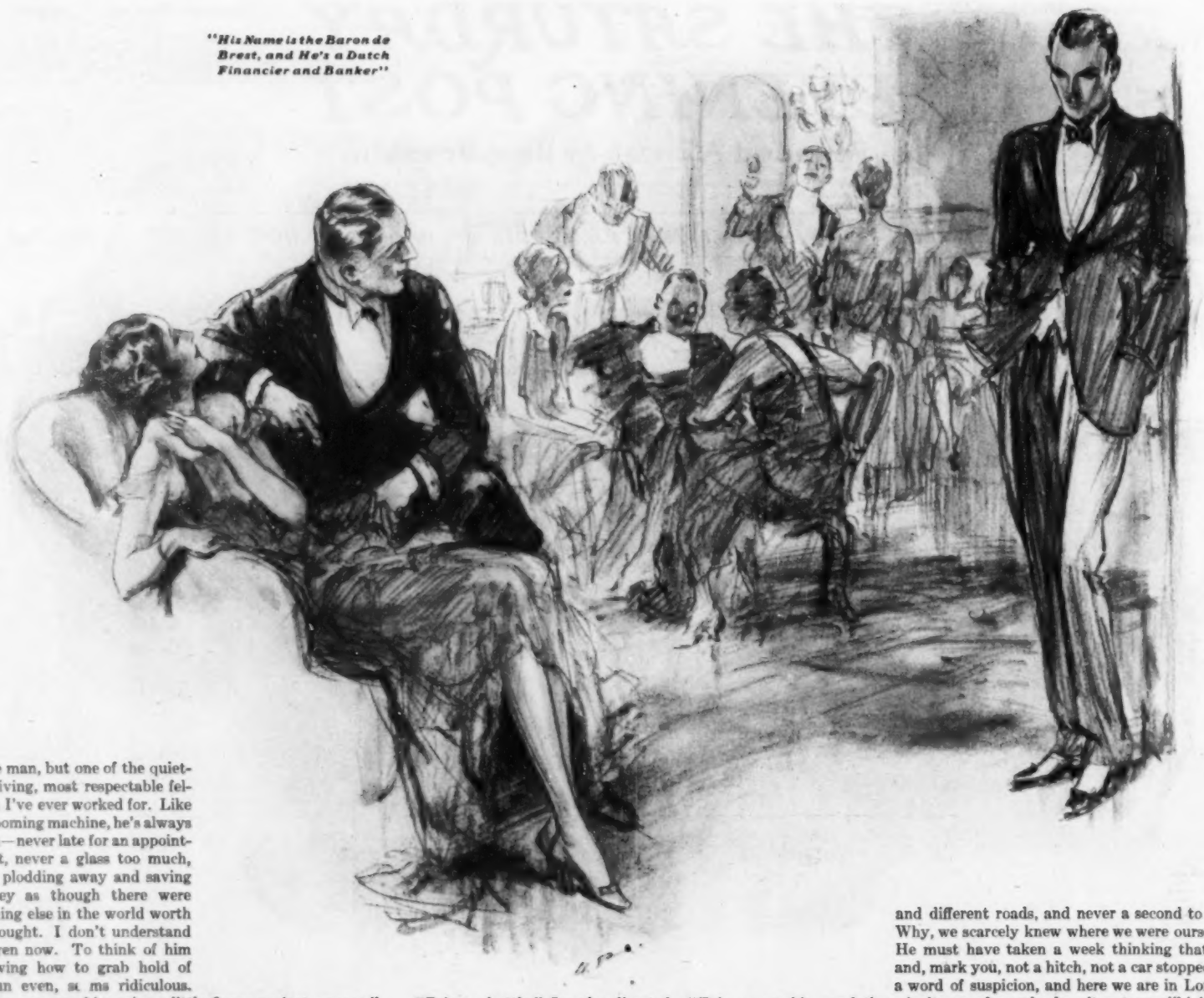
His companion, a shock-headed, weedy-looking man, with a mass of black hair, unwholesome of appearance, untidily dressed, and apparently as nervous as his vis-à-vis, grunted assent as he drummed with restless fingers upon the table. He had been seated with his eyes fixed upon the door for the past ten minutes, starting eagerly whenever a passing shadow darkened the threshold, only to relapse into gloom again as the loiterer disappeared. The place was really little more than a shop with a back room, dignified by the name of a restaurant. A few meals were served there in the daytime, scarcely any at night. Upon a side table, underneath the meat covers, upon chipped and unsavory dishes, reposed half a ham, the worst remains of a joint of beef, and a fragment of tinned tongue. A weary-looking salad was protected by a piece of muslin. There were no other signs of edibles, but the odor of past meals hung unappetizingly about the stuffy apartment. It was typical of many eating houses of its class, chiefly to be found in the neighborhood of the great railway terminals. The people who eat in them seem like the ghouls of disappointed travelers.

In the doorway, the only waiter—a disreputable object, half Italian, half cockney, with a shirt front which appeared to be tied onto him, and the clothes of his profession stained with the gravy of remorseless years—was struggling to get a breath of air. The heat of a long summer's day seemed to be reflected from the pavements outside, and the coolness of night mercilessly delayed. The heat stole into the unattractive little restaurant in gaseous waves. Swayles helped himself from a bottle of whisky which stood upon a table between the two men, and the liquid splashed onto the tablecloth from his unsteady handling. He drank it after the fashion of some of his country people—neat, with a hastily filled tumbler of flat-looking water to follow.

"Say, if I'd known what sort of a job this was going to turn out," he whined, "I'd never have got myself stuck with it. I wouldn't care so much if it were in New York or Chicago. The bulls there know well enough that in eleven years I've never packed a gun. I've turned down every show where there hasn't been a slick get-away."

His companion dabbed once more at his moist forehead with a soiled handkerchief.

"Do you think I'd have been fool enough to be mixed up in it, either?" he demanded with feeble truculence. "I've known Thomas Ryde for fourteen years—a hard, keen



"His Name is the Baron de Brest, and He's a Dutch Financier and Banker"

little man, but one of the quietest living, most respectable fellows I've ever worked for. Like a blooming machine, he's always been—never late for an appointment, never a glass too much, just plodding away and saving money as though there were nothing else in the world worth a thought. I don't understand it even now. To think of him knowing how to grab hold of a gun even, is ridiculous. I've never seen him raise a little finger against anyone."

Ned Swayles leaned across the table.

"When I took on the job," he confided hoarsely, "the first question I asked was whether it was to be a get-away affair or a gunning business. I give you my word, Huneybell, that I've never touched a gunning job in my life. If they catch me, they catch me, and I'm ready to do my stretch. When we heard the footsteps in the passage, heard the door open, saw the light go up, and that old guy standing there gaping in at us, I was for the window and a get-away quick as I could leg it. Ryde was standing just behind me. He didn't move—didn't say a word. Suddenly I saw his arm shoot out, saw the stab of flame, the old man spin round. Do you know, Huneybell, I've lived in Chicago mostly since I was a kid, and I've never seen a man's light put out before."

Huneybell shivered in his place. The white agony of fear seemed carved into his twitching features.

"Why doesn't he come?" he groaned. "Here, give me the whisky bottle."

He poured some into a glass, added water, and drank in long, feverish gulps. A huge bluebottle came droning around their table. The waiter abandoned his vain quest for air and lumbered up the room.

"Shall I serve the chops, sir?" he inquired. "Perhaps the other gentleman not coming."

"Of course he's coming!" was the angry reply. "He's certain to come. He'll be here directly."

"The chops will be burnt all up," the man warned them.

"Bring them right along," the young American ordered. "Let's eat! Let's do something! Here, waiter; got any wine in this bum place?"

The man produced a battered wine card. Swayles glanced at it in disgust. His delicate forefinger pointed to the single printed line under the heading of Champagne.

"What is it?" he demanded. "What mark?"

"It's champagne," was the cheerful reply. "Forget ta label. Very good wine."

"Bring a bottle," Swayles directed. "Take away this filthy whisky. Don't stop for wine glasses; bring tumblers."

The man shambled off, opening a door in the rear of the place which let in a hot wave of air from below, and a smell of greasy cooking.

"Say, this junk has got me scared, and that's a fact," the young man went on, fingering his flowing tie. "Your boss may have hopped it. I don't reckon he set about this job meaning to kill two men. Supposing he's made a clear get-away, if we get nabbed they won't know who did the shooting. I guess the law's the same over here as with us. If there's a gang, and one man's plugged, the lot have got to answer for it."

Huneybell left off burying his hands in his overluxuriant hair, took one more long gulp of his whisky, and leaned back in his chair. Alcohol had accomplished something of its task. He was feeling more of a man.

"You're a nervous sort of chap for a Chicago thug," he scoffed. "I'm as scared as you are about the whole show, but I'm not worrying about Thomas Ryde. I'll tell you something about him, guv'nor. What he says he's going to do, he does, and that's the end of it. He's what they call an organizer. That's his job in life. What he says comes to pass, and don't you forget it. I tell you that, except for the shooting, he'd got this affair cut and dried like a master."

"I lost my pep from the moment he handed out the masks," Swayles confessed. "I sure didn't like the feel of them."

"Never again," Mr. Huneybell declared earnestly, "will I believe in these stories of slick American criminals. Mind you, I'm scared to death, but I'm going to hand it to the guv'nor that he ran that business almost as well as he reorganized the waste-stuff department. What about the get-away, Mr. Ned Swayles? Perhaps you like the way he managed that part of the business better? Ten miles in one car, eight miles in another, all of us separated, west, east, south, even north. Different numbers at every change and different roads, and never a second to wait. Why, we scarcely knew where we were ourselves. He must have taken a week thinking that out, and, mark you, not a hitch, not a car stopped, not a word of suspicion, and here we are in London, and there isn't one of us who hasn't got an alibi in our trousers pocket."

"It was a swell get-away," Mr. Ned Swayles admitted, "but if one of us comes a mucker, he drags the lot of us in. Where's your Mr. Thomas Ryde? That's what I want to know."

A shadow darkened the threshold. The two men leaned forward in their places. Huneybell breathed hard. Ned Swayles, from his deep-set eyes, flashed out the fires of welcome. A trim, rather short man, approaching early middle age, very neatly dressed in cool gray, with gold-rimmed, tight-fitting spectacles, Homburg hat, and carrying a carefully furled umbrella, walked precisely through the outer shop, and entered what was apologetically called the "restaurant." He made his way at once to the only occupied table. The two men stared at him as though he were a longed-for vision. Something which was meant to be a greeting stuck in Swayles' throat; his companion stretched out his hand and upset his glass.

"Before you speak," the newcomer began, taking off his hat and hanging it upon a peg, "accept my apologies for this regrettable unpunctuality. For the second time since I initiated our little enterprise, things have not gone altogether according to plan. In Brighton, I had an intelligent chauffeur. At such a time, intelligence is not a quality one appreciates among those with whom one comes in contact. I thought it as well to get rid of him and come up by train."

Once again that expression of shivering fear whitened the face of the young American.

"Get rid of him!"

"Ah, not in that sense," Mr. Thomas Ryde protested. "The situation presented no threatening possibilities. He saw me off on a Channel steamer to Calais, or rather he thought he did, and I came up to town by train. Is it my fancy, or do I find you two a little disturbed?"

Huneybell mopped his forehead, but remained dumb. Ned Swayles groaned.

"See here, Mr. Ryde," he explained, "we're scared—Huneybell and I are—scared stiff. I asked you the question straight: Was it a gun job, or was it not? You told me to quit that line of talk right off—swore you'd never packed an automatic in your life."

"My dear young friends, be reasonable," the newcomer urged. "Principles depart with the coming of necessity. What else was to be done? Who could have divined that that poor fool Rentoul would have stayed in his laboratory till the middle of the night, and then have blundered down upon us? There he stood, with his hand within a foot of the main electric-alarm bell; a single touch, and you know what that would have meant. You must remember, too, Huneybell, that, notwithstanding our masks, you and I are not altogether strangers at Boothroyd's Works."

"That's all right," Huneybell assented, "but what about poor old Michael?"

The slightest possible shrug of the shoulders. "Poor old Michael" apparently failed to evoke any sympathetic reaction.

"One regrets, of course," was the cool reply, "but he would have had the gates closed upon us in a minute if he hadn't been dealt with. By the bye, does this somewhat unsavory restaurant possess any attractions in the shape of food?"

"We ordered chops," Huneybell confided. "They've been keeping them waiting for you I don't know how long."

Thomas Ryde looked around him disparagingly.

"It is not the spot I should have chosen on a hot summer's evening," he observed, "to celebrate the termination of a successful enterprise. Still, as far as privacy is concerned, it has its points."

Luigi, who preferred to be called William, came tumbling in through the back door. He carried in the crook of his arm a chipped japanned tray upon which reposed a covered metal dish and some plates. In his other hand he carried the bottle of champagne. In cheerful and unembarrassed silence he placed the dish upon the table and displayed its contents, distributed the plates, fetched from the cupboard an attenuated-looking bottle containing a few tablespoonfuls of Worcester sauce, put salt and pepper in coarse utensils of battered glass within reach of his clients, and stood back to survey the result of his labors.

"You didn't order any veg," he reminded them. "It wouldn't have been no good if you had, because we no got any."

Ned Swayles, who boasted an address in Riverside Drive, and, described of no occupation, had just been elected a member of one of New York's most select night dining clubs, gave vent to a little groan. Thomas Ryde, however, helped himself to the least repulsive of the chops, passed the other two to his companions, and commenced his meal. The waiter, with a flourish, opened the wine. Ned Swayles and Huneybell held out their glasses eagerly; Thomas Ryde shook his head.

"A large tumbler," he directed, beckoning for the whisky bottle, "some ice and Schweppes soda."

"No gotta ice," the waiter explained equably. "Soda water in siphons."

Thomas Ryde motioned him a little nearer.

"Opposite to us," he confided—"just across the road, as a matter of fact—is a public house where Schweppes soda water can easily be procured. Ice, too—just one tumblerful of it—should present no difficulties."

He produced a ten-shilling note, and the waiter, after a moment's hesitation, disappeared with it.

Ned Swayles gulped down his glass of champagne, and the tang of it, young and sour though it must have been, apparently gave him courage. He addressed himself earnestly to Ryde.

"Look here, boss," he demanded, "what I want to know is, where am I on this deal? I opened the safe for you—a job not another lad in England could have done—and all we found was six thousand quid and a lot of musty old papers. According to you, the thing should have been worth a lot more. You guaranteed me—now, boss, don't you go denying this, because I can be nasty if I try—you guaranteed me twenty-five grand."

"Quite correct," Mr. Ryde acknowledged. "Could I trouble you for the salt?—just by your sleeve, there . . . Thanks. Twenty-five grand is, I believe, equivalent to five thousand pounds, Mr. Swayles. A good deal of money, but I must confess that you earned it. Your opening of that safe was without a doubt a masterpiece of scientific ingenuity."

"I'll agree I earned it all right," the young man affirmed anxiously, "but am I going to get it, boss? That's what I want to know."

Mr. Ryde seemed a trifle hurt.

"My dear Mr. Swayles!" he remonstrated. "I can assure you that I am not a man who fails in his engagements."

"Well, where's it coming from?" the other persisted. "There was only six thousand in the safe altogether."

Mr. Thomas Ryde looked critically at his napkin and, finally deciding in its favor, wiped his lips with a corner of it.

"Following my usual custom, Mr. Swayles," he said, "of taking into my full confidence the members of any enterprise in which I am concerned, I will confess to you at once that we others were not out altogether for treasury notes. To tell you the truth, I did not expect to find much more than we did find in available cash. You may have noticed, however, that I removed a number of papers at the same time as the money. It is from them that we expect to derive our share of the booty. With the exception of one thousand pounds which we need for current expenses, the five thousand pounds is yours, according to arrangement. The papers are ours."

The American remained suspicious. The psychology of Mr. Thomas Ryde was a thing hidden from him. He had a vague idea that he was being talked at for some occult reason.

"Blast your papers," he muttered, with a little twist of the lips. "Let me see the five thou."

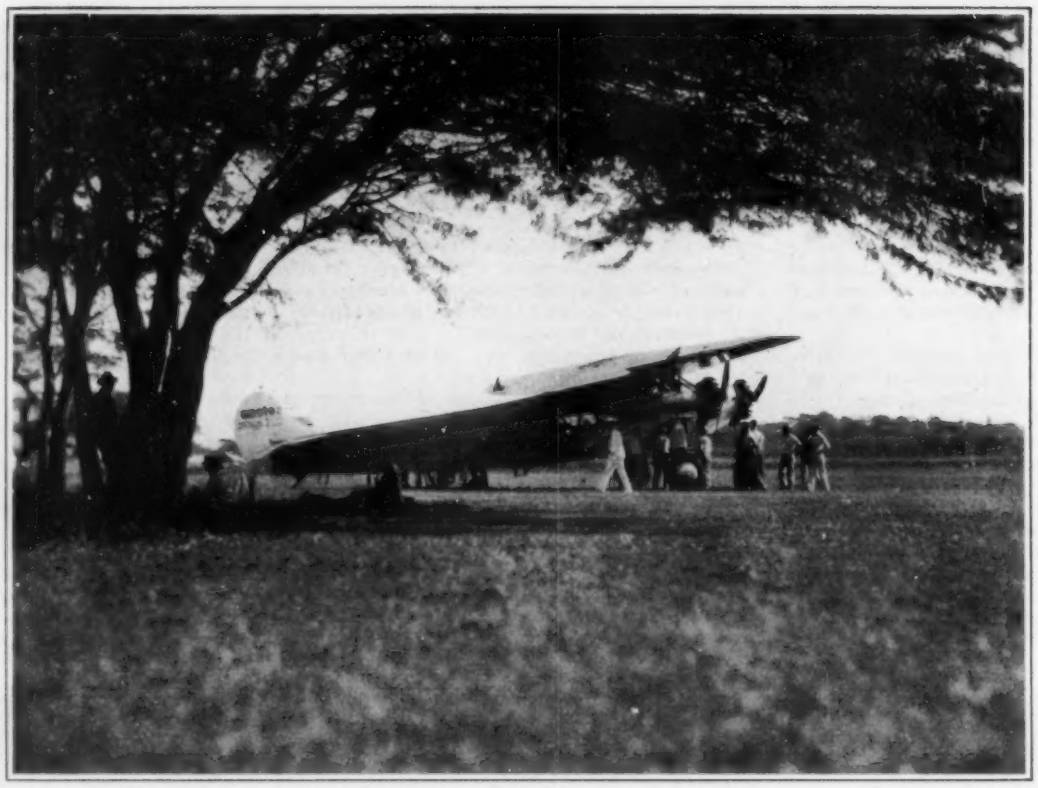
"A trifle impetuous, surely, my young friend," was the gently reproving rejoinder. "However, since you insist ——"

(Continued on Page 137)

"It is Not the Spot I Should Have Chosen on a Hot Summer's Evening to Celebrate the Termination of a Successful Enterprise"

LINKING THE AMERICAS

By James Warner Bellah



The First Pan-American Tri-Motor Fokker to Arrive on Regular Service at the Airport of Port au Prince, Haiti

FOUR centuries and thirty-six years ago, the fourteenth of March, in the cramped confines of his tiny cabin in the stern castle of the caravel Santa Maria, a windbitten Italian sailor, serving as a gentleman adventurer in the mercenary service of Spain, closed a letter to Don Rafael Sanchez, treasurer to their Most Serene Highnesses Ferdinand and Isabella:

> Finally to sum up the whole, and state briefly the great profits of this voyage, I am enabled to promise the acquisition, by a trifling assistance from their Majesties, of any quantity of gold, drugs, cotton and mastick . . . also any quantity of aloe, and as many slaves for the service of the marine as their Majesties may stand in need of. The same may be said of rhubarb and a great variety of other things. . . . Although the discoveries actually accomplished appear great and surprising, yet I should have effected much more had I been furnished with a proper fleet.

The quill scratched on in the silence, tracing a formal adieu above the signature of Christopher Columbus, admiral of the Armada of the Ocean, and a new goal for man's activities rose on the western horizon.

For many decades thereafter, bearded and helmeted soldiers of fortune led their tiny columns of lean-jawed men through impenetrable jungles alive with poison death, across treacherous rivers freighted with parching fever, over mountains frigid with the cold that kills when the blood has been thinned by the heat of the lowland. North to what was to be California they tramped; south into the heart of one of the richest continents of the world; westward to the shore of a new ocean, carrying the gifts of rapine, murder, looting and disease, glorying in the name of conquistadores, but only scratching the surface of the new country's wealth. Where they had gone others followed for centuries, still with the sword. Spain, Portugal and France set up empires and viceroyalties that the cloak of political sanction might cover the ancient art of systematic looting. Still the surface was hardly scratched.

Busy at Home

ENGLAND rose to the bait and sent her phlegmatic blue-eyed admirals south of the twentieth parallel to snap and bark at the caparisoned admirals of Spain, snatching at land where she could, holding on to it grimly when she got it. Jolly, red-faced Hollanders came down to gobble up the crumbs; stalwart Germans, a handful of Jews here and there, black men dragged in chains from Africa, Syrians to trade in the seaport bazaars, Chinese—descendants, perhaps, of earlier Chinese enslaved by the Spanish—and later, Japanese, bland behind the mask of smiling eyes.

In three hundred years new races were born and old cruelties were trampled upon and snuffed out. Independent governments arose, new countries were delineated—a large one on the northern continent and in time seventeen others between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego. Seventeen countries struggling for ideals in the blackness of isolation, fired by the memories of past atrocities, guarding jealously the lush profits of a God-given fertility of soil and the secrets of a fabulous mineral wealth locked in the hearts of great mountains.

To the northward, America grew, growled lustily, crawled, stumbled and walked. In the first flush of a new and fragile unity she crystallized her future as a distinct enterprise, separate from the ancient traditions of Europe, and stood her ground. For forty-two years afterward she was much too busy putting her house in order and warding off trespassers to take any thought of her neighbors, but in 1823 the first gesture for a spiritual unity of purpose between the countries to the southward and the United States was made. Today the results of that gesture are taken as a matter of course.

The Inauguration of the First Pan-American Regular Service at Isla Grande Airport, San Juan, Porto Rico. Governor Towner, of Porto Rico, Second From Left

Courage

THE phrase is bandied in the streets at intervals. Everyone who has passed the eighth grade in grammar school knows of the Monroe Doctrine, but few know it, and fewer realize the courage it took to sanction it and give it to the world a century ago, when the mighty fleets of Europe still cruised in American waters with tampions out and their batteries double-shotted. But courage there was, and the words rang around the world, to be laughed at, at the time—and why not?

> . . . The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers.

Courage? The Lewis and Clark reports were only seventeen years old when these words were spoken to Congress that long-gone morning of December second. There were only seven states extending westward of the Alleghanies, and none of the territory that was to become, years later, Californin, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Colorado, Southwestern Kansas and Oklahoma had yet been acquired. Nevertheless, James Monroe went on into the heart of his subject, casting his gaze into the arena:

> In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. . . . The political system of the allied powers is essentially different . . . from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. . . . With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. . . . It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their accord.

When President Monroe addressed those words to Congress one hundred and six years ago he sought to forestall any extracontinental move that might menace the political health of the new

countries of North and South America. A spiritual alliance, with mutual self-preservation as a basis.

Since his thesis was set forth the political health of the two continental mainlands has become an assured fact, but during the period of its solidification forces have been at work elsewhere—culminating in the war of 1914–18—to destroy the economic health of the European countries involved. How successful those forces have been is a known quantity. That the United States and the countries of South America came out of the upheaval with the fewest crippling wounds is their good fortune. That this mutual economic health should be today's bond of spiritual unity is only natural.

A Gap to Bridge

IT IS natural that two such continents—fabulously rich in resources, still comparatively new in mutual experiments of government diametrically opposed in theory to previously existing governments, and isolated in the main from the age-old fetishes of race hatred and the interlocking economic problems that cause wars in Europe—should be drawn together for mutual profit and mutual improvement.

The Crew of the Second Regular Miami-Cristobal Mail Plane at Tela, Honduras, Northward Bound. Left to Right—L. Boyd, Mechanic; Raymond J. Merritt, Pilot; Frank Ormsbee, Co-Pilot, and J. W. Bellah

A spiritual combination of purpose and a potential pooling of resources such as those seventeen countries can make with us for peace and prosperity on a joint basis of trade would be an impregnable obstacle in the path of future wars. Side by side in a mutual isolation, the United States has grown with the countries of South America—side by side, and yet farther removed from those countries by boat times, geographical difficulties and misunderstandings than Europe has been. Europe had her foothold in South America long before we existed as a country. We had a gap to bridge—a gap of six Central American republics, wild expanses of territory, mountainous and volcanic, peopled in outlying districts by virile and savage Indians not yet assimilated, scourged by continual revolution in the hands of men idealistic in a sense, but more often viciously self-seeking—countries inaccessible in their interiors, roadless, and even today only sketchily opened by rail and telegraph. And yet, countries yielding, with the United States and Mexico, approximately half of the known supply of oil—that lifeblood of modern peace and modern war—in the world; countries of unbelievable fertility of soil to be cultivated; countries of untold possibilities, and yet bearing to the sovereign safety of the United States and South America the same proximity to the firebrand of commercial and political chaos that the Balkans have borne to Europe. Anyone's property to grab, looted unmercifully by concession hunters, exploited for years by soldiers of fortune, bled, robbed and lied to, blaming most of it on the United States, blinded to the good done them by the overwhelming spectacle of the bad, and crying their wrongs aloud for sympathy—in the tongue of Latin America.

It is a pity that these younger, less stable and rather undeveloped countries that stand in the pathway of an overland route, and that dot the islands between the two countries, have caused any feeling to arise between North and South America that may tarnish a moral alliance of a century's duration.

The Airport of Managua, Showing United States Marines' Hangars and Patrol Planes on the Tarmac

Whether our political necessity in the Indies and Central America has caused an aversion to be crystallized into a trade preference on the part of South America or whether it has been the natural result of open competition in the market place—backed on the part of Europe by a postwar, self-preservative frenzy of endeavor—only one-third of South America's imports come from the United States today. The balance Europe supplies. To Central and South America combined, plus the countries of the West Indies, we send only half of their total imports. The average naturally rises with a closer proximity of enterprise and the attendant reduction of freight rates due to that proximity.

Fortunately, however, it is the experience of man that aversions caused by the misunderstandings of distance fade with proximity and, unconsciously, mutual understanding is what man is accomplishing the world over in his mechanical annihilation of time and space.

It is unfortunate that the physical problems presented by Central America, the gateway to the continents, have been his bane, but it is nevertheless true. Consider for a moment the results of the endeavors of four hundred years.

The Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the countries of Central America have been known and open to the trader since the time of the conquistadors, but to the present day there is no way of going overland from the Mexican-Guatemalan border to Panama except the ancient one of foot and horse. No through railroads exist. Only two transisthmian railroads connect Atlantic and Pacific ports between Mexico and the Canal Zone—one between Puerto Barrios and San José in Guatemala, and one between Port Limon and Puntarenas in Costa Rica.

With Limited Facilities

COASTAL railroads are exceedingly meager. In Honduras, the northern—Atlantic—coast towns of Puerto Cortes, Tela and Ceiba are sketchily connected by fruit railroads that extend inland to the plantation country slightly beyond La Pimienta. The Trujillo Railroad Company—United Fruit—operates another small network connecting Puerto Castilla on Cape Honduras with Cape Cameron. The country of El Salvador on the Pacific Coast is comparatively well served with a fork line between Santa Ana and Acajutla that traverses the country to La Union on the Gulf of Fonseca. Guatemala, in addition to its transisthmian railroad, has a connected coastal line running northward to the Mexican border and connecting the Pacific Coast cities of Ocos and Champerico. As for Nicaragua—Corinto, Chinandega and Managua are connected with Granada on paper, and trains have run, but as far as the railroad situation in that country is concerned it may be entirely disregarded. Costa Rica has little besides its transisthmian line. In short, no two countries of Central America are connected by rail.

Motor roads—even barely passable—may be absolutely discounted except in the immediate vicinity of seaport or capital cities.

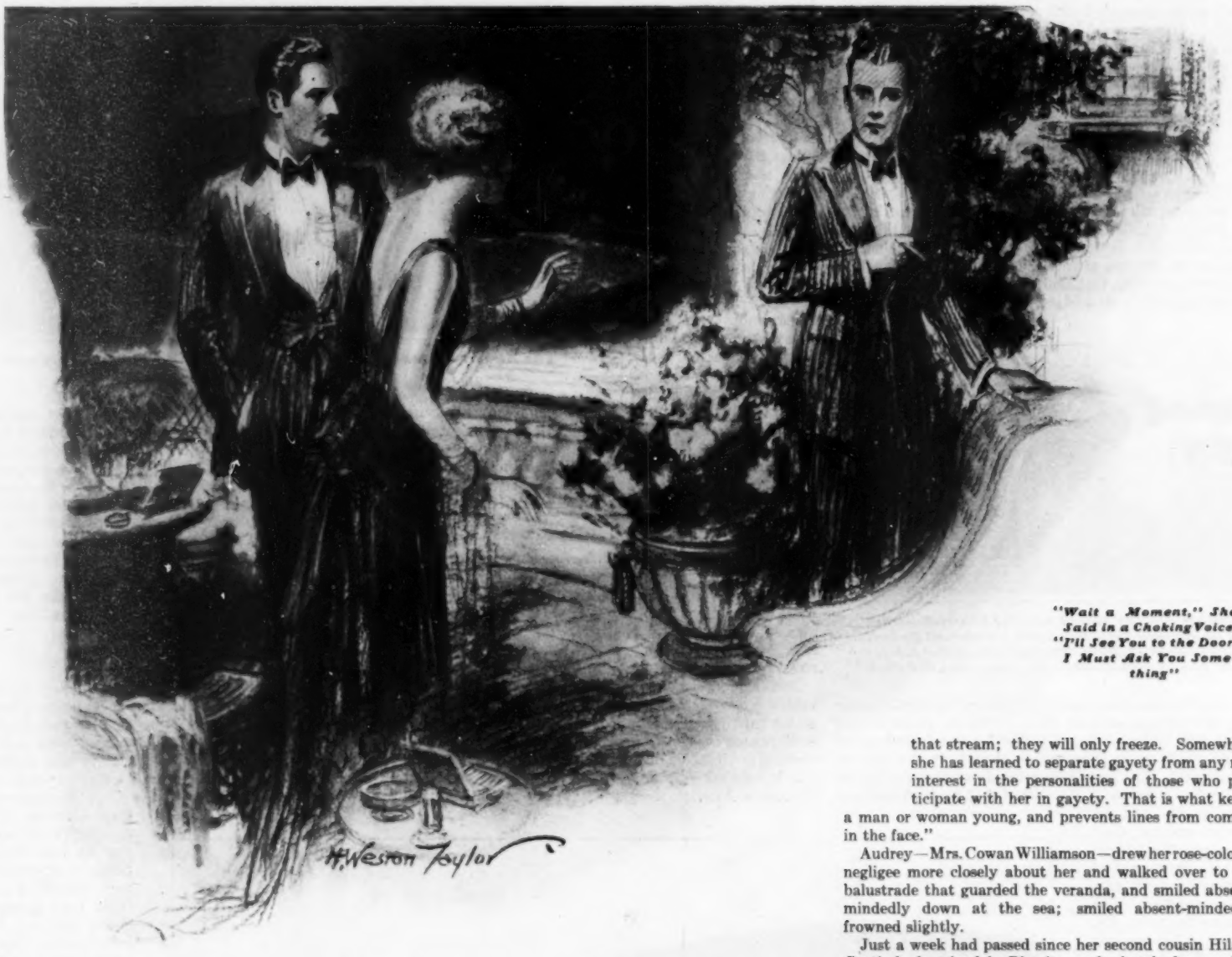
Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Technical Adviser to Pan-American Airways and Pilot on the First Regular Air-Mail Flight From Miami to Panama, Handing Over to Postal Authorities the First Bag of Mail to be Flown North From the Canal Zone

(Continued on Page 82)

RESPECT

By STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



"Wait a Moment," She Said in a Choking Voice. "I'll See You to the Door. I Must Ask You Something"

MRS. COWAN WILLIAMSON, Audrey Cowan that was, before she divorced Henry Strange of New York and, after Henry Strange, Carol Williamson of the same large town, stepped out onto the veranda of her villa at Biarritz and sniffed the morning air. She had just finished breakfast, and the fragrant cool breeze of the ocean to the west stirred her close-cropped golden hair and the lace of her rose-colored negligee. Below her was a garden, and then cliffs, and then the tumbled blue expanse of the Atlantic, while to one side the distant violet heights of the Pyrenees rose up from checkerboard green fields and on the other the town fell away in a confused sky line of gray and ocher houses and round and square towers.

Mrs. Williamson—Audrey—always, and to the perpetual dismay of her French servants, and no matter what she had been doing the night before, breakfasted downstairs at 9:30. Somehow this single act of self-discipline assuaged the dimly felt disapproval of generations of Puritan ancestors and, even more important, swung each day at its beginning back to the normal, thus building up a moral reserve strength that could be expended at the close of each day in whatever waste of energy the somewhat abnormal society of Biarritz demanded. Frequently, of course, after an especially long or fatiguing night, she went back to bed again, but even had she reached her villa no earlier than dawn, saying good-by to much hand kissing and voices that one night were Spanish, the next French, the next English, the next American, the following morning she was down in her dining room, freshly shower bathed, reading her mail, sipping coffee from a silver service, looking incredibly young. Incredibly young—that was her most distinguished asset and, possibly, her most dangerous weapon.

She was sufficiently charming, as has been indicated, with her close-cropped, small golden head, her candid blue eyes, her fresh coloring, her large red mouth, her tall slim figure, but she was more than charming if you knew her real age—thirty-two; she was astonishing. Frequently she looked not a day more than twenty. Hardly that; there were times when she looked nineteen. She had no right to look so young. Two husbands and, after that, numerous cosmopolitan fiancés, ardently attentive, not to mention a gay disregard of all the rules of eating, drinking and sleeping, should have left some traces, but they hadn't. Here was some unfairness of fate, leaving the not unnotorious Mrs. Cowan Williamson unscathed while excellent wives and careful maidens found each year taking its toll of their freshness.

It is necessary, however, not to be too severe on Mrs. Williamson. The phrase "not unnotorious" goes further perhaps than is just. Audrey had created considerably more smoke than fire. A determination arrived at several years before to enjoy life as much as possible had produced an outer recklessness that created far more talk than other, less fastidious, but discreeter ladies received. Audrey's favorite reply when a bit of gossip concerning herself was repeated to her was: "Well, what of it?" An intelligent enough reply, but one that does not silence scandal. None the less, a sense of humor—well-defined, if narrow—and a fundamental pride are probably the most valuable of all gifts, especially if one feels that one has a grievance with humanity. And Audrey had a sense of humor—well-defined, if narrow—and a fundamental pride.

Trivulce, an Italian, had expressed her state of mind more aptly than most. "She is a mountain stream near its source," he had said. "Quick, laughing, but lots of snow left. *Mes amis*, do not attempt to bathe your hands in that stream; they will only freeze. Somewhere she has learned to separate gayety from any real interest in the personalities of those who participate with her in gayety. That is what keeps a man or woman young, and prevents lines from coming in the face."

Audrey—Mrs. Cowan Williamson—drew her rose-colored negligee more closely about her and walked over to the balustrade that guarded the veranda, and smiled absent-mindedly down at the sea; smiled absent-mindedly, frowned slightly.

Just a week had passed since her second cousin Hilaire Curtis had arrived in Biarritz, and what had seemed at first a quaint confusion, an excellent and delightful joke, had grown into a dilemma of serious proportions. Merely in a practical way, Audrey had become almost a prisoner in her own house, hardly daring to go out save for motor trips with Hilaire himself or else to places where she knew he would not be. For six days the Bar Basque, the golf club, the rest of her accustomed haunts had missed her, and those six days had witnessed a trail of broken engagements.

Odd to think that this had all been due to the extremely formal call of a second cousin, never seen before, who, up to the moment, if given a thought, had been contemptuously dismissed as a rich, hard-working, dull young man, early a widower, renowned only for the vast fortune his father had left him and to which he had added.

A typical estimable young Chicago man of a certain type; none of the flair that sometimes distinguishes the sons and daughters of the early buccaneers. And being an estimable young Chicago man, therefore—at least to Audrey's mind—even more estimable than the most estimable young New York man could possibly be. His history—what she knew of it—had been estimable and typical! A large Eastern university where, inevitably, he had been leader of the glee club and manager of the football team. An early marriage to a rich, estimable girl. Her early and estimable death, leaving behind a small daughter who would now be about nine years old. Audrey had learned these facts from her mother who, living contentedly in New York with a husband and three other children, seldom wrote to Audrey and never, if possible, saw her. Mrs. Cowan had married Audrey off at the age of eighteen to an extremely rich man and if, with that start, a daughter couldn't make something better out of her life than Audrey had done, certainly it was no duty of a busy woman to bother further. But recently Mrs. Cowan had

taken the trouble to write Audrey that Hilaire Curtis was coming to Europe with his child, and would be there six months or so, and would call upon Audrey at Biarritz.

"He came to see us in New York," she added. "The first time I have ever seen him. He is charming."

Audrey, reading these lines, smiled for two reasons: First, because she so utterly mistrusted her mother's opinions as to what was charming; secondly, because her mother's purpose was so obvious. Long ago Mrs. Cowan had given up all hope for the future of her eldest daughter, save possibly a marriage with a senile English peer, a second-rate Greek millionaire or a second-rate Italian nobleman; but, like all great executives, also all great spiders, she left no strand of her web entirely unattended. Hilaire Curtis, a second cousin, enormously rich, was going abroad. By calling upon her in New York he had evidenced a new interest in his family and, in turn, she had persuaded him to call upon Audrey. Audrey, in a certain way, was clever. Also—Mrs. Cowan recalled—she was, or had been—three years before, when last seen in Paris—not unbeautiful. Perhaps by now she was tired of her wandering and ill-regulated life. At all events, there was no harm in trying. Hilaire's innocence would make him an easy victim, if a victim was required; his widowerhood would make him more charitable to Audrey's disposition and tastes.

Heretofore, of course, Hilaire had been one of Audrey's favorite jokes. Her own family were well-to-do and the Carol Williamson alimony had more than taken the place of the Henry Strange alimony, relinquished at second marriage, but neither of these resources constituted a renowned fortune; so it pleased Audrey to see foreigners prick up their ears when she casually and humorously mentioned her relationship to the grain kings of the Middle West, and she was able to assign at least half a dozen proposals of marriage to the mistaken idea that she shared in this inheritance. Moreover, the vast Curtis fortune allowed Audrey to complain of her own comparative poverty. She belonged to that large class of wealthy persons actually poorer than the majority of the moderately poor. Money at its best can do no more than prevent worry, and Audrey worried. At times she even worried about her only charity, a niece by her first marriage. Ten years before, Audrey had adopted this waif, Celeste Strange, and ever since, in her reflective moments, which were as rare as she could make them, she had wondered why. The only plausible explanations seemed to be that she adored Celeste and felt that she, too, had been maltreated by an ugly world in which men played the principal rôles.

Henry Strange was not a nice man. He possessed not one single pleasant attribute. His younger brother had made a *mésalliance*, and had lost his fortune, and had died, and Henry had refused to do anything about it.

"But we can't let the child starve," Audrey had objected.

Henry had smiled tolerantly below his crisp waxed mustache.

"We can put her in a school or something."

"Well, I won't."

"All right, my dear"—they were still calling each other "dear"; the bitter "darling" was yet to come. Their divorce was still a year off—"All right, my dear; you've got some money of your own."

"You bet I have," Audrey had said.

And so, from then on, Celeste had followed Audrey about; through the two years of the Williamson marriage; through the seven years of Paris, Cannes and Biarritz. She was devoted and unquestioning; a comfort, and yet, undoubtedly an expense—an increasing expense as she grew into prettiness and young womanhood. She was seventeen now, and for three years had been at a convent in Tours. Fairly soon Audrey would have to bring her back to live with her, and Audrey was not without dread of this too. The presence of Celeste would take some edge from Audrey's own incredible youth. Well, never mind. Several years before, Audrey had learned to close her vision to the future and to think, as has been said, just as little about the future or anything else as a really first-class brain would permit.

The afternoon Hilaire Curtis had first called upon her Audrey had not been expecting him. Indeed, she had forgotten all about him. Her mother's letter was three weeks old and Audrey was far too busy to bear in mind the vague arrivals of heretofore unmet second cousins. She had not been expecting him, and then he had arrived, and this was how the unbelievable had occurred.

Audrey was sitting on her veranda after luncheon thinking just as little as she could. It was a cool sweet afternoon in April; Audrey was alone. In the silence she heard a car turn in at her gate and stop with a grinding of brakes at one side of her villa. Albert, her manservant, appeared through one of the glass doors that gave upon the veranda.

"There is a M'sieur Cur-tiss, madame," he said, "who announces himself as madame's cousin. Shall I show him in?"

"Yes." Audrey remembered her mother's letter.

Audrey Had Become Almost a Prisoner in Her Own House

What a nuisance! A pleasant, eventless afternoon until five and then, to break in upon it, this "M'sieur Cur-tiss who announces himself as madame's cousin." A long dull family talk, unquestionably. And probably he would stay in Biarritz for two weeks or more, and Audrey would have to be polite to him. . . . No, not quite that. Once Biarritz knew this was Hilaire Curtis, Biarritz without doubt would gladly relieve Audrey of her responsibilities.

Audrey pulled down the extremely short skirt of her simple, childish, fashionable and expensive chintz frock. Albert was used to Audrey's knees and so were her international friends, but not this harmless young man from America.

Audrey had built up such a clear image of this cousin of hers that she was altogether unprepared for the pleasant, well-dressed, graceful figure that came through the central glass door from the shadows of the drawing-room. A tall graceful figure, an air of worldly alertness about it. Out of a tanned thin face, a pair of gray eyes smiled.

Audrey, overwhelmed by her mistake, blushed for the first time in ten years. She arose awkwardly to her feet, her mouth open.

"Oh!" was all she said.

She perceived, astonishing as it might seem, that this young man was attempting to put her at her ease. He had taken her hand and was smiling down at her.

"It's so nice," he was saying, "meeting a charming cousin, even if it's only a cousin by adoption. I heard all about you from Mrs. Cowan. Where's your mother? I don't understand French very well. I couldn't exactly make out what your butler was saying."

"My mother?" Audrey raised puzzled eyes to Curtis.

He smiled in even a more kindly and encouraging manner.

"I mean your aunt. But she's really been a mother to you, hasn't she?"

Audrey's eyes grew wider. "Oh!" she said again; and then abruptly: "Yes, of course. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks."

He sank into a chair, half turned away from her, facing the sea.

"How lovely!" He twisted about in his chair and looked at her. "You are Celeste Strange, aren't you? Mrs. Cowan, your grandmother—I don't know what to call her—described you at length, as well as Audrey—Mrs. Williamson, I mean."

"Oh, Audrey wouldn't mind you calling her Audrey," said Audrey lightly. "Everyone calls her Audrey. . . . Yes, we are both blondes."

Despite her amusement, her heart was beating fast. This was exciting as well as amusing. Unaccountably she giggled in the most schoolgirlish fashion.

Hilaire raised his head and stared at her, and then laughed delightedly.

"We're going to get along splendidly," he said. "I can see that. And if you don't mind my saying so, it's an added pleasure to meet a cousin who seems so unspoiled. The late teens are the most sophisticated age nowadays, aren't they? I'm a little tired of them. I suppose it's your convent training." He paused and wrinkled his forehead, his eyes laughing. "You don't think I'm forward, do you? I'm so much older than you, and it makes a difference being cousins."

"Oh, a lot of difference," murmured Audrey in a small voice, suddenly awe-struck.

(Continued on Page 122)

The Twenty-Four-Dollar Island

By JOSEPH P. DAY

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

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The Fifth Avenue Easter Parade at the Turn of the Century

THREE HUNDRED YEARS ago the Dutch purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians for twenty-four dollars. Today the assessed value of this strip of land is about eight billion dollars, the most rapid rise in real-estate values that has ever taken place—and the prices are still soaring.

That first down payment of twenty-four dollars was in the specie of no realm, but in the wampum and beads that the original owners preferred. Since the island contains 14,209 acres, the price paid was $.0017 an acre—approximately the value of land at the North Pole today. The price per square foot was therefore $.0000038, which ridiculous figure has been computed merely for the purpose of comparison with present-day prices. Certain square feet of Manhattan have sold recently for $800, the highest price ever paid for space on this planet.

In three hundred years New York has grown from a wilderness inhabited by savages to one of the two largest cities in the world. In area London may be greater, but in height New York has the advantage over any other city—and the height is visible, whereas the area is not.

The Highest Point in Town

I HAVE seen only one thing which impressed me with its sheer magnitude more than New York—and that was not another city or a range of mountain peaks, but the Karnak Temple at Luxor. That magnificent monument, though by measurement so much less in magnitude than even a single skyscraper, actually is more impressive than the whole bulk of our skyscrapers. Why? The proportions, perhaps; the perspective, the distances, the knowledge that little men, crawling like ants, unaided by machinery, raised this with their bare hands, working as though in eternity. John Ruskin, when that sight burst upon him, murmured, "At last bigness tells."

This Gargantuan baby of ours—for, in comparison with the other great cities of the world, New York is a mere infant, Paris and London being about 2000 years old each and Berlin 700—has grown to its present monstrous proportions during one man's lifetime—the lifetime of men who are still young—and most of its growth has taken place during the past twenty-five years. When I was a young man—in 1895—New York's sky line was as low and brown and contented as that of any prairie town. I saw the first skyscraper go up—late in the 80's—at 52 Broadway. It was actually as a laboratory experiment that this gigantic structure—ten stories high—was erected; for only forty years ago the skyscraper was still an unsolved problem. Could a building ten stories high be built, and if so, would it stand? And for a long time there it stood, a lonesome peak, but no one had the courage to follow suit. I remember that even as late as 1900, visitors who wanted to see New York from the highest point used to ascend the steeple of Trinity Church, then our outstanding landmark, but today only a poor little lost Catskill among surrounding Alps. The past twenty-five years have seen all our skyscrapers leap one after the other into the blue, like a series of great organ peals.

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The Avenue Empty Except for Hansom Cabs and Sunday Strollers

Today there are many hundreds of skyscrapers in New York, counting as skyscrapers buildings more than ten stories high; there are almost one hundred buildings more than twenty stories high, and some of these are from fifty to sixty-seven stories high, rising well over 700 feet from the street level, and housing from 9000 to 13,400 people. The most influential factor in determining real-estate values is density of population, yet, in Manhattan, during the past five or six years, we have seen a curious phenomenon: A steadily decreasing population—due to congestion—and steadily mounting real-estate values. This is largely due to the skyscraper increasing the value of the land fourteenfold; for in this city it is not the place where a man lives but where he works that regulates the demand for land. Manhattan's 14,209 acres are not enough to supply the demand for offices and homes, and therefore real-estate prices continue to soar; and that's why there are 21,500 real-estate brokers in Greater New York and only one in Rome.

Some idea of the phenomenal increases that have taken place in New York properties, even during the past few years, may be gained from the following examples.

The Bennett estate—Washington Heights lots which sold at auction in 1919 for from $900 to $8200 a lot are now reselling at from $1800 to $24,000 a lot. The R. M. Montgomery estate in the Bronx, which sold at auction in 1922 for from $900 to $5350 a lot, is now worth from 100 to 400 per cent more. Lots on Broadway and 182nd and 183rd streets which were sold for $112,000 in 1922 were resold in 1927 for $225,000. Lots at Broadway and 186th and 187th streets which sold for $145,000 in 1919, now sell at $300,000. At West 181st Street, east of St. Nicholas Avenue, lots fifteen by a hundred were sold for $6000 in 1901 and today bring $75,000. The southwest corner of Broadway and 147th Street sold for $15,000 in 1908 and recently was resold at $125,000.

And when we take the figures of fifty or seventy-five years ago and compare them with the prices of today the mind totters. There was a certain gentleman, John Hurd, by name, who, in 1845, bought the corner lot on Fifth Avenue and 36th Street, between Altman's and Tiffany's, for $2400. To show what his contemporaries thought of a man who imperiled his family's future by such foolhardy speculations, we have the judgment rendered in court, on presentation of this evidence, that John Hurd was insane. Today that lot is worth about $2,000,000.

A Gilt-Edge Property

MORE recently we have the case of No. 1 Wall Street; a plot thirty-six by thirty-six feet on which only four buildings have ever been erected—two private houses and two office buildings. Mr. Silliman, who owned this property at the opening of the present century, was generally considered to have a most inflated idea of its value. In his day it was occupied by its second structure—a three-story dwelling—for it was not until 1906 that it supported its first office building of eighteen stories. At various times several different men thought they would like to buy No. 1 Wall Street, tear down the quaint old residence which had been standing there for almost a century, and erect a modern office building; but Mr. Silliman would never mention a price he would be willing to consider.

Finally one day at luncheon, feeling somewhat jovial, he said, "Well, when I get ready to sell No. 1 Wall Street, I'll expect the man who buys it to cover it with five-dollar gold pieces."

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Mid-Afternoon at Forty-Second Street and the Avenue Today

After luncheon one of the men who had overheard this remark called on Mr. Silliman at his office.

"Mr. Silliman," he said, "I've figured out what it would cost to cover that land with five-dollar gold pieces. I consider that a fair price and I'm ready to close with you."

Mr. Silliman, a little taken aback, for he had never expected to have his exaggerated statement taken seriously, nevertheless was equal to the occasion. Leaning back in his chair, placing his finger tips together, he smiled shrewdly.

"My friend," he said, "that's a most interesting offer, but I'm afraid you haven't figured that price quite accurately. I meant that the gold pieces should be standing on edge."

Mr. Silliman was shrewd, but even his keen eyes could not foresee the value that that land would reach a very few years later. The price of $800 a square foot, which was paid for this strip of land a few months ago by the American Exchange-Irving Trust Company, would be equivalent to three tiers of five-dollar gold pieces standing on edge.

PHOTO. BY H. N. TIEMANN COMPANY

Old Grand Central in 1897 and, at Left, Park Avenue Today in the Rear of the New Terminal

Booms

DENSITY of population, regulating demand, is the chief factor in fixing real-estate values. The man who wishes to invest in property, however, must consider a number of other elements. He must be able to forecast accurately where the density is going to increase most in the shortest period of time, and why—that is, he must be able to sense the approach of a boom, big or little, and buy accordingly. A local boom in real-estate values is usually due to the opening of some new system of transportation, making it possible for the population to redistribute itself, as water seeks its own level. During the past quarter of a century we have had some six major booms in New York.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The first—in 1902–04—was in the Bronx, and the then new Subway was responsible for it. The second was the Brownsville boom, due to the opening of the Williamsburg Bridge and the operating of the cross ferries. The third—in 1906–08—was in Queens, on the opening of the Queensboro Bridge. The fourth—in 1907—was in Jamaica and outlying Queens sections, anticipating the advent of the Pennsylvania tunnels under the East River and the electrification of the Long Island Railroad from the Pennsylvania Station to Jamaica. In 1919 came the fifth boom, started by the sale of the James Gordon Bennett estate in Washington Heights. A sixth boom—which finally assumed the most gigantic proportions, increasing in volume and intensity like a simoon until finally it burst all bounds and swept from Long Island, where it started, clear down to Florida, where it breathed its last—was initiated after the war by the sale of Throgs Neck, a community of old estates on Long Island Sound.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Sutton Place, Fashionable Apartment Development in a Former Backwater of Midtown Manhattan

These postwar booms were most interesting, for they were rather psychological booms than physical booms. No new system of transportation started them, as is usually the case. Instead, they were due to the deliberate efforts of real-estate operators to awaken the public consciousness to the value of land and the advisability of investment.

For example, take Washington Heights boom, started in 1919, for the sale of the James Gordon Bennett estate. Mr. Juilliard, founder of the Juilliard Foundation for Music, and Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, were trustees for this Bennett estate and wished to dispose of it as advantageously as possible to liquidate their assets and found a home for newspapermen. This was only a few months after the Armistice, speculation in "war brides" was of paramount interest and real estate was still dormant, as all through the war, on account of the inability to build economically. The high price of raw materials and of labor, requisitioned to win the war, had practically put a stop to building and consequently to real-estate development and investment. The building industry was in a state of prostration. Now that the war was over, greater activity in real estate was to be expected, but as yet no move in that direction had been made. It was necessary to pierce the public consciousness sharply and arouse their interest in this type of investment.

I realized that, in order to sell these Washington Heights lots, a forceful preliminary educational campaign would be necessary. We based this advance advertising campaign on certain facts that were common knowledge to the public—for example, that during the war the value of the dollar had shrunk to sixty cents and was only now returning to normal; that real-estate operators, however, were still accustomed to appraisals on the old standard of sixty cents to the dollar, since real-estate values move more slowly than other values.

"Buy from the owners at the old standard of value—sixty cents to the dollar," we told the public—"and resell at the new." These facts, driven home by newspaper advertising, circulars, billboards, and so on, succeeded so well in arousing public interest in the possibilities of real-estate investment that the lots were disposed of at record prices, and the boom that followed the sale of these 500 lots spread over into the Bronx, Queens, and other outlying sections, and, augmented by the Throgs Neck sale, finally boomed off to Florida.

A more recent boom, in Jersey, was brought about by the opening of the vehicular tunnel and the New Jersey bridge.

There is this, however, to be said in favor of real-estate investment as compared to stock investment: That the quick liquidity of the stock market—which is of course an asset—reacts to a liability when the prices start to drop, since the investor is quickly sold out at a loss; whereas in real estate the investor does not feel the recession at once, because he can't so easily liquidate.

An Advantage of Frozen Assets

IT MAY be a couple of years before he can realize on his holdings, and by that time, nine times out of ten, the values have again reached the level of the price he paid for the property or have gone beyond it.

(Continued on Page 198)

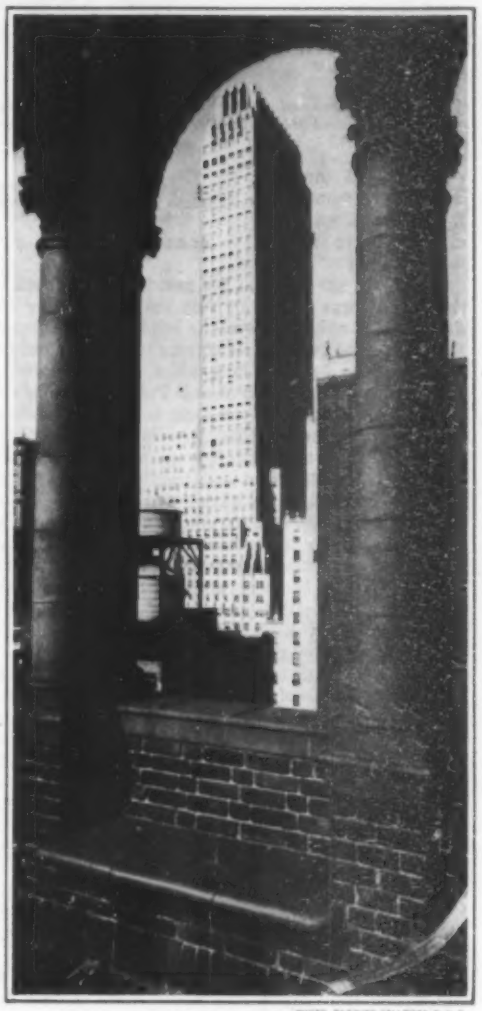


PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The 56-Story Chanin Building From the Roof Garden of a 20-Story Neighbor

Emma Zinsmeister: Anno 1782

She Was Amused, Only Faintly Abashed, by the Accusing Look in Emma's Eyes. The Stranger Flushed Beet Red and His Eyes Were an Unusually Clear, Honest Blue in the Sea of Color as He Looked at Emma

By Brooke Hanlon

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYBURN VAN BUREN

SITTING on her heels in front of the chest, Emma Zinsmeister Lutz rocked back and forth and dreamed. It was warm in her grandmother's room, and the warmth was a soporific that chained her here when she should have been downstairs helping with the supper. Darkness crept from the far corners toward her, out from the confusion of grandmom's things, gathered here from all parts of the house when Minnie Unverdorben had come in as wife to Ira Zinsmeister Lutz and when grandmom, who had been Emma Zinsmeister Stimmel, had retired to her room. Here they were now gathering dust—grandmom's things. She who had been Emma Zinsmeister Stimmel cared only these days that her room was warm. She was eighty-two, and not until the day of her quarter-yearly excursion in to the bank did her daughter-in-law's passion for cleanliness have an opportunity to invade the room. Today was bank day, and on her return from school, Emma had been put to the task of cleaning where her mother had left it. She'd had the dusting and rearranging to do. She'd dusted the chest last, as always.

The darkness had completely surrounded her now, and the sharp summons of china and silver sounded from a far part of the house. Emma rested on her heels. She put one hand out and touched the ancient wood of her third great-grandmother's dower chest. Its surface had a mystery and a sheen in the gloom of this closing February day. There was the authentic original richness of its wood; there was the mellowing of a century and a half of serving as dower chest to the Zinsmeisters; there was the overtone of all Emma's own early memories, including that first time that her grandmom Lutz had placed her fat baby finger in the awkwardly cut letters of the chest and had said, "You, too, are an Emma Zinsmeister. Some day it will be yours yet."

Emma moved her hand slowly down to the letters and she traced them again in the darkness. Emma Zinsmeister: Anno 1782. And, farther down, the clumsy signature of that old-time worker in wood—E. Schiller. She leaned back again slowly. There was a panel in rich coloring on either side of the lettering, and in the fading light she could just discern grotesque birds perched on spirals of vines, other grotesque birds with vines in their beaks. The colors, faded now, had a subdued richness. Yellows and reds and greens. Emma Zinsmeister: Anno 1782. Emma closed her eyes and murmured the names in the succession softly: Emma Zinsmeister, who had been the original owner of the dower chest. Emma Zinsmeister Richter. Emma Zinsmeister Reismeier. Emma Zinsmeister Stimmel. Then Ira Zinsmeister Lutz, for grandmom had had no daughters. Now, she herself—Emma Zinsmeister Lutz. At this last name she got slowly to her feet.

"An old maid with a dower chest yet," she murmured mockingly. "Such an old-maid school-teacher—what fur use will you have with it?" She turned away slowly and then back again. "Anyhow, it's mine!" She was on her knees; a fierceness declaring itself in her voice: "It belongs onto the Emma Zinsmeisters! It's mine!" Her fingers found the letters and moved in them. "Nobody can be denying it off me. Never!"

"Em"—her mother's complaining voice came from the stairway—"you might come down and help a little with the supper oncet." She stirred and got slowly to her feet. She went down the stairs. She was twenty-seven, pressing hard on twenty-eight; the first Emma Zinsmeister who hadn't married. She carried fried mush to the table, wiped a sticky drop from the lip of the maple-sirup pitcher. Her father's car had stopped in the lane, and in a few minutes he would appear at the back door, proceeding slowly, his small frail mother on his arm. Minnie Lutz would glance up sharply as they came in. The mute antagonism that there was between her and her mother-in-law had not abated a whit in thirty years, nor had the sharp edge of Minnie's scrutiny been dulled. Emma moved more quickly and hummed a little in an attempt to cover the awkward moment. She had numerous ways of trying to shield this other Emma with the small-featured, lined, seemingly translucent face. She carried in a long platter heaped with browned rings of home-made sausage, the fat still bubbling where the skin had burst.

"I made tea for you, grandmom," she called cheerfully. It didn't occur to her to look resentfully at Verne, sitting idly in a kitchen rocker. Her younger sister was moving strands of her hair with one hand, turning the leaves of a magazine with the other.

It was understood that Verne shouldn't help. She was going to a dance that night and there'd been her hair to wash, her nails to do.

Her nails were pink-glazed crescents now, breaking bread daintily, toying with a fork. Verne's cheek bones were rather high, her blue eyes lazily humorous, her lips red. Her hair was thick and soft, and there was bronze in it. It glinted in the electric light and curled close to her cheeks. The blue smock she wore had a V neck and her flesh showed cream-colored and smooth in the V. In which one of these attributes—the pinked nails, the glinting hair, the smooth contour of neck—lay that mysterious alchemy of nature which had brought half the boys of Lancaster County chugging in their cheap cars up the lane between the whitewashed fences of the Lutz farm? Emma wondered about it. She creamed grandmom's tea and looked at her sister.

"Who is takin' you by the dance then, Werne?" Ira, replete with food, leaned back in his creaking chair.

"Harvey Neugebauer," Verne said lazily.

"Och! Harvey Neugebauer, is it?" her father teased. "Maybe you think it because he lives ower by Lancaster and is such a salesman a'ready it makes better prospects fur you than with a farm boy. If you would listen oncet to them where has experience you would pick yourself off a farm to stick by. Ain't it, mom?" His pleased expression hadn't changed. In spite of his lecture, he was proud of her. "From as fur off as Lancaster even they come," he'd say, chuckling. Minnie, too, was proud. "Verne's such a Unverdorben yet," was the form her praise most often took. Their pride in Verne was a constant rebuke to Emma, who had no men coming, not from near and not from far.

Grandmom

"Joe Reifsnyder asked me, too, and Al Werner," Verne said with becoming modesty.

Grandmom Lutz stirred to life. "Who is takin' you by the dance then, Emma?"

"Why"—Emma looked up uncertainly—"no one, grandmom," she said, and colored slowly. "I—I ain't going." She looked at her grandmother in bewilderment. The flush crept to her temples.

Verne began to laugh softly. The vagaries of grandmom were a never-failing source of amusement to her. Emma fixed the old lady's apfelstrudel and picked at her own portion without raising her eyes. But grandmom had another bomb to explode before taking her slow way up the stairs. She opened her tucked lips once again.

"I had my will made up fur me in town today," she said.

Ira put his spoon down forcibly and looked at her. "Whatever, mom?" he asked. "Whatever?"

"I had my will wrote off fur me, I said." Grandmom was tight-lipped from thirty years of silent disapproval of her son's wife. She didn't glance at her now. "When I asked you to leave me there in the bank fur the half of an hour, I done it then. It come to me I ain't so young no more and I should maybe say the word where is to heir my property off me."

"You ain't young, mom!" Relief had sprung into Ira's eyes. For ten, twenty years he had been trying to persuade his mother to make a will. "Who says you ain't young?" he roared. "Just leave him say it in front of me once! I'll learn him!"

"She's eighty-two," Minnie said with acerbity.

"Well, whoever did you heir your property off to, mom?" Ira settled in his chair. "To old man Schwartz-welder, maybe, huh?" He laughed richly. "It comes to my mind how he used to want to set up with you some, after pop had died off. Was it him?"

Grandmom began to utter her tight-lipped words again: "I heired this here farm onto you, Ira, and onto the girls after you." She shot a triumphant glance at Minnie. "Onto you and onto the girls I heired it, no one else included. The little farm I heired onto you, too, and onto the girls after you." Her voice became a drone as she enumerated her possessions: "My horses and the farm machines or whatever onto you and onto the girls. The woodlot ower by Sanker onto you and onto the girls. My bed onto Emma, my chest of drawers onto Verne. My old pine cupboard"—she cackled—"onto Minnie." Minnie moved in her chair and her eyes met those of her mother-in-law in a fierce flare-up of antagonism. The heavy, useless, old pine cupboard had been a bone of contention between them for years; Minnie wishing to replace it with a glass china closet, grandmom refusing to have it moved.

"All the rest of the house furniture," grandmom droned on, "is to go along with the house and to be the joined possession some day of my two granddaughters, with only one exception to be excepted out of it, and that is"—her voice went high and thin—"the Zinsmeister dower chest, where is to be heired onto ——"

The eyes of Emma Zinsmeister Lutz went to her grandmother's and a quiet light of pride burned in them. Emma Zinsmeister: Anno 1782. Emma seemed to feel the familiar reassurance of the letters under her fingers. She alone, with the exception of grandmom, felt the continuity of their racial strain, knew the old dower chest to be a symbol of it. Ach, it was hers, hers. Always it had been hers. She'd have given anything, even the farm itself, rather than ——

"—— where is to be heired onto the one of my granddaughters which gits herself married off first," grandmom said. She stood up fumblingly. She reached for her cane.

"Grandmom." Emma's voice was stifled. Her hands twisted the cloth.

"Leave me help you up the steps oncet, mom," Ira offered, but she shook him away. She moved waveringly to the stairs and waveringly she made her way up. Her cane was heard tapping in the hall above.

"A broken hip she'll git fur herself one of these days and I'll have to fetch and carry fur her," Minnie muttered. "Her old pine cupboard!" she added scathingly. "Out of the house it will be before even she is buried."

Verne had broken into a fit of laughter. Her mirth gained in power over her until she had to rock back and forward in a futile effort to control it.

"What's ower you, Werne?" Her father looked at her curiously.

"It—it wonders me"—Verne, calm again at length, wiped her eyes—"how, with all the store that Em here set by that funny old chest, that grandmom should practically heir it off to me." Her laughter bubbled again.

There was a silence. For the first time they felt Emma's stillness.

"It ain't rightly heired to you, Werne." Ira had an uncomfortable glance for his elder daughter. "To the one of you where gits herself married off first, your grandmom said."

"That'll be Em, likely, won't it?" Minnie inquired sarcastically.

"Och!" Ira continued to watch Emma, and Emma continued to sit motionless, her head bent, the color drained from her face. "Och!" He tried to force some assurance into his voice. "Whoever has got the most beaux ain't always the first to git promised, Werne," he said. "You got to remember ——"

"Och, the number of beaux, is it?" She tossed her head airily. "Do you think I couldn't git myself married tomorrow then, or quicker even? Hasn't Harvey Neugebauer asked me to give my promise I don't know how many times already? Tonight maybe I'll give it to him yet." She arched her pretty throat. "It wouldn't surprise me none if I did," she said reflectively. "For gosh sakes, Em"—she frowned at her sister—"say something! Move oncet, at the least. Why don't you anyhow put some rouge on your face sometimes? It might be grandmom herself settin' there."

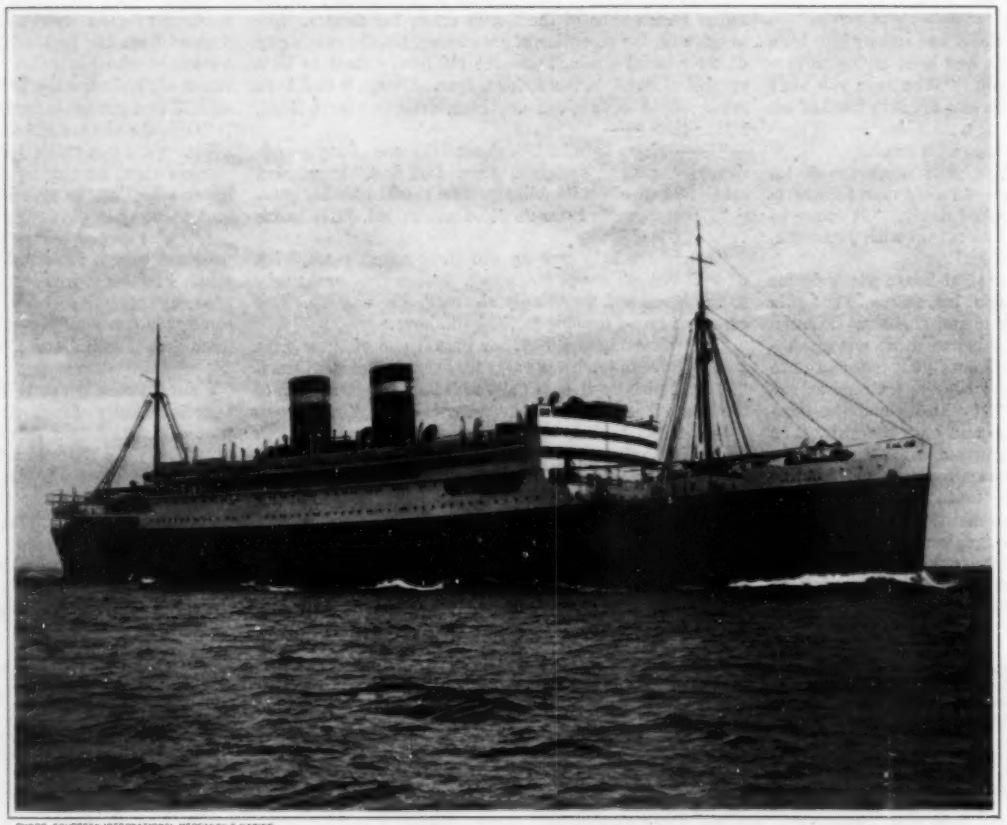
Emma awoke to the still cold of a February day, to an oppressive sense of loss. It was part of the gray morning, part of the cold that numbed her fingers as she dressed. Shiveringly she slipped on her woolen stockings and stout Oxfords, wrapped a bathrobe about her and crossed the frozen expanse of hall to the bathroom. With her disappointment tagged and stowed away in a numb sector of her brain, she made ready for the day. The Zinsmeister chest. There was no fooling herself. "To the one where gits herself married off first." It had been heired to Verne.

(Continued on Page 65)

Emma Closed Her Eyes and Murmured the Names in the Succession Softly

But, Oh, the Little Cargo Boats

By WESLEY STOUT



PHOTO, COURTESY INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE

The Turbo-Electric Liner Virginia; With its Sister Ships, the Largest Ever Built in American Yards

TEN years ago this spring new American merchant ships were cascading down the ways of some seventy shipyards like the breaking of an ice jam. The wartime shipbuilding program reached its peak in May, 1919, when 134 vessels of 718,428 dead-weight tons were launched. Never before had the world seen such a building of ships; probably it never will again. Not a third as much tonnage was built in twelve months last year in American yards.

That program went on for nearly two years after the Armistice. Cancellations reduced the originally contemplated fleet of 3270 to 2312 vessels. Excluding tugs, barges and such auxiliaries, and adding seized enemy vessels, this Government found itself in 1921 owning something more than 2000 deep-water ships, almost all new, and 1600 of them steel cargo vessels popularly supposed to be all that modern ocean freighters should be.

What has happened to this merchant armada? That it cost upwards of $3,500,000,000, or much more than the national debt at any time before the war, and that cargo steamers that sold for $220 a dead-weight ton in 1920 are offered today for $20 a ton, and few takers, are known to most newspaper readers.

Knowing this, the public, or that part of it that has given the matter a thought, has arrived at the natural conclusion that these ships either were jerry-built or have deteriorated physically like so many ten-year-old automobiles; that wholesale fabrication of ships was a failure. Quite the contrary. They are sound from stem to gudgeon and, excepting those which have rusted from disuse, will steam as far and as fast on a bunker of fuel today as when they were pristine.

Not Bad, But Outmoded

THIS to be qualified only this far: The wooden and concrete ships were purely war emergencies and they long ago passed out of the merchant-marine picture—sold for what they would bring, junked or cut down to hulks and barges. The steel ships built on the Great Lakes were limited in length and draft by the dimensions of the canal locks by which they could emerge to salt water. They proved to be too small for most peacetime ocean services and numbers have been scrapped. Henry Ford bought and junked a group of them. Their whistles now blow Detroit mechanics to work, and their plates have been melted down into automobile fenders. This inquiry, however, is concerned with the steel fleet of vessels of more than 6500 tons, none of which has been scrapped.

The reasons are three why, apart from a world slump in ocean freights, these ships have been a drug on the market since 1921. The first is that there are so many of them. The second is that they are almost all alike—bulk cargo carriers nicely suited for transporting supplies to France, unadapted to the finicky ocean trades of peace. The nearest analogy is that of a railroad with no rolling stock other than coal cars, and not much coal business.

Couldn't the Shipping Board have foreseen this? Well, the board's immediate job was not one of building a post-war merchant fleet, but of tossing out tonnage faster than the U-boats could sink it. And apart from that, the board could not have foreseen very much; for a revolution has occurred in the engine rooms of ships and in trade practices since the war, and still is in progress. Hence the third reason is that our 1918–21 ships are too slow and too inefficient—too slow because goods must move faster today than then, inefficient because better engines now do more work on less fuel. Actually they have not deteriorated appreciably, relatively they are nearly as badly off competitively as would be so many motor cars of the same vintages.

PHOTO, COURTESY KEARFOTT ENGINEERING CO.

The Colonial Lounge and the Casement Window in a New Panama-Pacific Liner

In March, 1919, I sailed down the Delaware for Hamburg. Off Hog Island we had to haul up while one of the new fleet was launched. The Hog Island family have a curiously blunt nose which stirred the derision of the practical seamen about me.

"Look at that bow," Capt. John Kellerhouse requested the pilot. "She'll push the whole ocean in front of her."

Service

THE skipper's contempt did not stop there. He distrusted fabricated ships turned out like hand-me-down clothing. Ships made by the piece in half a hundred inland towns and assembled at tidewater was a grotesque idea to him. He spoke of them as being glued together and predicted that "this old wagon still will be steaming when that thing is in the boneyard." "This old wagon" was the Andalusia, a Hamburg-American tramp built on the Tyne nearly thirty years earlier. Interned in Manila in 1914, it had fallen into our hands. It has been junked these six years. The name of "that thing" I have forgotten, but I know that it still is going, for not one of the freighters built at Hog Island is tied up today. Two were lost, forty-four were sold, thirteen transferred to other government departments and sixty-three still are owned by the Shipping Board, all in active service.

The first of the Hog Island fleet, christened by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson the Quistconck, Indian name for the island, has made forty-six voyages totaling more than 500,000 miles and is sailing from Gulf ports for the Dixie Mediterranean Line today. It has not been out of service since its delivery in November, 1918.

In all I sailed on five Shipping Board freighters from 1919 to 1921, all but the Andalusia war built. The second of them—the Orani—a Seattle geared-turbine job, has been rusting at anchor in the James River since 1921. The third—the Elkridge—also a Seattle ship, which took fire in mid-Pacific on my voyage and made Yokohama with her stern far down, still is plying the Pacific, sold to the Oceanic and Oriental Navigation Company, and rechristened the Golden Star.

The fourth—the Lake Faulk—hailed from Lorain, Ohio, and fresh water, had come through the Lakes, the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence with its sister Lake ships, and was trudging back and forth between Hong-Kong and Calcutta in the Pacific Mail's feeder service. On my last trip she climbed a coral reef in the south China Sea and was hauled off, with a plate or two buckled, by a destroyer. A lumber company bought her and renamed her the Helen C. Now she is serving a second reincarnation as the Euzkadi, port of Manila.

The last—the West Neris—built at Los Angeles, still is owned by the board and is plying from Gulf ports to the River Plate. Here were four widely different ships, turbines and reciprocating engines, oil and coal burners, representative of the fleet. Three still are going honestly about their business. The fourth is idle through no defect of workmanship.

Lest this experience be argued unusual, consider two ships of the thirty built at the Federal yard at

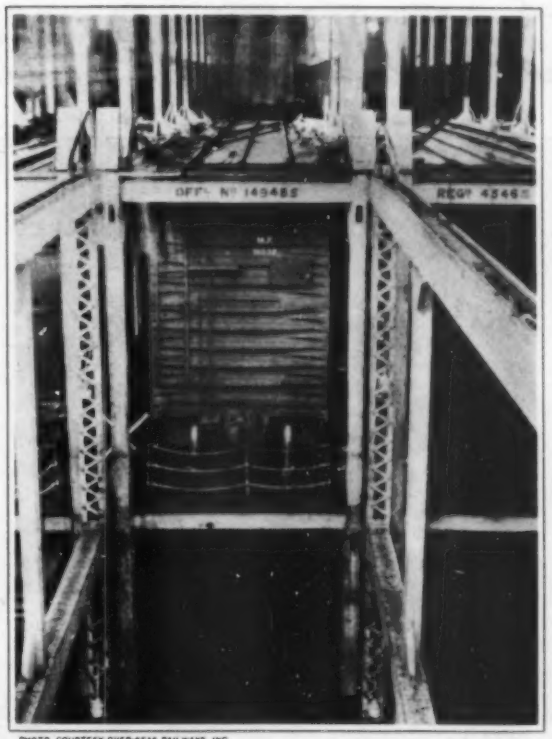
Kearny, New Jersey—the McKeesport and The Lambs. The former was named for the town near Pittsburgh that contributed so much in the fabrication of steel plates. Delivered to the Cosmopolitan Shipping Company, in April, 1919, this geared-turbine freighter has been operated continuously by that line since to French and Dutch ports, crossing the western ocean more than 100 times and freighting more than 310,000 tons outward and 100,000 tons inward.

The Lambs, in its name, honors the Liberty Loan efforts of the actors' club, and the ship has been a better actor than some members of the club. Delivered in February, 1919, she has been seen in 100 ports on her 350,000 miles of voyaging, much of it in the round-the-world service. A year ago the Export Steamship Company bought the vessel.

The Elkhorn, built by Skinner & Eddy, Seattle, has made thirty round trips, totaling 350,000 miles. The City of Weatherford, product of the Pensacola Shipbuilding Company, has completed its thirty-sixth voyage. The Cranford, constructed by the Carolina Shipbuilding Corporation at Wilmington, North Carolina, has steamed 300,000 miles on twenty-eight round trips.

The Westerner, from the J. F. Duthie yard, Seattle, came into the hands of the Black Diamond Line six years ago after four years of miscellaneous service. Since then it has been operated continuously in the Belgium-Holland run, its only delay since the first voyage a lost three hours due to a seaman's overcoat falling into the steering gear. As an example of what an efficient engine-room crew can do, the fuel consumption has been reduced from 114 barrels of oil per 100 miles to 76.5 barrels.

For all their handicap of size, some of the Great Lakes built steel ships have found their place in coastal and West Indian runs. The Lake Haresti, renamed the Osceola when sold to the C. D. Mallory Company, was built about as far from salt water as a ship may hail from—Manitowoc, Wisconsin. This 4000-ton freighter whipped the West Indian hurricane that laid waste Porto Rico and strewed the Caribbean with wreckage last fall.



PHOTO, COURTESY OVER-SEAS RAILWAYS, INC.

A Loaded Car in the Hold of the S. S. "Seatrain," Which Can Transfer a Solid Train From New Orleans to Havana

Two Obstacles in the Way of Sales

CAPTAIN JOHN J. WRIGHT, her master, told a New Orleans States reporter that the seas, the wind and the rain were the worst in his twenty-one years' experience. "The ship rode like a cork, and when the storm had died to a gale and the clouds broke about 10:30 the third morning, we took a bearing and found we had been blown 150 miles off our course," he said. The reporter added that "the brave little ship docked at the Louisa Street wharves Monday evening, her plates snow-white with evaporated salt."

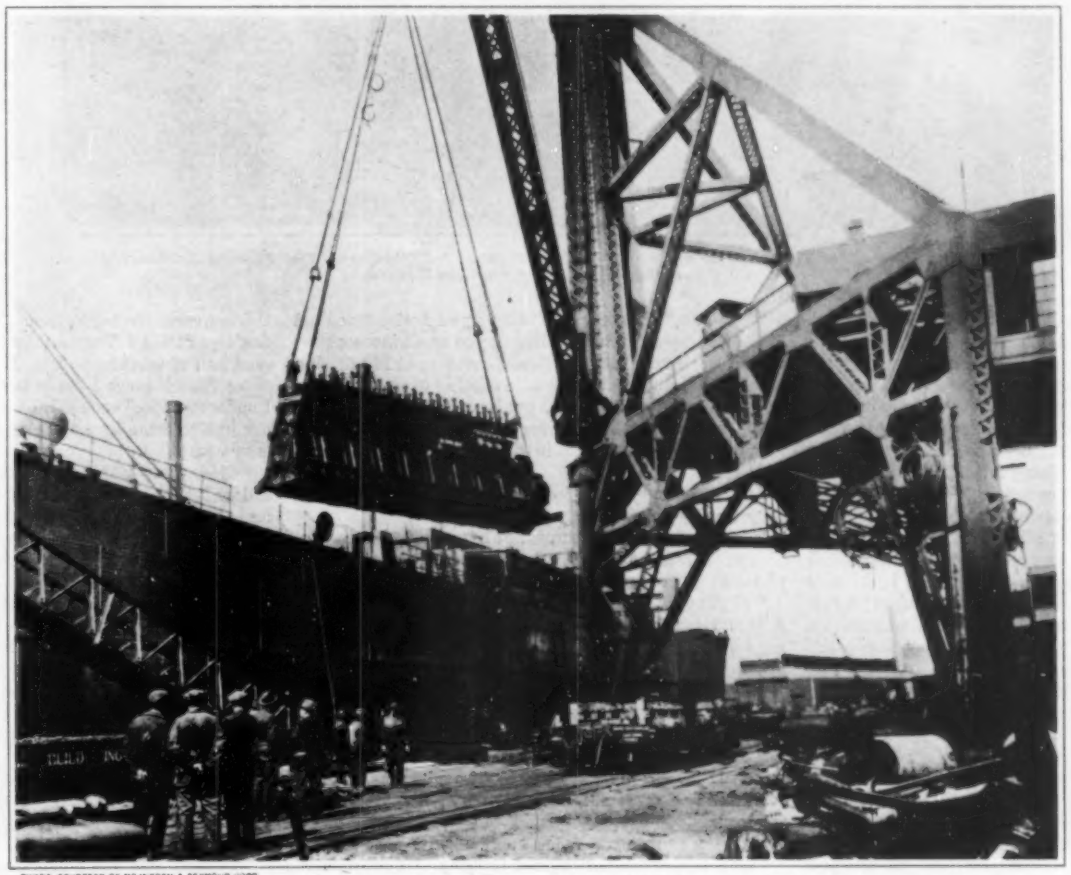
But brave little ships or brave big ships, their bravery is chiefly sentimental. The board sold a batch of forty-five the other day to a Baltimore firm at less than $10,000 each, to be junked, probably any one of which could have ridden out a hurricane with proper seamanship. Three others were assigned to the Government's Mississippi Barge Line, apparently as a gift, to be sent up the river to be used as terminal warehouses at Memphis, Cairo and St. Louis. They, too, were brave, but they couldn't haul freight profitably in competition with newer, better vessels.

The policy of the Shipping Board long has been to sell its tonnage as fast as possible to private operators. Two obstacles stood in the way: First, the board clung to a hope of selling them at a respectable fraction of their cost, and they did not command such a fraction. Second, many of the passenger and cargo services operated for the board by private managers at a fee were losing money and competent owners would not have them.

Both difficulties have been met. The board no longer has many hopes as to prices, and most of its shipping lines are turning or flirting with a profit.

On March first of this year the one-time government fleet of more than 2000 vessels had been reduced to 685, of which 257 were in active service, and 253 of the latter were advertised for sale in February at prices 15 per cent less than the board's last previous quotation.

Better still, the board has disposed, with the presumable sale of the United States and American Merchant lines to the Chapman-Sheedy group, of all but eighteen of its regular services. Consolidations will reduce the eighteen to thirteen and, in the process, make them more attractive buys. Already the board is off the Pacific and its last Atlantic service may be expected to pass into private hands before long. Then, if it has sold its idle fleet, the Shipping Board experiment virtually will have ended. If it does not sell these ships they may be completely obsolete within two or three years.



PHOTO, COURTESY OF MCINTOSH & SEYMOUR CORP.

One of Four 2643 Horse Power Diesel Motors Being Lifted Into the Converted Steamship "Courageous"

Ocean-Freight Express

OBSOLETE? Isn't the efficient life of a good ship calculated at a minimum of twenty years? It is if standards of efficiency do not change. If they do, a ship may be obsolete in five. And they have.

In addition to being dead-weight carriers, these war-built freighters are ten-knot ships. Thirteen knots now is regarded as a practical minimum. The most spectacular development in shipping since the war has been the fall of the tramp and the rise of the cargo liner. Freight ships must be larger, faster and run more to a fixed schedule. The Kipling verses

The Liner she's a lady, and 'er route is cut an' dried;
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always keeps beside;
But, oh, the little cargo boats that 'aren't any man!
They've got to do their business first, and make the most they can.

are badly out of date. The little cargo boats are becoming grown-up ladies and their routes, too, are cut and dried. Robert Dollar built up his round-the-world service in no small part by agreeing to lay a case of goods down in a godown in Singapore on a specified day, not on an estimated week, and by doing it.

Domestic trade has taught export trade the creed of small stocks and quick turnovers based upon speed and schedule in delivery. When the foreign merchant expected a Yankee schooner in the fall, he carried a stock accordingly. When he can buy goods for thirteenth-day delivery in Bahia he carries less and buys more often. Just as freight delivery has tended, on American railroads, to become as fixed as passenger service, so on the sea. The railroads speeded up freights by making a box car roll fifty-six miles a day where it had moved only twenty-eight miles ten years ago, to the glory of efficiency and the gloom of the equipment companies.

But by no process of good management can you jump a ten-knot ship to twenty knots. By racking its engines and reckless use of fuel it might be got up to 11.5 knots, no more and not for long. Nor, if 4000 horse power drives a given ship ten knots, will 8000 horse power propel it at twenty. Ten knots was the common speed of freighters because it was the highest economical speed. Above that gait costs rose not in mathematical but in geometrical ratio. Actually thirteen knots require just twice the power of ten. The cost was prohibitive a short while back for most cargo services. But if you can get more horse power out of a pound of coal or oil and, at the same time, shippers will pay a little more for fast

(Continued on Page 190)

SAPPHIC ODE

By MARY F. WATKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

EVEN the dearest foes of Godfrey Boone—and he had several, because, at thirty-eight, he was already towering head and shoulders above his contemporaries—admitted him certain advantages; as, for instance, when he entered the opera or a concert hall in full regalia. With his fur-lined coat just revealing beneath the mink of its collar his pearl-gray scarf and his immaculate linen, with a stick on one arm, a score tucked lovingly under the other, and his pleasant, ruddy face set in the mold of aloof apprehension, he always looked exactly like the distinguished music critic of the country's foremost newspaper. As this was actually his occupation and engagement, the appraisal delighted his fiancée, Miss Lucia Crane, who was inordinately proud when asked to share these impressive entrances.

The most spectacular of all, however, she never saw; an event which took place nightly during the season. The parade of so much unconscious elegance down the length of the city room of the Morning Globe, when Boone came in to pen his passionate resentment of the imperfections or his whimsical rhapsodies upon the virtues of his evening's assignment, was infallibly inspiring.

One Monday in December, at about six o'clock, he chose to pause and file his copy for a chamber-music matinée on his way to a formal dinner at Lucia's. With his fine, unhurried stride he trod the cluttered aisle to his own particular sanctum, past the shirt-sleeved real estate, society, ship news, and drama. He nodded amiably about, as was his custom, but he soon found himself vaguely disturbed by an accession of curious glances and pointed laughter cutting their way through the prevailing cigar smoke. His discomfort increased as he approached the tribunal where sat his two assistants, coatless, disheveled, among their drifts of photographs, notices and discarded programs. They greeted him with frank shouts of joyful derision, and the four men around the ticker in the adjoining financial section waved their hands and cried a disrespectful: "Whoopee!"

"What in blazes?" demanded Boone, putting down his opera hat carefully, and his stick with more emphasis. His face was very red, for he was really shy and easily embarrassed, jealous of his dignity. He took off both coats and turned up his cuffs, but still the chuckling persisted.

Miss Roby, his stenographer, coming in at that moment, further amazed him. She alone was not convulsed; she had just enjoyed a resplendent adventure.

"Oh, Mr. Boone," she breathed, her eyes still starry, "how perfectly terrible that you should have missed her!"

"Well," said Godfrey, with some asperity, "I seem to be the butt of an enormous joke!"

"On the contrary," volunteered Painter, the first assistant, "you have been singularly honored!" He went off into fresh paroxysms and rested his tear-stained face upon his typewriter. Johnny Breed, the younger of the two, was still a little nervous about holding his job. He stopped his own uproar discreetly.

"Why, Hello, Old Thing! How are You, Madame Hanni?" "Oh, Lucia, You Blessed Aristocrat; That's Poise for You," Thought Godfrey

"Why, sir," he confided, "didn't you notice star dust in the air as you came in? Didn't you smell incense?"

"Oh, decidedly," replied Boone, scowling at Miss Roby, who blushed and hastily thrust away her compact.

"Roby is innocent," Breed went on. "She couldn't buy a drop of that perfume with her year's salary. Mr. Boone, sir, you have been visited here within the hour, by Madame Cléo Hanni in person!"

"Good Lord!" said Godfrey. "You don't mean it! May I ask what she wanted?"

"And furthermore," snapped Painter, beginning to type his endless lists again, "she is going to call you on the telephone at any moment!"

"That's easy," replied Boone. "Miss Roby, I'm not in! And now suppose someone has the goodness to enlighten me further. Why should Madame Cléo Hanni come in here? I never heard of such a thing!"

He smiled, however, with sudden urbanity, for the managing editor was standing at the gate. "Ah, good afternoon!"

"How are you, Boone? Quite a distinguished caller you had! Swept right in here and disorganized the whole room for half an hour! Like to meet her myself sometime—fine-looking woman. Whatever she wants she ought to have! You music boys are lucky dogs!"

"Aha, yes, of course!" agreed Godfrey. "You've heard her sing?"

"No. Like to some day."

"Painter, how about some seats for Götterdämmerung?"

"H'm. No, thanks; not that one," said the managing editor, "terrible name. Faust is more in my line."

"Well," laughed Boone, "if she ever sings that I'll let you know!"

The editor departed affably just as the telephone rang. Miss Roby seized it with trembling fingers. "Yes. . . . Oh, yes, indeed, right here! . . . It's Miss Crane, I think, sir," she whispered fatuously as she handed the instrument to her employer.

"Oh, hello, my dear!" he said amiably, sitting down to enjoy himself. Then suddenly his expression changed. He rolled his eyes, he made frantic signals of distress, as if the receiver burned his ear.

"Holy mackerel!" exploded Breed. "The diva!" Miss Roby paled, Painter stopped drumming his keys and listened hungrily.

"Not at all," their chief was saying. "It is some small compensation for missing your call. . . . Oh, quite, I assure you—a great honor! . . . Ah, now there you embarrass me. . . . Alas, I don't indulge. . . . No, not in the least inconvenient, but the fact is—it's exceptionally kind of you, madame, but you see—well, I've had to make a rule—oh, at the price of personal denial, I assure you—a rule never to meet the artists about whom I write. . . . No, the truth is, I can't trust myself; I'm too corruptible."

"I don't know exactly what he means by that," said Cléo to Charlie Duke, who sat boldly smoking his pipe on her green sofa while this conversation took place. "But it sounds rather nice, don't you think? They say he is brilliant, although I can't read half of what he writes. He was simply beastly about those French songs I did in last night's concert—so much I understood well enough! I went in to see him today, to ask him to come here and sing them for me himself, if he is so smart!"

"Cléo, what is this nonsense about the critics all of a sudden? You are acting like a debutante. You didn't actually go to his office?" There was the gentle melancholy of too much wisdom about Charlie. He regarded Cléo with the tolerant and adoring eye of long and devoted disillusionment.

"I certainly did—and I haven't felt clean since," said Cléo. "What a terrible place! Such a lot of smoking men—but very nice, some of them. Two charming boys who help in the music office—I must remember them at Christmas. And everyone was very pleasant, Charlie—all stopped their work and smiled at me. I ought to visit them oftener. I dare say I brought a little something into their workaday lives!"

"I dare say you did!" agreed Charlie. "But I wouldn't repeat it; you might hold up the Home Edition. Thank heaven, Boone wasn't there! That sort of thing simply isn't done."

"Darling, you don't understand," said Cléo, trying to braid his little beard into a pigtail. "He was nasty about

those French songs. He said my diction was bad, Charlie. I merely wanted him to let me hear his—that's all. Why"—she sat back suddenly, her eyes wide with triumph—"mine couldn't possibly be bad; my mother-in-law was French!"

"Conclusive evidence," said Charlie. "Now be sensible, Cléo. You've been spoiled by too much applause. A little criticism is healthy. You remember Gerry Farrar always said, in her quaint Yankee way, 'A knock is a boost.' And what on earth is a handful of songs at a Sunday-night concert? What was Boone doing there anyway?"

He looked up in surprise to see tears standing in Cléo's eyes.

"The only woman who looks handsome in grief," he told himself for the thousandth time.

"How little you understand me, after all, Charlie," she was saying, with a sob on the edge of her breath. "I must meet this man—I must win him. You mustn't thwart me like this. When Cléo Hanni feels a thing"—she beat a jeweled fist slowly up and down against the pale crêpe of her tea gown—"when she feels something here, it is usually important. . . . But I suppose there are others who will help me!"

Charlie caught her hands and slapped them in tender rebuke. "Idiot child," he said, "I crave no greater honor than to be your doormat, as you know. Elsie Folwell—old Mrs. W. B. whom you never would meet—shall give you a dinner. She is some relation of Boone's and I'll positively guarantee to deliver him in the chair at your right, plump and trussed for the killing."

"Well, let me see," said Cléo, disposing of her tears delicately upon a square of lace. "There's Tosca on Wednesday and Brünnhilde for the Saturday matinée. Make it Thursday night."

Mrs. Folwell was amenable and promptly canceled another party. She had long yearned to color her sedate Murray Hill home with even a fleeting tint of exoticism and romance. Charlie Duke was as near as she ever came to it. He told her stories of the world of excitement in which he seemed to her to move, and into which she could not go because she was so lame. Particularly did she dote on his prima donnas, and most of all she adored the brazen-haired Cléo Hanni whose voice she knew on the phonograph and whose autographed portrait in an expensive frame adorned her mantel.

Through some perversity in the famous soprano, she had never snared her within her doors, so this was to be a moment of triumph. As for Godfrey Boone, he was her Cousin Margaret's son and so, in a sense, an heir to the Murray Hill estate. He dined there as irregularly as he could contrive and still retain her favor, but he found refusal difficult for that night. He had not seen her in months and it was a quiet evening on Broadway—just enough music to keep Painter and Breed out of mischief. He might as well get it over.

"But you're asking Lucia, of course?" he suggested.

"Oh, by all means, dear boy. What's her telephone?" said the astute Cousin Elsie, forbearing to mention another lady who would be present.

Charlie Duke felt somewhat like a cad when he thought of Godfrey Boone running his fine head into this noose unwarned, but he comforted himself with the conviction that the Boone brains and resource were more than sufficient to meet any situation casually. Besides, with the charming Miss Crane sitting by, Cléo's field would not be free.

The more he considered the event, the more he looked forward to it; it gave every promise of being a delectable circus. He went into earnest conclave with Daisy, the Folwell cook, and devised a menu to tickle the Hanni palate from beginning to end. He became positively feverish over the other guests and spent long and overwrought moments in Mrs. Folwell's sitting room at teatime, munching cakes and staring hopelessly out upon the busy avenue.

"We must have eight, of course, Elsie, so the conversation can't be general. Cléo has to have the floor, you know, or she's a perfect dud—completely colorless, if you can believe it. Now we'll get Sam over for the foot of the table; he's harmless and he can talk to Lucia—we've got to put her as far as possible from Cléo. But the other couple—the dull man for her left—that's the question!"

"Look here," objected Mrs. Folwell petulantly, "why must we have an even number? I want Hanni beside me! What do you suppose I'm giving this dinner for, anyway, young man?"

How Charlie loved Elsie, for he always seemed young and dashing to her! "Hush, darling," he said. "No one knows just why you are but Cléo Hanni herself. You'll probably be guessing about it all the rest of the winter. Isn't that delightful?" He tweaked the faded lobe of her tiny ear and gulped an entire cup of tea. "I have it!" he cried. "The Stevenses!"

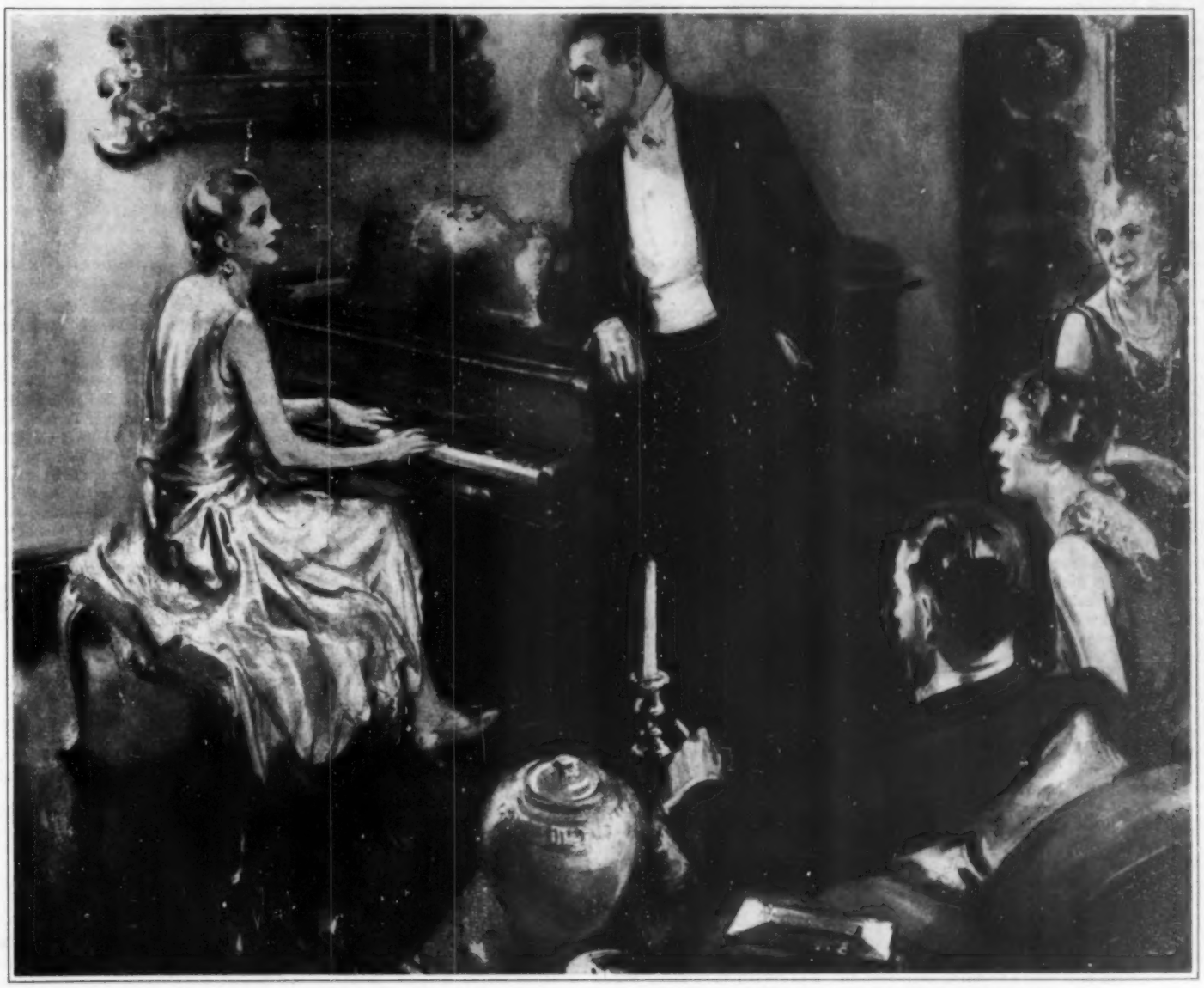
"The Stevenses are as bright as a pair of sheep," said Elsie, "even if I almost married into her family."

"Splendid!" cried Charlie. "They'll just gape with the wonder of meeting her and be perfectly satisfied to be left out of the conversation."

"But you've got to think of me! I can't talk to that man!" wailed Mrs. Folwell.

"You don't have to—I'm on your left!" Charlie reminded her, with an entirely spurious glance of ardor.

(Continued on Page 176)



Boone Leaned Upon the Piano for a Moment or Two, Feeling, to His Intense Chagrin, a Lively Quickening of His Pulse

A PAIN IN THE NECK

They Saw the Patient Sitting on the Side of the Bed, Still a Little Rocky, But Apparently in No Immediate Danger

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

THIS is the story of a very bad little girl, who was yet so beautiful that when a man looked at her he was moved by the most generous of impulses, and told himself that he would be a cad and a bigot to allow such an unfortunate matter as her badness to stand between him and a luncheon date at the very earliest opportunity.

For her hair was a gorgeous red, as though the thin shell of a copper sun had burst over her head, and her lips pouted richly. She had large blue eyes, long lashes, a lovely figure. But she was a bad girl. She was a thief. She stole other girls' gentlemen friends. This is not, even in the most liberal circles, regarded as cricket.

But it would have been understandable, even excusable, had she never a gentleman friend of her own; the truth was, she had many—perhaps too many. Scarcely a night passed that she was not able to break at least two dates to favor a third of greater attraction. Behavior like that should have made her just as unpopular among the gentlemen as she was among girls, but oddly enough it didn't.

Her name, to get down to cases, was Estelle Norris, and she lived with her father, her mother and her sister, who was a year older, in West Seventy-fifth Street.

Her sister, now, whose name was Clara, was such a different kind of girl. Everyone said so. If Estelle had a trace of the sun's brilliance about her, Clara was a daughter of the moon. Perhaps she had been chastened by contrast with bright beauty; at any rate, there was something subdued about her, something soft and pale and wistful—and her lips did not pout. In point of fact, after looking at her for a while, men had been known to reflect, with some surprise, that she was herself a very pretty young lady; and somewhere else, in another family or away from this one, she might have fared better. As it was, here in West Seventy-fifth Street with the Norrises, she was just Estelle's sister.

At this juncture it may be no more than just to add that Estelle had never exercised her predatory talents on a gentleman friend of Clara's. No personal ethics were involved; she simply had looked her sister's random followers over and come to the conclusion that these were no prey for a girl of her tastes.

They really weren't a great deal pictorially. One was an illustrator Clara had brought home from a Greenwich Village party, and his necktie was a mere string. Two others were obscure columnists who looked her over wearily and, after a few casual formalities, resumed a discussion of tabloid newspapers. Still another was a massive red-headed reporter who, far from wilting immediately before her beauty, began chaffing her about nothing in particular in a manner that was so faintly derisive, so superficially good-natured, if disrespectful, she groped in vain to find something definite to resent. It was there, she knew, but it defied her astuteness, and presently she walked out.

Not that she cared. She knew, as well as the illustrator, the columnists and the red-headed reporter, that had she been inclined to unlimber all her guns and go into action seriously, they would have walked out after her. They might have walked back after a week or so, but for the time being, her record would have remained untarnished. She simply decided that these were gentlemen who were not down her social or conversational alleys, and were thus less likely to prove triumphs than burdens.

Within her limits Estelle was a smart girl; she knew at a glance which young man would definitely surrender all his personal interests to hers and which would not. For the latter she had no use.

This was the situation, then, when Clara fell in love. Nobody knew that she had fallen in love for a long time. Not even, as it happened, the young man. She had met him at a party, at one of those mysterious and apparently deadly studio parties which so baffled Estelle's comprehension of a good time. He had brought her home late that night and had had luncheon with her the next day.

After that they had many luncheons together, and dinners and the theater, where they saw The Wild Duck and Candida and Theater Guild plays. Once Estelle saw them together, across a hotel dining room—a young man who needed a haircut talking excitedly about something which involved gestures around his heart, and Clara, the pale daughter of the moon, leaning over the table, her eyes on his eyes, her lips slightly parted in an expression that was both sympathetic and amused.

"I saw you last night," Estelle said. "Why don't you tell your boy friend to visit a barber every month or so?"

Clara's eyes opened. "Did he really need a haircut so badly?" she asked.

"Oh, rot!" Estelle looked disgusted. "What's his name? Does he know everybody who eats in that place? I never saw anybody have to get up and shake hands so much."

"He's just a chap I met at a party," her sister murmured vaguely. "He does know a lot of people, I suppose."

"If he'd been better looking I'd say he must have been head waiter there at one time."

"No," Clara replied without smiling, "he was never a head waiter."

It was more than a month after their meeting that she introduced him in her home. Why this was so she never told herself in so many words. Whereas before she had naturally and normally brought them to West Seventy-fifth Street, because sitting in theaters and restaurants all evening bored her after a time, now she felt only that they must be together and alone, wherever it might be.

She met him in hotel lobbies and theater lobbies and drug stores around Times Square, because it was a silly and conventional gesture for him to come all the way uptown from London Terrace, where he lived; and their evenings were spent in that neighborhood, in theaters and restaurants and at parties there.

The night that he came to dinner at the apartment her father and mother greeted him in the vague, sociable way they always greeted the innumerable young men who trooped through their home, mostly in pursuit of their younger daughter's interest. Mrs. Norris said she was very glad to make Mr. Cameron's acquaintance and it had been one of the warmest days she recalled in ten years. Mr. Norris laid down his paper and thrust out his hand in a businesslike fashion.

"How d'you do, sir?" he said.

Now it happened that this was less a question on Mr. Norris' part than a greeting, a simple greeting. He really was not intent on discovering how his vis-à-vis did; it was a form, a formula, a manner of his of saying hello, and called for no answer, no bill of particulars. He said, "How d'you do, sir?" and the response should have been, always had been, "How d'you do, Mr. Norris?" That and nothing more.

This time the young man, who still needed a haircut, as Mrs. Norris noted, looked at him for a moment or so and then replied:

"Terrible."

Mr. Norris looked startled. "You mean you aren't well?" he asked quickly.

"It's my stomach," Mr. Cameron explained. "I've been to five doctors and they can't find a thing. I went to a doctor yesterday and he thumped around and made me bend over and all that, and then said he could find nothing. And yet"—Mr. Cameron thrust a sharp forefinger in Mr. Norris' face—"how are you going to account for the fact

that I am convinced that there is something wrong with my stomach!"

"Dear me!" Mr. Norris exclaimed, both startled and distressed. "I'm sure I don't know."

"That's just it!" Mr. Cameron said triumphantly. "Neither do they! The other night I got a pain"—he pressed himself just under the floating ribs—"right here. A slow pain, not a shooting pain. I had worked that day and forgot breakfast and lunch. I had some wheat cakes at a restaurant around four o'clock in the afternoon—some wheat cakes and ginger ale. That's all I had the whole day, so they couldn't say I'd eaten something that disagreed with me. I had this pain ——"

"Marty"—Clara stood in front of him, a glass in her hand—"try this before dinner."

"Oh, thanks!" He grinned at her happily. "This is great. Thanks very much." He sipped it.

Mr. Norris edged back toward his chair, sat down and surreptitiously picked up his paper, at the same time casting a warning glance toward his wife, who looked at him blankly.

A minute later, when Estelle came in, Clara and Martin Cameron were fiddling with the radio. Mr. and Mrs. Norris were hiding self-consciously behind newspapers. Estelle took off her hat as she placed her hand in the young man's, her bronze hair tumbling lazily about her face, and her eyes studied him as her eyes always studied young men, all young men, during introductions.

"I've seen you somewhere," she said abruptly.

"Me!" He looked surprised. "Why, I don't remember!"

She continued to study him, overlooking the *gaucherie* of the response, because this was, she knew, a familiar face, familiar eyes and hair; she had seen them somewhere before, and it was not the passing glance she had had in the hotel dining room. It was somewhere else.

She went out of the room, still thoughtful, to prepare for dinner, and then when they were all seated at the table, the soup being served, memory clicked.

"Cameron!" she said suddenly. "You're Martin Cameron! You're the Martin Cameron who wrote The Dimpled Chin!"

Mr. Norris laid down his fork and wiped his mouth on a napkin. "You mean—that book?" He adjusted his glasses and surveyed the young man with new interest. "Did you write The Dimpled Chin—that book?" he put the question direct, relying on no such intermediary as a daughter.

"Well," Martin Cameron hesitated, looking apprehensively around, "I wrote a book named The Dimpled Chin. I don't suppose that there is another ——"

"I said I remembered your face," Estelle spoke with satisfaction. "It was your pictures in the papers—I saw one this afternoon, about The Dimpled Chin's being made into a play."

"Yes," he said doubtfully, stealing a glance toward Clara, as though for aid or encouragement. "They said they were going to make it into a play."

But Clara did not catch the glance. Her head was bent over her plate, and into her gray eyes had come, the moment Estelle spoke, a trace of weary annoyance. She said nothing.

"I saw one last week, too," the beautiful sister added. "It was in a movie magazine—about their making it into a photoplay."

"Well," he mumbled, "some cameramen came around and took a lot of photographs of me. But the ones I saw in the papers I didn't think anybody would be able to tell ——"

"They did look funny," she agreed without thinking; "but they all looked like you just the same."

"I suppose so," Mr. Cameron admitted unhappily.

At this point, Mrs. Norris, who apparently had been somewhat baffled by the discussion, leaned forward impatiently. "What is it?" she asked. "This talk, I mean—what is it? What—what is it?" She appealed to her husband. "What is it, Ned?"

"This is Mr. Cameron," Mr. Norris explained. "He wrote that book, The Dimpled Chin. He's the writer of it."

"You mean the one on the piano?"

"No," he said, "it's the one on the library table—the green one."

"Oh, I see, the one on the library table!" She nodded her head slowly, to show that she understood, and a second thought came to her. "Did he write the one on the piano?" she asked.

Her husband hesitated. Then: "I don't know," he confessed, and turned again to Martin: "That red one on the piano—did you write that one too?"

"No," the author replied politely. "I haven't written any on the piano; I don't know anything about the piano."

"We have one on the piano," Mrs. Norris explained helpfully—"a red one. I just thought maybe you wrote it too."

"I'm sorry," he apologized.

A brief silence.

Then: "Well!" Mr. Norris exclaimed heartily. "So we have a real celebrity with us!" He turned to his wife. "What about ringing for that girl and getting these soup plates off? The way she moves around here you'd think she was paralyzed."

"I knew I recognized you," Estelle said softly across the table. "I loved your book more than anything in my life before."

Somehow as she said this her beauty became almost luminous, and her father and her mother and her sister, who was gazing abstractedly at her hands in her lap, were shadowy figures in the background, placed there perhaps for no other purpose than to set her off in splendor.

The author of The Dimpled Chin stared at her blankly for a full minute, and then his face broke into a fatuous grin.

Now an explanation may be due here. Had this guest that Clara Norris brought home to her dinner table been Arnold Bennett or Theodore Dreiser or Lafcadio Hearn, the matter might have ended here as an incident of no particular importance—that is, of no particular importance to the three other Norrises.

Mr. Norris might have said, " So you're a writer, eh? Ah, well, you writers!" and shaken a roguish and understanding finger in his guest's face, but that would have been about all.

It just happened that The Dimpled Chin was no ordinary book, no ordinary best-seller either. Occasionally, about once in five years, there is issued a volume which, for reasons that are too complex or too diffused for easy definition, lunges insanely past the ordinary boundaries of bookishness and spreads, by way of ten thousand circulating libraries, in the most unlikely places.

If Winter Comes was such a book, and The Sheik, and The Green Hat, and now The Dimpled Chin, which was being read in Subways by young ladies who had seemed until then congenitally unable to decipher any print not accompanied by a picture showing the house where the murder took place.

The suddenly celebrated author was at the moment contemplating this miracle with extreme astonishment and no little bewilderment. Two or three times he had reread his brain child with puzzled interest, seeking the secret of its bulging success. He had studied the hero and heroine, the plot and the style, everything about it, and had concluded this scientific research no wiser than when he started. The thing had happened, and that was just about all he could discover.

So there you have the explanation. In Estelle's time thousands of writers had lived, striven and died, and the facts had escaped her notice. It took something exceptional, something almost epochal in the book world, to bring to her attention such a name as Martin Cameron, and a maneuver of fate no less extraordinary to bring the man himself before her large and limpid eyes.

(Continued on Page 73)

"I Didn't Think I Was Going to Get Here at All—I Had to Go to See the Doctor. All of a Sudden I Was Seized With the Most Horrible Pain ——"

THE ADMIRABLE OSWALD

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Oswald Thrusts Spud's Arm Aside and Crashes His Free Fist Into the Big Boy's Chin

AFTER all," I remarks, "you can't keep a laddie from making merry with his own property."

"Own property, your bald spot!" yelps Bull Grogan. "It may read as young Tabor's on the tax books, but I'm the baby that turned the Blue Sox from a pain in the pocket into a pay-off. Think I'm going to stand around and let that squirt make a tramp out of the team?"

"If I were you," I suggests, "I'd wait until the dog bit me before I got the rabies. For all you know, this boy he's sent you may be one grand ball tosser. . . . Who is he?"

"Thistledown," returns Bull, scowling at a card on his desk—"Oswald P. Thistledown. Is that a dish, or is it?"

"Names," says I, "signify nix. I once saw a guy labeled Elmer J. Milk get into a barrel-house imbroglio with three eggs who were later identified at the hospital as Brutus R. Battle, Spike O. Mayhem and Curly J. Wolf. . . . Where has Oz been playing?"

"College," comes back Grogan, brief.

"Even that," I ventures, "is not so noxious. On my last scouting trip out West I ran into a rah with a college degree and a change of pace who fanned twelve illiterates in a row. Does a bozo have to be a dis and dat from off the sand lots to make your all-American?"

"Don't talk like a left-hander," growls Bull. "Thistledown's moniker doesn't worry me—it'll never be anything but Th'l'd'n in a boxscore—and he can have more degrees than most thermometers, for all I care. It's what he's here for that I object to."

"Here for?" I exclaims. "He's here to play baseball, isn't he?"

"Yeh," says Grogan, "and to be a good influence."

"In what way?" I asks.

"In every way," returns the manager. "Young Tabor has an idea that what baseball needs today is a pair of spats and a gardenia in its buttonhole. He can't understand why the game should remain coarse and crude when even box-fighting's gone social and literary. Have you noticed anything particularly coarse and crude about baseball?"

"No," says I, "not particularly. Of course, I've seen bats heaved in anger from time to time, guys playfully spiked and umpires roughed around some verbally and physically, but ——"

"I wouldn't give the sleeves out of my vest," cuts in Bull, "for a player that wasn't scrappy."

"Sure, sure," I agrees hastily, "but tell me, how's Oswald going about being a good influence with the Sox?"

"I don't know," grunts Grogan. "Tabor merely writes me that Thistledown's the type of tosser he'd like to have on the team and for me to see that his manners and methods get every encouragement."

"He'll get plenty with this layout," I predicts. "I can just see an old-fashioned daguerreotype of Spud Mahoney and Gil Martin going in for the life and letters of Oswald P. Thistledown. What does this good influence do for his chitterlings and greens? Pitch?"

"He rumors he's a catcher," replies Bull, "and the cream of the jest is I never needed one so badly. Davis has a split finger and Holt's got such a crick in his wing they're stealing everything on him but the Sox franchise and the bat-boy's freckles."

"If such is indeed the case," says I, "you ought to kiss Tabor for sending you Thistledown."

"Think so?" snorts Grogan. "Wait till you get a load of that sweet-scented geranium. Here's your chance now," he adds.

Bull glanced out of the clubhouse window. A few seconds later the door gently opens.

Oswald's a slim and dapper young chap with a crease in his pants you could shave a tough beard with, a pair of fawn-colored ankle blankets and a well-tailored air of assurance. Gracefully draping himself over a chair, he carefully places his Malacca beside it and draws a snappy little notebook from his pocket.

"I have some figures here," says he, "I think'll interest you."

"Your batting and fielding averages?" inquires Bull, sarcastic.

"No," smiles the youngster. "They're still to be made. Last season," he goes on, "eight of your regulars lost eighty-seven times at bat through getting into altercations with the umpire and being chased from the game. On the basis of their average performance compared with the actual performance of the men who took their places, twenty-one base hits were lost."

"What of it?" barks Grogan.

"Those twenty-one base hits," continues Thistledown, "would have given the Blue Sox the league leadership in hitting and in all probability have brought in enough runs to have won the pennant for the team. In other words, rowdyism cost you a championship and the owner of the club some fifty thousand dollars in profits. So far this season ——"

"I suppose," sneers Bull, "no other team had any players chased."

"All of them had some," admits Oswald, "but no club was penalized last year half so often as the Blue Sox were. Since you were beaten out of first place by only three games, you can read the answer as you run. . . . How many arguments do you think you win in a season from the umpires?"

"Tie that hay wire outside," snaps Grogan. "Win or lose, nobody but a white-liver takes a dirty deal lying down, and I wouldn't ——"

"Dirty deal, bah!" interrupts Thistledown. "Ball players don't fly into rages because of unfair rulings, and you know it. They stage storms merely to obscure the fact that they've been outguessed or caught napping. The louder the roar the less the real reason for one. We must eliminate ——"

"'We'!" howls Bull. "When did you cut in with me? I'm running this team, rookie, and I don't need any help from half-baked bench warts."

"We all need help," says Oswald quietly. "True, you are the manager, but as a member of the organization I shall naturally do what I can to improve its tone."

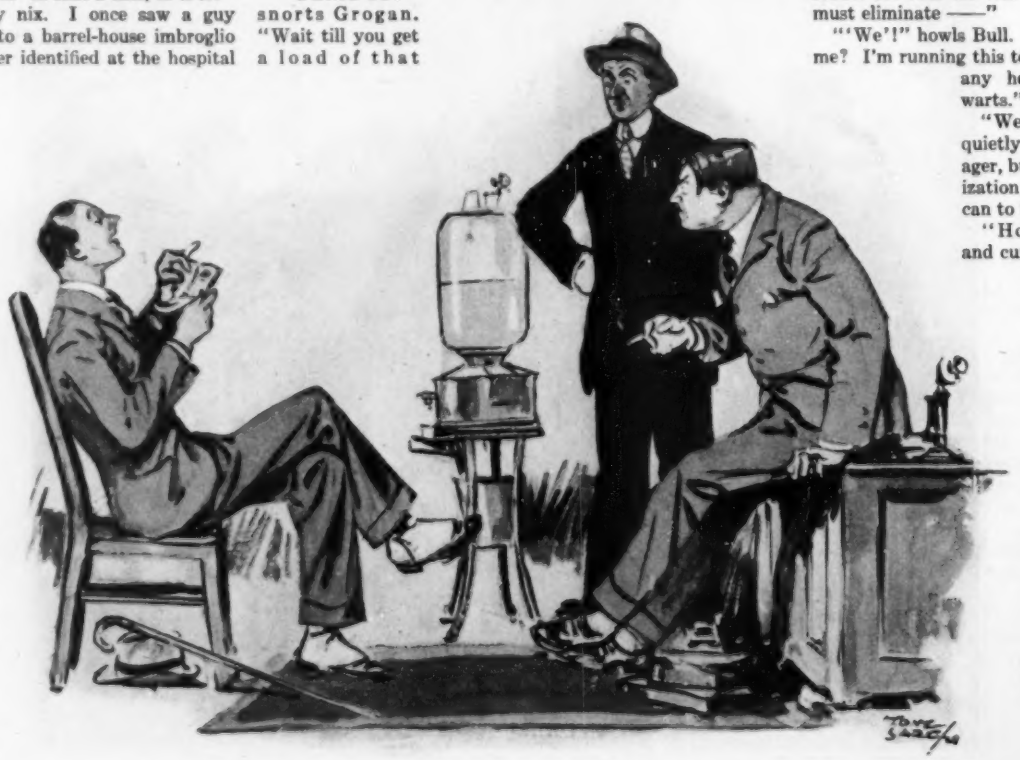
"How?" I horns in, amused and curious.

"Largely," returns the rah, "by setting an example. Personally, I do not see why baseball cannot be made a gentlemen's game, like tennis or squash rackets, for instance."

"Isn't it a gentlemen's game now?" I asks, just to hear him talk.

"Gentlemen," says Thistledown, "don't stand on sidelines and try to upset opponents with jeers and sneers. Gentlemen don't shout insults from dugouts. Gentlemen don't become abusive when fair decisions are rendered against them and rejoice when unfair decisions are in their favor."

"Gentlemen," mimics Grogan, "don't slide on their nose in the dust in



"I Have Some Figures Here," Says He, "I Think'll Interest You"

"There's No Chance," Snarls Martin, "of You Confusing a Poke in the Jaw With Something Else, is There?" "We are Amused," Yawns Oswald, and Turns His Attention to the Game

order to steal a base. Gentlemen don't crash head-first into a catcher trying to block their way to the home plate."

"And finally," goes on Oswald, "gentlemen can distinguish between playing a game hard and taking a game hard. . . . Are you using me today?"

"Not today," comes back Bull angrily, "nor any other day I got anything to do with. Baseball's much too rough for hothouse Harolds. You'd better stick to them squash rackets."

"Very well, my old one," shrugs Thistledown. "They also serve who only sit and wait." Picking up his stick, he bows himself out of the office with an amiable smile.

"Can you tie that?" scowls Grogan.

"He's a new shade to me," says I. "Think there's anything to those figures he pulled on you?"

"How do you mean?" demands Bull.

"I was just wondering," I returns, thoughtful, "whether we did kick ourselves out of the pennant last year."

"That's so much succotash," scoffs Grogan. "If we hadn't gone to the mat with the umps and battled 'em into giving us a square deal, we wouldn't have even finished in the first division. The Sox are a scrappy layout, but to hear that young punk talk you'd think they were a lot of gas-house bums. You getting that idea too?"

"Not me," I assures him hastily; "but at that, I guess you got the greatest collection of up-and-at-'ems in the league."

"Yeh," grunts Bull, "and I'm going to keep 'em that way. . . . Say, what are squash rackets?"

"Search me," I replies. "I never attended one, but I imagine a squash racket is something like a clambake or a marshmallow roast."

"More like a marshmallow roast, probably," says Grogan.

II

OSWALD shows up pretty well in the warm-up that afternoon. The kid's got a nice pair of hands and a snap to his heaves around the bases that threatens to make pilfering more of a peril and less the pastime it's been of late in our ball park. From the bench Bull watches the workout closely.

"Much too light," says he at length and with no visible signs of distress. "One of Doane's fast ones'd rock him out of his shoes and butter him against the backstop."

"A little more heft wouldn't hurt him," I agrees, "but he does seem to be able to throw a ball to second and get it there the same fiscal year. Better put him in behind the pan before the Lizards steal your Aunt Sal's store teeth and her pension money."

Grogan, however, picks Holt of the glass arm to catch Doane, and Thistledown joins us in the dugout to gather splinters while he may. He's no sooner cleaned a seat for himself with a handkerchief and squatted when the boys start riding him, and nobody can take a rookie for a ride like Bull Grogan's rough-and-readys.

"I hear," says Gil Martin, on the bench with a bum ankle, "that you smacked the old apple for .450 at Vassar last year."

"Ah," returns Oswald pleasantly, "then you still can hear. You know there's been so much talk about your eyes and your legs going back on you, it's really delightful to learn that some of your faculties are as yet unimpaired. How do your eyes bother you? Do you see black spots——"

"I see a fresh young pup," yelps Gil, who's sensitive about his batting glimmers.

"It must be conjunctivitis," says Thistledown. "That's an optical ailment that causes the victim to look directly at an object and mistake it for something entirely different. Better have it attended to. You're likely at any time to confuse a high one on the outside with a Washington society girl in the act of opening a can of sardines."

"There's no chance," snarls Martin, "of you confusing a poke in the jaw with something else, is there?"

"We are amused," yawns Oswald, and turns his attention to the ball game. It's not going so good. Doane's grooving his fast ones and the Lizards are socking 'em on the seam. In three innings four runs are clicked off against us, two stolen bases featuring the fiesta.

The blow-off comes in the fourth stanza. With a man on first and no one out, the opposish drops a bunt in front of the plate. Holt picks it up quickly enough, but his heave to second's high and wild into center field, and the runner takes it on the lam to third. The throw to head him off at home is perfect, but the ball sieves through the catcher's lunch hooks and the visiting girl scores standing up, the bunter stopping at second.

That's enough for Bull. He yanks Holt and motions out Davis, but a look at the vet's bandaged finger gives Grogan another think and he calls on Thistledown.

"Get in there, rook," he orders, surly, "and let's see if you got anything but a lot of conversation."

Oswald has. On the third pitch he snaps one down to second that catches the Lizard flat-footed five feet off the base. A few seconds later he basks up to the grand stand and snags a pop foul with his meat hand that not one receiver in ten would have even gone after.

"Better write to Tabor," I suggests, "and get the name of the college he comes from. We might be able to use the whole graduating class."

"Morning-glory stuff," snorts Bull. "They come in like dollars and go out like dimes."

McComas, the next Lizard up, looks at two bad ones and then laces a fast hopper down the first-base foul line. It's good for a triple under any form of government, but Mac's for stretching it into a round trip. He's ten feet from the pay-off when the ball sogs into Thistledown's mitt, and long before he can complete his hook slide Oswald slaps down on him—a cinch out, seemingly.

"Safe," motions the umps.

"What?" howls Bull, and bellowing like his boy friend from Bashan he leaps from the dugout, the whole crew of bench warmers at his heels. In a few seconds the best guesser in the league is surrounded by a yelping, threatening mob.

"Get yourself a tin cup and some pencils," snarls Grogan. "He was out a city block."

"He didn't touch me," shouts McComas.

"Where's the argument?" asks Thistledown in a tone of surprise. "Of course I didn't."

"The hell you didn't!" snaps Bull, letting his temper go to bat for his bean.

"It might have looked that way from where you sat," says Oswald calmly, "but I missed him by an inch or more." He turns to McComas. "Great slide that." And he pats the Lizard on the shoulder.

"Where," grins the umps at Grogan, "do you want me to send you that tin cup? . . . Play ball!"

Purple and choking, Bull withdraws from the argument. The inning's over before he collects himself sufficiently to speak.

"I'll get rid of that worm," he spits out, "if I have to——"

"Be your brains," I cuts in. "You'd look well, wouldn't you, tying the tinware on a guy for being on the up-and-up? Better wait for a good excuse, felier. Don't forget Oswald's the boss' white-haired boy and he's doing just what he was sent here to do."

"Sorry I let that run get away," says Thistledown, who's strolled up to the bench, "but——"

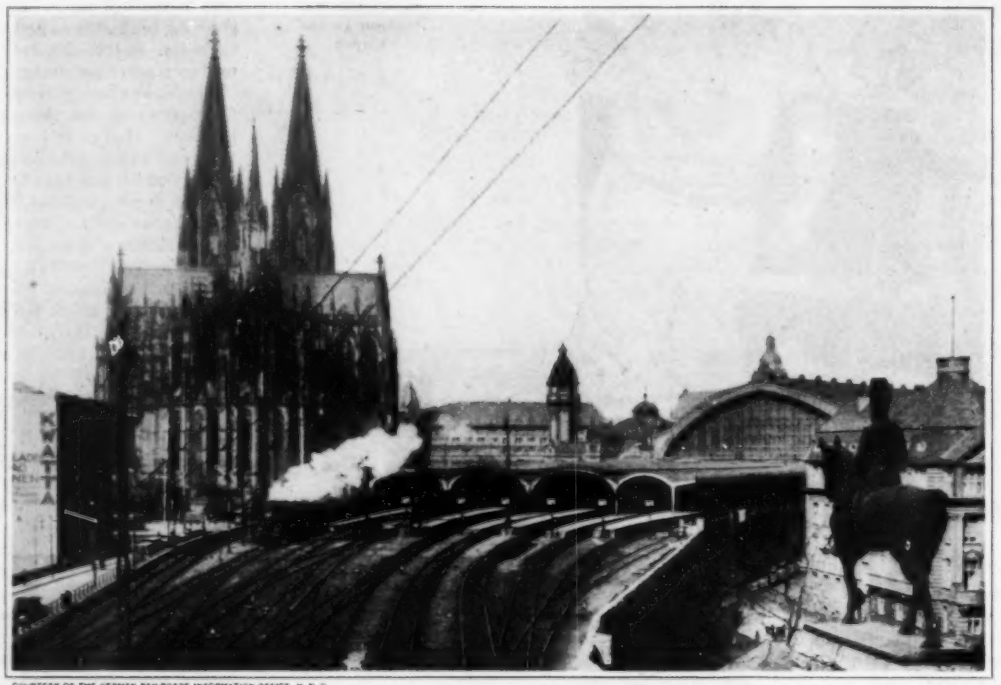
"Maybe you don't know it," shoots Grogan, "but they got umpires in this league to decide things, and it

(Continued on Page 168)

"You're Mistaken, Mr. Umpire," Says He Quietly. "I Tagged Him at Least a Yard From the Plate"

EN ROUTE—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ON FOREIGN land, as on sea, the uninitiated traveler is beset with many difficulties. The moment the newly arrived American starts to board a boat train at Southampton, Liverpool, Cherbourg, Havre, Calais, Boulogne, Hamburg, Bremen or Naples—I cite the ports most used—he finds himself in a new world of talk and technic. He may have spent half his life on trains in the United States, but now everything seems different. He sees what appear to be toy engines drawing cars called Pullman that are unlike coaches of the same name back home. He is asked to "register luggage" and discovers that the performance means having his baggage checked. He must "claim" his belongings at the end of the journey often without having a check for it. He is requested to find his carriage, and learns that instead of a horse-drawn coach, it is a passenger coach. He is not always required to surrender his ticket to the conductor en route, tears it up, and is later confronted with the fact that he cannot pass the station barrier without showing it. He is told that he must take a train at sixteen o'clock, and thinks he is getting a wrong steer. On the Continent time-tables are made on the one-to-twenty-four-o'clock schedule. Furthermore, he encounters strange foods, irksome traffic rules and annoying customs regulations.



COURTESY OF THE GERMAN RAILROADS INFORMATION OFFICE, N. Y. C.

The Cologne Railroad Station, One of the Busiest on the Continent, With the Cathedral in the Background

In consequence, he begins to fuss and fume, not realizing—to paraphrase a well-known maxim—that he is in Rome and must travel as the Romans travel. Discomfort and indigestion may be minimized by knowing something about the ropes. To be forewarned, therefore, is to take out an insurance policy against many vicissitudes, including loss of temper and worse.

The Result of Government

CLEARLY to understand the European railways and how to use them, two preliminaries are necessary. One is to explain the chief differences between the types of travel here and abroad. The other is to make a brief survey of the evolution of passenger transport in the leading countries.

The first big fact that strikes the American tourist on the Continent is the lack of railway competition. In the United States there is a choice of lines, for example, between New York and Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco, or Louisville and Cincinnati. If you want to go by rail from Paris to Biarritz, for example, there is only one standard route. There are different classes of trains, from the de luxe express to one carrying third-class, but they all follow the same iron highway. This is largely the result of the widespread government ownership of railways, which does not foster competition within national confines. The reverse is true of Britain, where the lines are privately owned and where there is sharp rivalry for business.

The second feature that stands out is the inflexibility of European train service. If the Twentieth Century or the Broadway Limited—two well-known trains plying between New York and Chicago—are full up a few hours prior to departure, a second section is run. It is no uncommon occurrence to have three sections of a flyer. On one occasion the Century ran seven sections. When an American wants a lower berth on a crack train and none is available, it frequently happens that a Pullman is added for his benefit one hour before train time, on the chance that all the space in the car will be sold.

There is no similar adaptability to traffic pressure in Europe. If all the sleeping cars of a train are disposed of you must wait until the next day or bribe some person to surrender his place. The idea of running sections never enters the minds of European railway officials except, of course, for the movement of troops in time of war or during the annual maneuvers. As you will presently see, a widespread system of sleeping-car graft frequently enables the belated traveler to get a berth or a compartment at the last moment, if he is willing to pay the price.

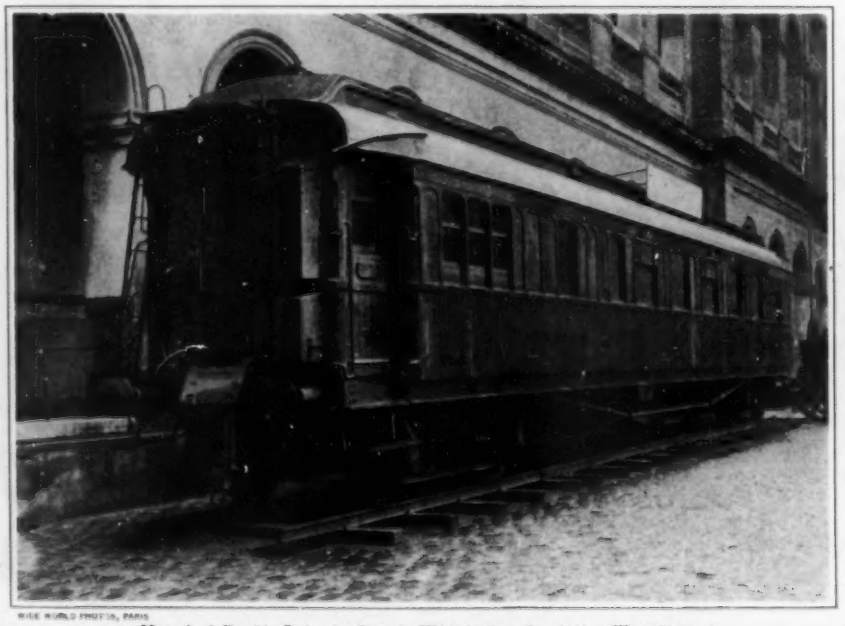
A third difference between the United States and Europe reveals a chronic source of irritation. You cannot make a long journey without passing through five or six countries, with resultant customs examinations at each frontier. Even though you do not step out of a through car, you are forced, in most cases, to undergo some kind of official border scrutiny and, incredible as it may seem, an examination of your baggage.

Every country seems determined to exercise its authority, even when there is not the slightest reason for it. To cross the Polish corridor, for example—it takes less than two hours—you are required to have a transit visa and sometimes subject yourself to a once-over. Accustomed to a 3200-mile uninterrupted jaunt from New York to San Francisco, save for change of trains at Chicago, the American naturally resents all this bother and intrusion. Our various states have no frontier regulations, to be sure, but through passengers abroad should be spared the incessant interruptions that mark extended trips.

On a train like the Orient Express, which makes one of the longest runs on the Continent—it starts at Ostend and brings up at Constantinople—the ticket takers change with every fresh nationality encountered. This is not true of the sleeping-car porters, who keep your ticket for the duration of the trip. They must, however, make a full accounting with the representative of every country traversed.

A Safe Rule for Americans

THE change of nationality is also expressed in menus on the dining cars. Each country insists upon having its beer and wines offered. You can have Czech Pilsener at lunch and German lager at dinner. So, too, with money. If you happen to be dining in Poland, en route from Berlin to Moscow, your bill is made out in the Polish zloty. You can pay in any other money. In the hectic years of inflation after the war this procedure created many complications. Every dining-car steward had a foreign-exchange list posted up and it was changed from day to day. Out of experience I learned that he did not always adapt his computation to the daily shifts. The safest rule, then, was to carry a wad of American bank notes, in addition to travelers' checks, wherever you traveled in Europe.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, PARIS

Marshal Foch's Private Car, in Which the Armistice Was Signed

In this connection it may be well to suggest to Americans that this precaution still holds good. To a greater extent than ever before, Uncle Sam's greenbacks have become world legal tender. The yellow backs are even more popular. They seem to have an added value for the foreigner because they are changeable into gold. On my last trip to Moscow I carried a large number of one-dollar bills. They were looked at askance because they had no yellow trimmings.

A fourth distinction may be made. Americans are frequently amazed at the absence, on de luxe expresses, of the many conveniences, such as barber shops, valets, maids and baths which are now part of the equipment of most of our fine services. I was in England last year when a famous service between London and Edinburgh included the first shaving saloon, as the British term it, on any train in the United Kingdom. The innovation was advertised like a circus and the newspapers devoted columns to it.

Another European deficiency is in the matter of train lavatories. Towels and soap are always scarce. The worst offenders are the French, Spanish and Italians. Drinking water on the best trains is usually dangerous. The only safe bet is to stick to the bottled product.

The safety-first idea is not as ingrained in Europe as in the United States, with the exception of Britain and Germany. What has come to be a fetish with us is a casual thing abroad. You find the answer in the large number of railway wrecks in France. The French have something of an alibi. Roadbed and equipment are just recovering from the wear and tear of war. Steel cars in Europe are in their infancy. Hence the loss of life in collisions.

Railway travel, like food, reflects national characteristics. Although the Germans, for example, are not lacking in the matter of speed, there is a certain stolidity about their trains that is essentially Teutonic. By the same token French trains seem nervous. So far as speed is concerned, many foreign de luxe trains, especially the British, approach our records. The longest nonstop run in the world is from London to Edinburgh, a distance of 392 miles. It is made in eight hours and fifteen minutes.

The list of principal differences can be rounded out with a feature that sometimes confuses Americans on their first trip abroad. Save for the tourist sleeper, we practically have only one class for what might be called straight railway travel.

If you elect to sit up all night in the day coach of the average American train, you pay the same fare as the man who has a lower berth in the Pullman. Extra fare, solid Pullman trains are a different proposition. We have no different classes for travel.

Snatching Forty Winks

IN EUROPE, on the other hand, there is first, second, third and sometimes fourth class, the last being the so-called hard-seat variety. There are no cushions. Russia, Italy and the Balkans are strong on hard-seat trains. Everything is hard except the odor of the compartment. On the Continent there is very little difference between the first and second class, although Americans, for purposes of swank, like to affect the first when sometimes there is no real reason for it. The one virtue of the first class—this applies to both British and Continental trains—is that you are always certain of a seat in case you have not made a reservation in advance. In England you can now get a third-class sleeper. The second-class *wagon lit*—sleeping car—was introduced into France on a considerable scale this year. There will be more about these various classes later on.

Any survey of European railroads must fall into three periods—namely, prewar, war and postwar. Prior to 1914 the well-to-do American regarded travel conditions as almost primitive, except in England and Germany and on the comparatively few de luxe trains elsewhere. Sleeping cars were scarce. The vast majority of Europeans preferred to snatch what sleep they could get in the ordinary first or second class coaches, with the aid of pillows and blankets rented at the station. Jolting trains and the raucous frontier salutation, "Anything to declare?" made night something of a horror.

COURTESY OF THE LONDON, MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

The Royal Scot Leaving Euston Station in London for Glasgow

On the regular trains there was—and it persists—the *couchette*, an alleged bed. There are four in a compartment. The lower is made by pulling up the arm rests of the seats. The upper is a shelf lowered at night and suspended by straps. The sex rule for regular two-berth sleeping compartments is not drawn. You have real democracy of travel in these *couchettes*.

The war upset travel conditions in the belligerent countries. All traffic was subordinated to the monster and incessant needs of the armies. The French lines were the hardest hit. About 40 per cent of its leading road—the Nord—was in the hands of the enemy. Boulogne, and to a lesser degree Calais, became British ports, and considerable sections of various lines in the north were run by the British.

COURTESY OF THE GERMAN RAILROADS INFORMATION OFFICE, N. Y. C.

The Rheingold Express in the Platform Hall of the Cologne Station

Electrifying the Rails

IN THE same way St.-Nazaire developed into an American port. Once we got into France in 1917, we made railroad things hum. Giant American consolidation locomotives and standard American freight cars operated by American railroad men made the foreigners sit up. Because it explains French, and for that matter, general European methods of operation, I will dwell for a moment on some of the handicaps under which our Army railroaders labored. All French trains are switched at stations, whereas we do the job outside. French cars are all hand-braked and coupled, while we use the air brake both for coupling and stopping. The French currents of traffic, like the British, use the left-hand track where we use the right. French signals differ from ours in many respects. The only thing in common is red as the universal danger warning.

We not only contributed to French railway equipment but impressed the lesson of swift action, which has been heeded. This brings us to the postwar period. There is no more striking evidence of Europe's return to normalcy than is expressed in train service today. Save possibly in France, equipment and schedules are better than ever before. This is not altogether due to the increasing rush of American tourist traffic. The European—notably the Briton and the German—gads about more than ever before. His prosperity is reflected in a demand for high-class travel facilities.

Indicative of the trend of railway development is the growth of electrification. Though there is no single project anywhere comparable with the plan of the Pennsylvania Railroad to electrify its entire train service, freight and passenger, between New York and Wilmington, many undertakings smaller in scope are under way in various countries. In Great Britain electrification is still confined for the most part to suburban passenger traffic.

Several Continental countries are going in heavily for electrification. Germany, for instance, now has more than 1000 miles of electrified roads; Switzerland, 1400 miles; Italy, 950 miles, and expects to have a total of 1400 by the end of 1930. Lines entering Warsaw and Prague are being electrified. Three standard-gauge lines between France and Spain are projected across the Pyrenees. The Alpine tunnels are all electrified.

We can now have a close-up of the railways in specific countries. It is peculiarly fitting that we begin with Britain. Since the war British railway organization has undergone a vast change. In 1920 the country found itself with too many competing lines. This state of affairs, together with losses resulting from incessant labor dislocation, precipitated a crisis. The only way to self-preservation lay in consolidation. Accordingly Parliament passed the so-called Railway Act in 1921. Under it all the lines in England, Scotland and Wales were grouped in four major systems. They began their new corporate existence on

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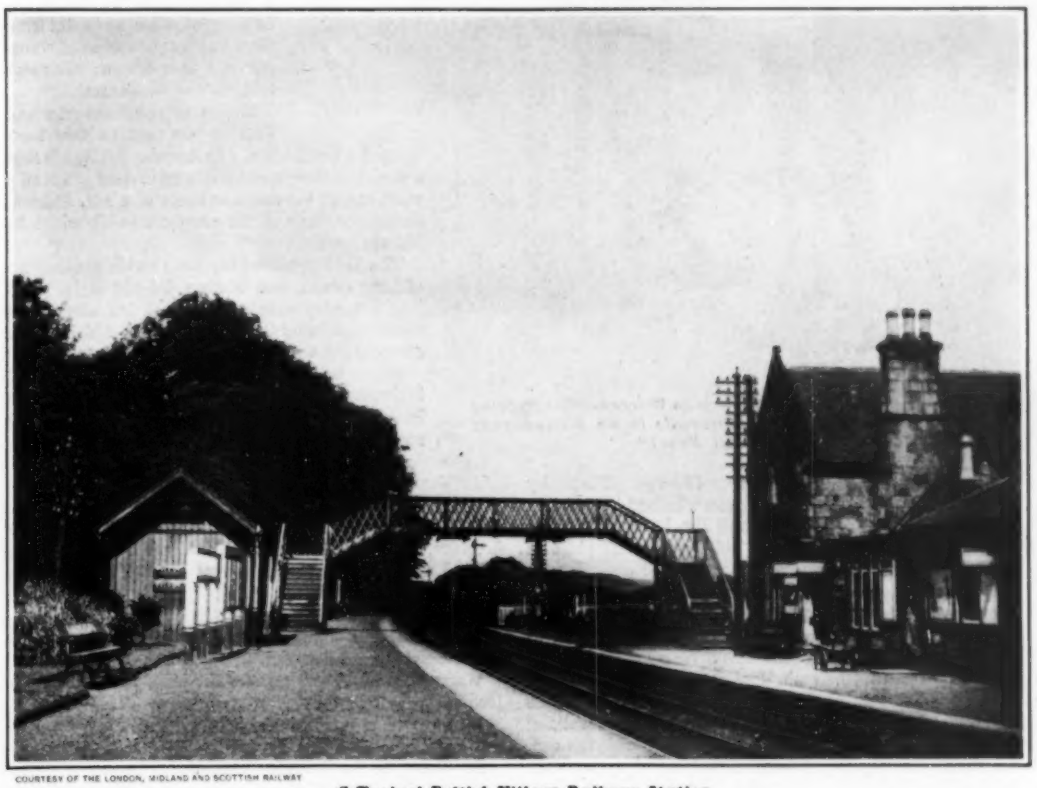


COURTESY OF THE LONDON, MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

A Typical British Village Railway Station

ONE OF THE FAMILY

By ALMET JENKS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WARREN took another curly label out of the envelope and printed on it in neat letters: MR. AND MRS. WARREN B. CARTER, and then the date of sailing, the number of the cabin, the port of departure—which was New York—and their destination—which was Cherbourg. As he finished, Rose came across the hotel bedroom from the corner where the trunks stood and took the label from him. She ran her tongue back and forth, around and around, over the heavy glue, and gagged suddenly. She went back to the trunks, and presently Warren heard her singing softly to herself. He caught the words: "I'm sick of licking labels." The tune was vaguely familiar.

"One more for the hatbox," she said. He took the last label over to her. Then he lay down on one of the beds, resting his heels on the top rail, and watched her abstractedly.

They had known each other for six months, had been engaged two, and married two days. The day after tomorrow they were sailing. He had not ceased to wonder at the fact that the Rose Deming who six months ago was a name, and a glamorous and increasingly dim memory, was now Mrs. Warren Carter, his wife, and that they were starting a new, entirely strange life together.

"I suppose I might as well write some more thank-you letters," Rose said. She went to the desk reluctantly. "Don't go to sleep over there."

"I'm not going to sleep." He thought: "French money—dress collars—those samples from Odell's ——" They were all down in the little notebook.

Rose said: "I'm so tired of writing, 'I can't tell you how——' Oh, the pen point fell out into the ink." She peered into the inkwell. "Do you suppose you could get it out?"

"No," he said promptly.

"Then I'll have to have your fountain pen."

"All right," he said sleepily.

"Do I have to come over and get it?" Rose asked indignantly.

He lay perfectly still with his eyes closed. Rose's shadow came between him and the light. He emitted a faint snore.

"You are going to sleep. . . . Which pocket is it in?"

"Upper left-hand vest pocket," he murmured, simulating an immense lassitude. Her hand touched him just above his heart.

"Ow!" He sat up suddenly and seized her by the shoulders. Laughing, he pulled her down close beside him.

"I got it!" she cried. She held the pen triumphantly, beyond his reach.

He turned her face toward his and kissed her.

"Oh, Warren!" she said in a low voice. A lock of her hair, which she wore parted far on one side and brushed close to her head, came unfixed and fell across her forehead. She threw her head back and looked at him out of misty eyes.

"Let me go, Warren," she whispered. "I've got those letters ——"

"Rose, Rose," he said in a husky voice.

"Let me go, dear." She stirred in his arms. "I've got ten letters ——"

"Never mind them."

She stood up suddenly, twisted out of his arms and jumped away, free.

He lay back on the bed again. Presently her pen began a quick, noisy scratching.

II

HE HAD met her first—though he knew she did not remember it—two years ago.

His first business trip—he had just started working in his father's paper business in the small New England city where he lived—had taken him to Chicago. There, by chance, he ran into Jim Hurley, whom he had known at a training camp during the war, and Jim had insisted that Warren should move from the hotel out to his place in Lake Forest.

One night they had gone to a dance at the country club. Just as the dance was over, and the orchestra members, deaf to further entreaties, were putting away their instruments, a girl and a young man whom Warren had not seen before appeared in the main doorway. The other dancers gathered around them. Jim Hurley had gone out to get the car, and Warren, carrying his coat and hat, was walking toward the door when the group separated and the girl, who had evidently just arrived, issued out of it, laughing, leading her protesting companion by the hand. Warren, coming face to face with her, stopped short, and for a moment they looked into each other's eyes.

The Strange Young Man—Strange to Warren—Was Holding Rose's Hand and Crying at Intervals in an Extravagant Voice, "Rose! Rose!"

Then she smiled at him and said, "Oh, don't go home! Tommy's going to play for us, and he's better than any old band."

"Don't, Rose," Tommy was protesting faintly.

Warren, red and embarrassed, stammered, "I'm afraid—Jim Hurley's waiting—I ——"

And then she was gone. At the door Warren turned and watched. Tommy, subjugated, began to play. They were dancing again. Once she passed close to Warren and glanced at him over her partner's shoulder, briefly, still smiling, with no sign of recognition.

"Who is 'Rose'?" he asked Jim as they drove home.

"Rose?" Jim said. "There's only one Rose, but she wasn't there tonight—Rose Deming."

"She just came," Warren said. "At least ——" How should he describe her? "She's—well, awfully fine looking."

"Yes, that's Rose Deming." Jim nodded.

"She came in with someone called 'Tommy,'" Warren said.

"Of course—Tommy Starke." Jim's tone was enigmatical. And Warren tucked that name away in his memory.

"She's lovely," Jim said. "She's a great person."

Then he began to talk about something else, but Warren did not listen. All the way home he thought of Rose Deming. He rehearsed the scene. When she had smiled and said, "Oh, don't go home!" he had stood there stupidly, murmuring something about Jim Hurley. He might have said quickly, gayly, "Will you give me the first dance?" And tomorrow he was going East!

III

TWO years served almost to erase that memory. He had never gone back, and no word of her ever came to him. When he thought of her, as he did from time to time, it was as of someone met in a dream; but more real, no less enchanting.

His father's business grew and Warren was sent to New York to open a small office. In August, during his first summer in the city, he had been invited to spend a week-end at the summer home of a Mr. Aldrich, president of one of the companies with which he did business.

The Aldriches lived far down on the south shore of Long Island, and Warren did not arrive until late Saturday evening. A maid led him to his room, explaining that Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich were dressing for dinner.

When he came down—he remembered every incident of that night—Mr. Aldrich met him in the hall and guided him into a dimly lighted room.

"Alice, this is Mr. Carter. . . . My wife."

As Warren bent over Mrs. Aldrich's hand he heard Mr. Aldrich, who was behind him, say:

"Miss ——, Mr. Carter." Warren looked up. Near the fireplace, in the shadow, were two tall, slim girls in light-colored dresses. Mr. Aldrich went on: "Peggy, this is Mr. Carter. . . . My daughter."

Warren bowed.

"*This* is Miss Deming," one of the girls said, laughing. She nodded toward her companion.

Warren stared at the other girl. Miss Deming! Rose Deming!

He bowed again, stammered something. Miss Deming smiled at him, examined him briefly.

At dinner, in the flickering candlelight, he saw that she had scarcely changed at all. She was a little slimmer.

Beside Peggy Aldrich, who was tanned a deep brown, she looked pale, finely drawn. Clearly she had no recollection of him.

After dinner they sat outside. Below them, a few yards away, the surf thundered and hissed. Mrs. Aldrich asked if they were going to the club and Peggy said no; there was a dance for the kids that night. She said, "Oh, you haven't heard that new record yet. Father brought it down with him."

She went in the house, and presently a tune, slow, haunting, faint against the roar of the surf, began. Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich were talking to each other. Warren was sitting next to Rose.

Leaning forward in his chair, he said to her, "I met you once before—at least, I didn't properly meet you." She looked at him intently, frowning a little in the semidarkness. "Two years ago," Warren went on. "Out in Lake Forest, at a dance. I was staying with a man named Jim Hurley."

"Oh," she said vaguely.

"You remember him?" he asked.

"Jim Hurley? Of course. He's living in Cleveland now."

"You came in late—just as the dance was over. The music had gone and you made someone play the piano. I was going home," Warren went on. "You came across the floor with the man who was going to play, and you said to me, 'Don't go home.'"

"And we hadn't been introduced?" She smiled. "Brazen! And of course you stayed?"

Warren grinned. "No, I didn't stay. Like a fool, I went home."

"And that's all?" Rose Deming asked him after a moment.

"That's all. . . . You don't remember?" He looked up at her. "You came with someone called Tommy Starke, I think."

"Oh!" she said. Her eyes lighted. "I do remember." And then the music stopped and Peggy Aldrich came out of the house.

IV

AT LUNCHEON the next day it transpired that Rose had to go in to the city that evening. She was working in an interior decorator's shop and had to be there at 8:30 the next morning. Warren said that he, too, would have to go in on the evening train. He was not going to lose her again.

They left together after dinner. The train was crowded with returning week-enders. Young men passed through the car. Almost all of them stopped and spoke to Rose. They stood around her chair, ignoring Warren. One sat on the arm while Warren pretended to read. Between times he learned that she no longer lived in Lake Forest, but in New York with an aunt; that her father and mother were dead, that she had been in New York for about a year.

They stood waiting for a taxi. She held out her hand to say good-by.

"But I'm going to take you home," he said.

"It's not at all necessary." She smiled. "I travel all over alone."

He felt her slipping away. He did not know her aunt's name; he did not even know the shop where she worked.

"Where does your aunt live?" he asked.

She told him. It was on his way home. He insisted. In the taxi silence fell between them. The cross streets flew by, faster and faster.

Then, before it was too late, he blurted out, "I wonder if you'd like to go to the theater sometime?"

After a moment she said, hesitating a little in surprise, "Why, yes."

"Tomorrow night," he suggested quickly.

"I'm afraid I can't go tomorrow night."

"Tuesday?" Warren said.

"Nor Tuesday," she said in a low voice. "I'm sorry." Warren was silent, miserable. "I could go Thursday," she said.

His heart leaped. Everything was all right, after all.

"Thursday's fine for me," he said.

V

IN THE beginning he found it difficult to see her very often; all her evenings seemed bespoken. Yet he kept on, making engagements days ahead, patiently, persistently. When he did see her, it was never with any of the others—the ones against whom he fought; for some reason she never suggested their meeting. So they sat alone—the two of them—at small tables in various places all over the city—in cellars, on roofs, in sublimated back yards—and tasted the dinners of all nations. Occasionally he dined at her aunt's small apartment, and after dinner, when Mrs. Graham returned to her book, domestically, Rose and he played rum or double Canfield, and time flew.

He discovered that for Rose it was an experience entirely new. All her life, she explained, she had been surrounded by many people, moving ceaselessly in this crowd or that. Life was a series of parties at which one arrived, as time went on, later and later, without much anticipation. She had found a job, she told him, not so much for financial reasons—naming her emolument—but because one day that same life seemed particularly trivial and she felt the need of some sort of occupation. Yet she seemed never wholly to get free; excitement was a habit, and there remained the blank hours of evening and, always, the end of the week. She told him once, in an unguarded moment, that the times they were together had become, for her, a sort of escape from the futility which she despised, but which still held her in thrall. It was for this reason that she kept him apart from her crowd, her many crowds, as if to preserve that phase of her life inviolate. But in the end

(Continued on Page 113)

"And We Hadn't Been Introduced?" She Smiled. "Brazen! And of Course You Stayed?"

TOMAHAWK RIGHTS

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VIII

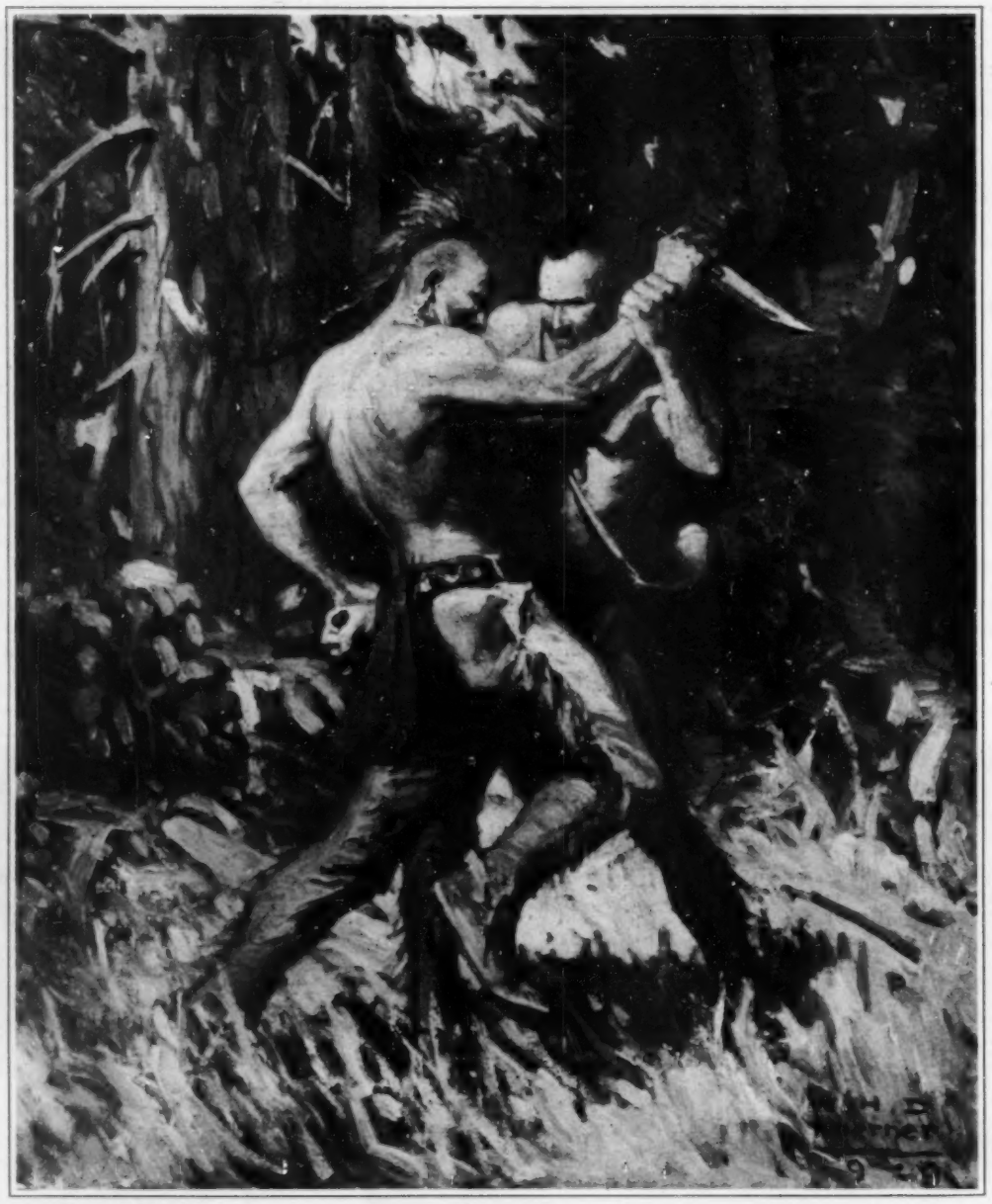
AT INTERVALS throughout the night Buckner lifted his head from the ground to listen. On each such occasion he recalled that he was fifty miles back from the frontier and in no danger of attack from savages. Such precautions, however, were part of his very nature. The least unusual sound, no matter how slight, waked him on the instant. His three companions slept soddenly. They were three militiamen returning to their settlements far removed from the border.

The panic on the frontier had communicated itself to the quieter settlements far behind it. Small parties of savages, traveling in twos and threes, had been slipping past the closely guarded and ever-alert frontier settlements and pressing far to the rear, where the farmers had no thought of danger. There they would collect a few easy scalps by shooting down field hands from ambush, capture a child or two as they crossed through woodlots or along country lanes, steal a few head of horses and return with all haste to the Indian country.

There were no woodsmen in such communities to read the signs left by the marauders and discover that it was the work of but two or three braves. Such a foray never failed to throw the quiet community in which it occurred into a panic for months.

Many viewed the depredations as retaliatory measures on the part of the savages by way of reprisal for the implacable hostility of the frontier settlers against all Indians. Forgetting the days of long ago, when their own communities had been on the frontier and their own settlers had committed every variety of outrage against the Indians, despite the protest of quieter communities farther east, they now demanded that the present frontier settlers treat the redskins as human beings. Others believed that the defenses of the frontier were weakening. Quiet communities, long immune from savage depredations, decided to organize volunteer militia to be called together for local defense in case the savages broke through and invaded such neighborhoods. Meanwhile the clamor against the frontier practice of slaying any and all Indians was kept up. Major Donner had been selected by Crenshaw Bottom to organize and train a body of some fifty men who could be summoned to leave work and defend the community if danger should threaten.

It was for Crenshaw Bottom that Buckner now headed, to take White Fawn back with him to Kentucky. Two hours before dawn he lifted his head again to listen. The moon was still high and shed its white radiance over the landscape. Reason told him that nothing could be wrong here, so far behind the frontier. But he could not shake off the feeling that he had been roused by some unusual sound. Suddenly he realized that it was not an unusual sound that had roused him, but the lack of a usual one. When he had freed his horse for the night, along with those of his companions, he had put the usual small bell on its neck, in case the animal, after satisfying its hunger, should head back toward its home range on the frontier. Throughout the night its slow, occasional tinkle had conveyed to him, even when sleeping, the information that the animal was moving round aimlessly as it fed. He had not heard the bell since waking. Had the horse headed back toward the Ohio and moved off beyond earshot before Buckner had waked? He doubted it. The steadily diminishing sound of it into the west would have penetrated his consciousness, even as he slept, and roused him.



At the End of Ten Minutes of Continual Straining, the Savage Showed Not the Least Symptom of Fatigue. His Eyes Glared Into Those of the Woodsman With Unquenchable Hatred

Buckner threw off his blanket and rose. He stripped the waterproof deer-gut covering from his gun lock and looked carefully to the priming—another invariable custom of his.

"Where you going?" one of his companions inquired, lifting his head.

"Horses seem to have strayed," Buckner said. "I'll have a look round for them."

"I'll go with you," the man volunteered. He set off through the moonlight without picking up his gun.

The two men moved out across the dew-drenched valley, the misty drops glistening silver white on the grass. The meadow was dotted with patches of brush. The horses had not been gone long. Dark streaks where their feet had scuffed the dew from the grass were as clearly discernible to Buckner's practiced eyes under the white moonlight as the trail of a buck in the snow at high noon would have been to the eyes of most men.

Buckner halted suddenly. A darkening of the dew-bespangled grass showed on the west.

"Wait," he said to his companion, and advanced to investigate.

"They haven't strayed. They've been lifted," he announced presently.

"Stole!" his companion exclaimed incredulously. "Who by?"

"Savages, likely," Buckner said. "Probably a pair of them on one of those little forays that have been upsetting the settlements behind the frontiers. Two men came across the grass from the west." He moved swiftly along on the trail of the horses. "They bunched them here. See where they milled round in this one little patch? The savages mounted two and led the others. The trail runs in a straightaway from here. I'll be off after them."

All that was so apparent to Buckner was a sheer blank to the militiaman.

"We'll make sure in the morning," he suggested.

"I've made sure now," Buckner returned.

He started off at a swinging trot on that dark swath in the dew-spangled grass. Not until the trail led up through the choppy, timbered hills did he find a place where he could not follow it at a run. Even in the timber, the four sets of hoofs had cut so deeply into the leaf mold and trampled down so many nettles and other such vegetation that he could follow it at a fast walk. Two hours later, in the first rays of dawn, he had covered some seven miles. The thieves were heading straight west toward the Ohio and had something more than forty miles yet to go. He was certain that they would not travel the entire distance and try to swim their stolen mounts across the river to the Indian side by daylight, for fear of running foul of prowling woodsmen or settlers. Somewhere short of the Ohio they would stop until nightfall before attempting a crossing, in which case he could overhaul them with ease.

The trail revealed the fact that the horses had been pressed to a good gait wherever the going was feasible. Mile after mile Buckner held on without slackening his pace. The way led across rough ranges of hills and dipped into valleys, always veering to avoid the vicinity of settlers' cabins. He covered another fifteen miles without any certainty that he was gaining much on the thieves. Then the trail grew fresher and at last he came to indisputable evidence that the horses were but a few minutes ahead of him. The low ridge on which he stood descended almost imperceptibly to merge into a wide timbered flat. He was on the point of putting on a fresh burst of speed in an effort to overhaul the animals, when he stopped short as the faint tinkle of a horse bell reached his ears from out in that timbered flat. Instantly he took cover behind a tree and surveyed the forest ahead and on either flank.

Unquestionably the bell had been removed from the horse before it had been ridden away. Now it had been restored to the horse's neck. Several times the faint tinkle rose from the same spot a quarter of a mile ahead. The thieves had made a halt, and that bell had been restored for but one purpose. It was a favorite trick of savages to leave stolen horses grazing at some strategic

point so, in case the owner had managed to work out the trail, he would see them feeding quietly and believe that they had traveled there of their own volition. Countless settlers, hastening forward to gather their missing stock, had lost their lives to savages who were lying in wait for them. It was a familiar and transparent ruse to Buckner.

He turned at right angles and moved some three hundred yards through the forest, then turned again to parallel the trail. Occasionally he stopped to listen for the horse bell. Presently it informed him that he was abreast of the horses. He held on for a distance, then angled over until the tinkle of the bell indicated that he was some two hundred yards beyond the horses in the direction opposite to that from which they had come.

Yard by yard, slowly and with exceeding caution, he moved toward them, taking advantage of every bit of cover. He glided face down from one windfall log to another or along the course of little depressions in the surface. At each point so attained, with a spray of leaves held before his face, he elevated both the spray and his head an inch at a time until his eyes cleared the obstruction behind which he lay and enabled him to study the landscape before him.

There being only two Indians, it was highly probable that instead of waiting in ambush near the horses, they would conceal themselves on the flank of their back track. Then, if following settlers appeared on the trail, the savages could attack if the pursuers were but few or could slip away and abandon the stolen horses if a large party arrived. Buckner discovered the animals feeding in a slight depression, the bottom of a shallow, grassy swale. Somewhere beyond them, two alert savages were watching their back track. But on which side of the trail were they stationed? Upon divining that all-important point depended the advantage of coming upon them from behind or the disadvantage of approaching in the face of watchful eyes. The cover seemed equal on either flank.

Buckner watched the horses. Whenever they lifted their heads he observed the direction of their gaze and the action of their sensitive ears. Several times they looked in his direction, their ears pricked forward, as if aware of his presence. Their attention turned most frequently, however, to the northeast, as if something in that direction challenged their casual attention. That would mean that the warriors were stationed on the north side of the back track. Acting on this assumption, Buckner began his stalk, circling to get in the rear of his quarry.

Then, with the patience of a hunting cat, he worked toward the point where he hoped to find them. At the end of an hour of maneuvering he located them, prone behind a down log which commanded the trail made by the horses on the way in. Foot by foot, he made his way to within fifty yards of the two braves. Rising to stand behind a huge tree, he examined the priming pan of his piece; then thrust it past the tree, preparatory to drawing a bead on one of the unsuspecting braves. At that instant a red squirrel, racing down the tree, discovered him at the foot of it and scurried aloft with a startled bark, followed by an insistent chirring rasp of anger.

At the first startled note, the eyes of the warriors were drawn to the spot. Each saw the movement of the rifle as Buckner thrust it from behind the tree. With incredible swiftness, they leaped the down log and dropped flat upon its far side, then glided to station themselves behind trees. The war whoop rose defiantly from two throats.

Buckner silently cursed the squirrel that had reversed the odds at the final instant of his long and tedious stalk. He exposed one eye for a split second to survey the forest ahead, then withdrew it. Most of the savages of the Ohio were excellent marksmen and could plant a ball in the exposed half of a man's head at forty yards if given but a brace of seconds in which to draw a bead. He knew that two muskets were trained upon his tree. Again he peered forth, this time upon the left side of the trunk, withdrawing his head as quickly as before. That time he located a rifle barrel with the peering eye of a warrior behind it. Dropping to one knee, he took another flashing survey. At intervals varying from five to fifteen seconds he exposed one eye or the other, never twice from the same point so that the waiting savages would be unable to determine at just what second or at what point that elusive eye was to appear. Buckner failed to locate the stand of the second savage. It was almost certain that one of them would draw off to circle round beyond musket range and come in behind him. When the remaining brave lifted his voice to engage Buckner in conversation, the woodsman knew that his apprehension was about to be realized. It was an old ruse of the redskins for one to engage a concealed enemy in conversation while another maneuvered to outflank him.

"Why you steal Injun hoss?" the savage called out. "Me no steal. Injun man only take his own back. That Wyandotte hoss. Me take now."

It was true that Buckner's mount had once belonged to the Wyandottes. Stealing horses from the whites was a regular occupation with the Indians of the Ohio wilderness. Reckless young borderers had grouped together to wage similar raids against the Indians, sometimes slipping into the very Indian towns at night and departing with the mounts of the redskins. Buckner's steed was one of the animals obtained in this fashion.

"That white man's hoss," Buckner called back. "You plenty big thief."

He must draw the fire of the redskin in front; then rush him before he could reload—and that very quickly; for the one who was circling would be in a position to shoot in the back before many minutes.

Many a woodsman had drawn the fire of a concealed savage by exposing his coonskin cap, then rushed him with the ferocity of a panther before he could reload, but the ruse was now known to the redskins and they were seldom deluded by it. A huge, whitish slab of lichen that grew from the base of the moldy trunk gave Buckner the inspiration to attempt a variation of the trick. Tearing it from the tree, he sized it up swiftly, placed his coonskin cap on top of it; then gouged with his thumb nail a dark spot to correspond with the human eye.

(Continued on Page 53)

"The Prisoner Belongs to the Delawares of the Lakes," One Brave Asserted. "It Was to Our Camp of Delaware Scouts That White Fawn Came"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 20, 1929

A Stab at Collectors

SINCE the turn of the new century these United States have become a nation of collectors. In the 1890's, broadly speaking, only the rich collected, and paintings, porcelains and books measured the breadth of their greater fields of activity. Nowadays everyone collects, old and young, rich and poor, village dweller and city folk. A whole new literature has sprung into being for the instruction and protection of these new hobby riders, and we find young matrons and men of affairs studying works on ceramics, Georgian silver and Early American furniture as intensively as they con books on infant feeding or manuals of corporation earnings.

Few of us fully realize the extraordinary and beneficent effect upon American life which this pandemic mania for collecting is exercising. It has forced us to study in gross and in detail the beauty created for the delight of men by hands long at rest. It is teaching us discrimination, it is elevating our taste, and it is initiating us into forgotten technical methods and processes. It is giving us truer standards of beauty and graciousness in form, color and surface. By these studies we are acquiring the quality eye, and along with it we are fostering that sixth sense, that quick intuition which enables us to perceive the difference between good and bad, worthy and unworthy, chaste and tawdry, distinction and commonplaceness.

The usefulness of these new powers which we are acquiring primarily for the assistance they give to intelligent collecting far overrides the narrow borders of any particular hobby. Truer standards of beauty and fuller knowledge of craftsmanship make homes more gracious and delightful. They teach the eyes intolerance of the ugly, the rococo and the sham. They kindle a desire for surroundings that are really fine, harmonious and in good taste. Beauty in familiar things offers an education that children take in through their pores, that they absorb insensibly and without effort. Beauty pays, as enlightened merchants and manufacturers have come to learn. The museum of fine arts has made itself as necessary to innumerable forms of manufacture as are the public library and the school of technology; for as the general sense of beauty develops, the demands of buyers become steadily more exacting, and competition crowds the ugly to the wall. Many phases of collecting may even claim a moral value; for the finest old craftsmanship not only expresses skill of hand and correctness of eye but offers silent testimony of the sincerity and nice conscience of dead-and-gone master workers in wood or metal or colors.

Collecting in America has received substantial encouragement from the fact that works of art, silver, textiles and other objects more than one hundred years old are admitted free of duty. This is sound public policy. It favors not only the collector and the local museum to which he may very likely bequeath his collections but it benefits the country as a whole, for it is of material assistance in raising our standards of taste and beauty. America needs models, and the finest models obtainable conceived in earlier centuries; for the best future is built upon the past as well as upon the present.

Now come certain interests before the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, demanding that duties be levied upon these century-old art objects. Just how they compete with present-day American industry is hard to see. Imagine a manufacturer of chinaware telling the committee that he needed protection from the Worcester of the Doctor Wall period! A century and a half ago Doctor Johnson complained that it was as dear as silver, and the price has not gone down. Conceive the hardihood that would be required for a textile man to ask protection from the tapestries of the fifteenth century, or a maker of silverware from the handiwork of the Georgian silversmiths. Bill Brown might as well lock his attic studio and journey to Washington to tell the committee that the art business was all shot to pieces because the work of men named Frans Hals, Vermeer, Gainsborough and Reynolds was coming in duty free. Or the Greenwich Village Literary Union send a delegation of young intellectuals to the Capitol to demand an excise tax upon every copy of Shakspere published, because Hamlet, a play by a foreign author, still outsells the free verse—and dear at that—put out by their fellow unionists!

We find it hard to believe that Congress would commit so gross a tactical blunder as to levy a tariff which it would be impossible to defend upon reasonable grounds, which would produce small revenue and great resentment and irritation. All except a few bitter-enders are reconciled to an adequate, honestly drawn protective-tariff act. This would be a poor time at which to kindle new resentments against such a policy by introducing arrogant, insincere, strong-arm methods into its practical application.

The Prosperity Reserve

WHAT are anxiously known as "business conditions" are a state of mind plus known or unknown economic factors. A depression is in a somewhat different class. It is not wholly a state of mind. England's coal miners are out of work because the demand for British coal has been cut into by oil and electricity. A lack of purchasing power, as well as the lack of the trade formerly brought by the coal exports, has caused a lessened business in all Britain. The change in coal demand is a definite factor in Great Britain. But having so many men out of work has a generally depressing mental effect, and this, combined with high taxes, makes difficult the starting of new enterprises to take the place of the coal loss.

Unemployment is a direct consequence of depression; also it snowballs, and makes the depression more severe. Manufacturers undersell the market by being licked before they start. The people go on consuming at about the usual rate. The best figures available show that actual consumption does not drop more than five per cent during the very deepest depression. Prices fall heavily, and that gives the notion that consumption, too, has fallen off heavily.

The important thing in any depression is not to let unemployment snowball. That has brought about the desire for some sort of governmental facility which can be called upon to check depressions before they get started. The present thought as embodied in congressional proceedings is to turn on public-works programs whenever a depression appears in the offing.

The theory is that the Federal and state governments can, by throwing their work into the breach, both start money circulating and stiffen up the public confidence. In times of established prosperity the public works would be held back a little.

This whole scheme has been dubbed a Prosperity Reserve, and no better title could be imagined. It was slightly tried in 1921, with splendid results in the way of reëstablishing confidence. The real difficulty with the plan is not in its conception. The difficulty comes in the execution. For the public work actually done cannot be nearly so important as the impression its letting will give. There is also no reason why industry should not always be called in to aid as it was by Secretary Hoover in 1921. For employment is something more than a responsibility of industry; unless men are earning wages, industry will have few customers for its products.

The administrative snag comes in deciding what is a period of depression. Several attempts have been made to define depression in terms of figures—that if all business or certain sorts of business drop below average, then depression is officially on. We have no really accurate national figures and it is doubtful if any can ever be had, for by the time national figures are collated, another set of conditions has arrived. An extraordinary number of important calculations are still being based on the 1920 census.

If defining depression is going to be taken into the legislative maw, then we are in for economic politics as distinguished from political economy.

Great Britain and the Continent furnish good examples of this. Many countries have tried the provision of public works to relieve unemployment, and then the politicians have straightway proceeded to use the jobs as bait for votes. And by granting more jobs the taxes have been raised, the capital for new enterprise taken away and unemployment has been made permanent.

The uplifters can see only one thing at a time. When they see unemployment they are for relieving it at any expense. In their emotion they cannot comprehend that their efforts may result in more unemployment. Better-balanced men ought to look carefully at all social plans, to make sure they will not promote, instead of prevent, the social disorders they are aimed at. Some laws back-fire.

Foreign Trade in 1928

FOREIGN trade is not an infallible index of domestic prosperity, judged either by values or by volumes. But when appraised in correct perspective, the state of foreign trade may be used in judging the state of domestic trade. Thus employed, the preliminary reports of foreign trade in 1928 support the view generally held of prosperity in the country during that year.

According to the preliminary reports, the exports for the calendar year 1928 exceeded those of 1927 by over one hundred and fifty million dollars, the imports were reduced by less than one hundred million dollars. This means that the positive balance of trade was increased by a quarter of a billion dollars. The figures for exchange of goods, however, mean little for the total transactions, since important invisible items may affect the result, and these are not yet known.

Europe imported more from America in 1928 than in 1927, and exported less to us, though the difference was not large. Our exports to Asia were considerably more in 1928 than in 1927, but our imports from Asia were substantially less in value, due principally to decline in the price of rubber. Perhaps the outstanding feature of our foreign trade in 1928 was the really extraordinary exports to and imports from Canada. From the standpoint of the Europeans, the American trade with Canada is hard to understand when viewed in the light of the population of Canada. This trade is the expression of rapid developments in Canada, of the high standard of living of the Canadians, and of the intimate commercial relations between the two countries.

Taken as a whole, the preliminary figures for our export trade during 1928 afford little basis for apprehension that improvements in the manufacturing and trading operations of Europe forecast a decline in our export trade. Competition in the world trade of finished goods is being sharpened, but we appear to be holding our own.

THE BETTER AMERICANS

By Gilbert Seldes

NEARLY everyone who was in England in 1915 and 1916, and was not suspected of being a German spy, was at some time or other alluded to as one of the better Americans. Just what the betterness consisted of was never expressly stated, but it was clear that being a better American entitled you to the friendship of the English, to certain courtesies and facilities which might otherwise be lacking. As a better American, you were better than the run of Americans; you raised the mean average of your country; in moments of great emotion, it was hinted that you were almost as good as the English.

There was one queer thing about the phrase—it was used chiefly by those who despised America. It was approbation from Sir Hubert, but the suggestion of a sneer persisted. In the end, we all became better Americans. The exact date of the change is April 6, 1917, and the phrase lost currency except for the repeated assertion that the better Americans were the lever by which the inert mass of Americans had been moved to take part in the war. President Wilson's part in the operation, one gathered, was secondary; the President had not exactly shone as a better American in 1916.

We recognize the better-American gag now as a wartime expedient, friendlier in manner than calling the Germans Huns, but essentially of the same nature. The phrase and all its implications would totally lack significance if it did not uncover and exaggerate a fairly continuous attitude of mind. There was a German variation of it. I do not know the exact words, but the sense was that the true Americans, those who best understood their country and its traditions, were friendly toward Germany in the war. There may have been a French and Turkish and Russian, or even an Italian, version. The essence was always the same—that the better Americans were particularly friendly to some other country. George Bernard Shaw many years ago said that an English Liberal had three duties—to Ireland, to Finland and to Macedonia. The obligations of the better Americans were distributed in more impressive directions.

Without prejudice, therefore, I use the English case because it is the most familiar. The newspapers and the individuals who thought that the United States was still a rebellious colony used the words "the better Americans" to describe some or all of the following classes:

Americans who had transferred their nationality and become British subjects;

Americans who lived in Great Britain;

Americans who had strong affiliations with the British;

Americans who wanted their country to join the war on the side of the Allies, accepting without criticism the British statement of the causes of the war and the British war aims;

Americans who, in pursuit of this ideal, were willing to sacrifice all separate American purposes, who fought the American policies as outlined by the President and called the American people traitors because they had left England in the lurch.

Under the turbulent surface lies a single clear idea—that he is the best American who is readiest to repudiate America, who cuts himself off from his own country and accepts the life and the ideals of another. It is a point of view perfectly logical in non-Americans. Particularly in times of stress, nations like to think that outsiders admire and envy them and want to be like them. But it happens that the idea of the better Americans, wherever it came from, was eagerly accepted by Americans who went to every length in belittling their own country—and still do.

The better Americans of after the war divide into two groups—those who want to be as British or French or German as they can and those who want to be international. Neither is particularly successful; both think that the best method to achieve their aim is to denude themselves as completely as possible of the trappings of Americanism. It used to annoy the painter Whistler terribly when he was told that, for all his European veneer, his publicity stunts were essentially American. Possibly "one of the better Americans" was invented by an embarrassed Briton who had inadvertently called an expatriate an American and wanted to soften the blow. The American binationalists and internationalists work on the theory that amity between members of different nations is to be found only when one gives up all his national character and adopts that of the other. And for the American it is supposed to be more blessed to give up.

In the opinion of the better American, it is not enough that he himself becomes French or British; it seems to him deplorable that the whole of America remains mulishly American when it could be so gloriously foreign. The United States ought to adopt the British system of cabinet

(Continued on Page 90)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Pedestrian

ONCE on a time he roamed the land,
A tame and unaffrighted band—
Hayfoot,
Strawfoot,
Heel-and-toe—
As Nature meant that he should go.

But came a day when every man
Went hunting the Pe-des-tri-an;
They chased him in and out of season
And slaughtered him beyond all reason,

Until at last the Game Commission
Awoke in long-delayed contrition
And put this timely warning in
Its next official bulletin:

"Sportsmen, Beware! Let every man
Lay off the wild Pe-des-tri-an!
This noble game bird of distinction
Is threatened with complete extinction!

"Your sporting honor—do not dim it!
Be satisfied to take the limit!"

No chance! They slaughtered him in shoals;
They chased him up the trolley poles;
They shot the feathers from his bones
And trapped him in the safety zones;

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Just Their Luck

They honked him here and honked him there
And laid him out most everywhere.

Today, of all that mighty host
That filled the land from coast to coast
And swarmed upon the virgin plains,
But one known specimen remains.

Stuffed with excelsior and moth balls,
He hangs on the museum walls.
—Lowell Otus Reese.

Eligible

"IS PEGGY in the Social Register now?"

"Oh, yes! She promoted two prize fights and passed the blindfold cigarette test."

Isn't He Terrible?

"THIS jelly has begun to work," observed Mr. Cunliffe.

"Oh, dear! I'll open another glass," said Mrs. Cunliffe.

"No. Leave it. I like it. I like things that have worked a little. And I like things that have worked a lot."

"Isn't he terrible?" said Mrs. Cunliffe.

"Bring out those apricots that are turning! I've smelt liquor!"

"Isn't he terrible?" said Mrs. Cunliffe.

"Booze! Good old booze! Where's a gutter? I want to roll!"

"Isn't he terrible?" said Mrs. Cunliffe, beaming with tender pride.

"Boy! When I think of the times we boys used to have before I got married and settled down! We'd play poker until all hours, and keep sucking away at our quarts until all we needed was trouble, and a lot of it. And then we'd

(Continued on Page 48)

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"I've Watched a Lot of Them Fellers That Chase Their Own Tails, Bill, an' the Trouble With Them is, They Don't Seem to Get Nowhere"

DRAWN BY WALTER SCHMIDT

The Average Boy of Ten Years Erects His Hall of Fame

A Health Discovery *that made* Tomato Soup more popular than ever!

"Tomatoes are good for you." That's the simple and homely way of saying what science has discovered. The experts proclaim the tomato as one of the most valuable foods you can eat.

"Health Givers" (*Vitamins*). Mineral salts that build the bodily structure. The food elements which are so necessary to proper growth and resistance. All these abound in delicious, red-ripe, luscious tomatoes.

So that remarkable favorite, Campbell's Tomato Soup, is enjoyed as never before—for its tempting flavor and its glowing healthfulness.

Your grocer has or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can

Wherever I am,
Whatever I do,
I cannot help dreaming,
Dear Campbell's, of you!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

WARNING HILL

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

XXI

YES, Tommy Michael had shown them, or he thought he had, even if he did not know what. Things were going too fast to be sure of anything by then, but he must have shown them something of what he was. A year in business might have taught him differently, but he went to Plattsburg that same May. He dropped everything and went, remembering that his great-aunt's thirty-five hundred dollars was waiting in the bank. He had arrived somewhere entirely by himself. He would never have become an officer at Plattsburg if he had not. You could not get away from that, even though officers and gentlemen were being manufactured in wholesale lots that spring. He had shown them at Michael's Harbor. He could hear their voices behind his back as he walked down the street.

"Lookit! He's an officer! Look at Tommy Michael! Lookit! He's going to the war! Well, I don't care; I used to know him."

Yet, as he stood on Mr. Jellett's doorstep, he had a sense of being nowhere—not of Michael's Harbor and not of Warning Hill. As Tommy Michael waited he remembered that his mouth had grown very dry and that he had pressed his nails into his palms so tightly that an hour later he could see the marks. He could stand straight, with a lean, hard straightness. He could walk with the swift grace of coördinated muscles. He could look anybody in the eye, and yet it all seemed as nothing, now that he had reached his journey's end. Instead, an odd thought kept crossing his mind in aimless circles, and the thought was like a panic, for though he had fought against it for as long, almost, as he could remember, there it was, as strong as ever; the stronger for being ground into the earth.

"Aren't You Going to Tell Me All About it, Now You've Got Back Home?"

"I'm just as good as they are," his mind kept saying—"I'm just as good as they are. Of course—of course I am."

Even so, he gave a start when Hubbard came back to the door. He hated himself because he knew that Hubbard noticed.

"Miss Marianne will see you, sir," said Hubbard. "This way, if you please."

Tommy was in that hall again, and it was curious that nothing at all seemed changed. Though other places had grown smaller, that hall was as large as ever—the same enormous place of golden oak, with a great stairway mounting upward to a gallery, and a fireplace with a suit of armor upon either side, and a row of pictures near the light. And Tommy was just like a very small boy when he walked through that front door, exactly as though time had meant nothing. He stood for a moment looking at those pictures, not because he wished to see them but only to catch his breath.

"Turners, sir," said Hubbard.

"Yes," said Tommy, "yes, I know."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Hubbard. There was a difference in the way he spoke that made Tommy turn and watch him. There was just the slightest difference in Hubbard, though he was still impassive and perfectly polite. "I didn't hardly realize until I saw your card. Your father once admired those pictures, sir. I thought you might be interested to know."

"Oh," said Tommy. "Thank you."

"Thank you, sir," said Hubbard. "May I take your hat?"

"Thanks," said Tommy.

"Thank you, sir," said Hubbard. Now what was Hubbard thinking? Tommy never knew, though he sometimes had a suspicion that Hubbard knew everything that was to happen when Tommy walked down the hall.

"This way, sir," said Hubbard, "if you please."

Tommy had never seen the room before. It was the music room, which looked over the garden and out toward the harbor. There was a great black grand piano and sofas and chairs in slip covers of flowered chintz. He could hear the piano as Hubbard opened the door, and he knew the tune, already old even then. This was the way it went:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy;
Who dares to put a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?

Then someone began to laugh, and Hubbard said "Mr. Michael," and the music stopped and Tommy stood by the door.

The room was smoky, Tommy remembered, and the smoke seemed to go with the song. He could remember just the way it was, ever so long ago, afterward—the sun coming through the window, the small red and yellow flowers upon the chintz, a table with glasses, a siphon and a bowl of ice. Marianne was sitting by the piano in a dress of filmy blue. Marianne was laughing, her eyes were dancing and bright. Seated beside Marianne at the piano, very tall and thin, was Winnie Melburn.

It never occurred to Tommy that Winnie might be there, and for some reason Winnie also seemed surprised. Winnie was also in a uniform with a lieutenant's bar on his shoulders, and he looked at Tommy very queerly.

"Hi, Tom," Winnie Melburn said.

Marianne waved a hand at him as he stood by the door, and made a little motion with her head.

"You're late," said Marianne. "I was just saying I've been expecting you all afternoon."

There was something puzzling about it. Tommy knew that Marianne had not expected him at all. Her hands moved nervously over the piano keys, high and low in little tinkling sounds, and again he had the same feeling that had possessed him in the hall when Hubbard had spoken—that everyone could tell him something if they wished. He had never dreamed of telling Winnie Melburn about Marianne, but Winnie must have put two and two together. Winnie must have remembered the question that Tommy had asked him once, for his eyebrows went up and his forehead wrinkled.

"And ten minutes ago," said Winnie Melburn, "you told me nobody was coming in."

"Silly!" Marianne's fingers danced up and down the scale. "I'd given up expecting him because he was so late."

"And I never knew you knew him," Winnie Melburn said, and smiled. "There's always someone else. . . . Look here. Why the deuce didn't you tell me you were coming to call on Marianne?"

Their glances met for a moment, and Tommy stammered.

"I—I never thought you were," he said, and then he squared his shoulders. "It's the only time I've ever called."

Again Winthrop Melburn raised his eyebrows, but he never asked how it was that Marianne knew that he was coming. Winthrop already knew too much of the world for that, and instead he looked at Marianne and laughed.

"So there's another of 'em, is there?" he inquired. "You might have told me about Tom. We're in the same outfit, as a matter of fact, and it doesn't pay to keep everybody separate. You're getting us all mixed up. There's too many dozens of us. Well, good-by, Marianne. . . . See you later, mister, if you're taking a night train."

Then Marianne was seeing Winnie Melburn to the front door. He heard her speaking to him in the hall because he could not fail to hear her.

"Winnie," she was saying—"you'll come again tonight, won't you, Winnie? He'll be gone."

(Continued on Page 34)

A quick cut of the knife, along the printed line—and you have the exact amount of shortening your recipe calls for. "Silverleaf's" self-measuring carton means accuracy. And no bothersome packing of cup or measuring spoon.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

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Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 32)

But Tommy hardly noticed at the time. Marianne had never been so beautiful. She had never been so sweet. And there he was. He had walked through the front door, just as he had said he would, ever so long ago.

When Marianne came back Tommy remembered that the room was very still. There was a faint, sweet smell of cigarette smoke and the sound of a motor lawn mower outside. And Marianne had never been so beautiful. She was standing very still, now that they were alone, and her face was almost pale and her eyes were dark and staring, and her lips half parted. She almost looked afraid, but it made her still more beautiful. And now that they were alone, Tommy also felt a little frightened.

"Tommy," she said, "I never thought you'd do it."

For a moment they stood looking at each other—nothing more—but both their hearts were beating faster.

"I told you often enough." Tommy's voice was hoarse.

"Well, you needn't have been so sudden, Tommy." All at once Marianne remembered the facts and became indignant. "You might have let me know. It's awfully hard. I don't know how I'll explain. Papa's at home. He may come in here any minute."

"Suppose he does?" Tommy's lips closed tight.

"But I'll have to explain, won't I?" Marianne's voice went to a higher pitch. "He doesn't even know I know you. It—oh, Tommy, it was much nicer down on the beach."

Tommy drew a deep breath. "Well," he said, "I'm not going to sneak around to see you any more."

"Oh, Tommy!" cried Marianne. "Don't be so awfully silly, Tommy, please!"

Sometimes, years later, Tommy could seem to see himself standing there, and the callowness would make his spirit writhe. What a fool she must have thought him in that new uniform which did not fit too well, when he came to beard the Jelletts in their den. Poor Marianne! Was there any wonder she looked ill at ease? The things he said were like the pages of a cheap romance.

"Then, Marianne——" Tommy was saying. "Listen, Marianne; I don't care what anyone thinks but you. Do you know what I thought when they made me an officer? The first thing I thought was, 'I can walk in the front door now.' Well, here I am."

She stood looking at him, and he could almost think that Marianne wanted to cry, just for a moment. She put her hand up to her throat, a little fluttering hand, so delicate that he wondered how he had ever dared to touch it. He always remembered that she put her hand to her throat and her eyes shone dark like the sea on a windy night.

"Oh, Tommy," whispered Marianne, "I do love you—I do love you so!"

And surely she must have loved him then. He always remembered that. He wanted to take her in his arms, but he did not because there was something else he had to say.

"And I love you, too," said Tommy, "and I guess it's time that everyone knew it now."

He saw her give a start as though a noise had startled her.

"Oh, how do you mean?" gasped Marianne.

Perhaps he should have guessed then what was sure to happen, but her sudden start, her bewilderment meant nothing.

"I mean I'm going over to France." Even when he said it, it had a tinny sound. "We've got twenty-four-hour leaves to say good-by. Any time after that we go. We're at Camp Merritt now."

"You mean you're going right away?" asked Marianne. Tommy nodded because for a moment he could not speak. "I think it's dreadful—dreadful," whispered Marianne.

"No," said Tommy, "it isn't dreadful, when everybody's going; but, Marianne"—his voice choked—"will you marry me if I come back?"

That was how he said it, standing in the Jelletts' music room, and though it may have been a childish gesture, he said it like a gentleman, just as he had read in books.

And there was Marianne. Now that it was over, it seemed as though he had plunged into some sea of emotion which blinded his eyes and stopped his ears, and now that he could hear, there was Marianne upon a distant beach.

"I—I didn't mean to frighten you," said Tommy. "What's the matter, Marianne?"

Marianne was face to face with a definite fact at last, and of course it made her angry. It made her want to cry.

"Marry you? Marry you?" said Marianne in the queerest way. "But what's the use of talking about it if you're going? Tommy, don't be such a fool!"

Her voice had ended in an indignant clatter, and even Tommy could see that something was not right, and then he heard her speak again, and hardly knew her voice.

"I never thought you'd dream of such a thing!" cried Marianne. "And I don't see, either, why you have to do this just before you go!"

"I guess I know what you think," said Tommy Michael, but he did not know, for none of it was right. She did not seem to realize that he had taken his heart and thrown it at her feet. "I guess you think I'm selfish, but I didn't think you'd mind."

"Mind?" There was something piteous in the way she repeated the word after him. "Oh, why shouldn't I mind when you go and spoil it all?"

"Spoil it?" Even then Tommy did not understand it. "Why am I spoiling anything?"

"Don't! Oh, don't!" cried Marianne, just as though he had hurt her. "Tommy, won't you stop? I—I just couldn't, no matter how much I wanted, Tommy. Tommy, please be sensible. You know you don't really mean it. You can't mean it. It isn't fair of you, Tommy. You say this to me, but you know you wouldn't dream of saying it to anybody else. You——"

"I don't mean it?" Tommy raised his voice. "You love me, don't you? And I love you. I guess I wouldn't be afraid to tell that to everyone in the world."

It seemed incredible that she could not understand. It was a part of him and a part of all his thoughts—his love for Marianne. Now why did she just stand there with a strange light on her face? Why did she look half angry and half afraid?

"It's nonsense!" Tommy hardly knew her when she spoke. "Oh, Tommy, don't be such an idiot! Oh, Tommy, don't you see? I don't want to hurt you. It is all so dreadful. You wouldn't dare to tell my father, and if you couldn't ever do that—— Oh, Tommy, I shouldn't have let you come here. Now, please, don't be silly, Tommy, please!"

Of course she never knew that it was all his life which she was calling silly. For a moment Tommy felt his knees were trembling, when she told him not to be silly and that he didn't dare tell her father.

Tommy did not know how it happened. Often afterward he would wonder at himself. He found himself very close to Marianne, staring into her face, and his hands were on her shoulders, very soft beneath her dress.

"You love me, don't you?" he was saying. "Didn't you say you loved me, Marianne?"

All he could see was her face—wide eyes staring into his, red lips parted, and a sea of misty hair.

"Yes, I—I said so! Tommy, you're hurting me! Tommy, please!"

She was what she was for once. For once he forgot that sense of delicacy which surrounded her always, making her something to be worshiped and only half understood.

"Then where's your father?"

There was nothing he was afraid of asking, since she loved him, but how could she know that?

"In his library. Tommy, please!"

"Across the hall?"

"Yes, of course, across the hall. Oh, Tommy, let me go! Oh, Tommy, you're not——"

But it was exactly what he was going to do. He always said it was the only thing. She should not have said that he did not dare. Marianne must have thought he was just pretending, even when he opened the music-room door. Not until he was half across the hall did she run after him and try to hold him back. The door of the library was in front of him, and there was not the slightest doubt.

"Tommy," she whispered, "you mustn't, Tommy. Can't you think of me?" And then her whisper changed and was charged with venom. "All right, then, if you won't! You'll be sorry!" hissed Marianne, but Tommy did not notice.

(Continued on Page 153)

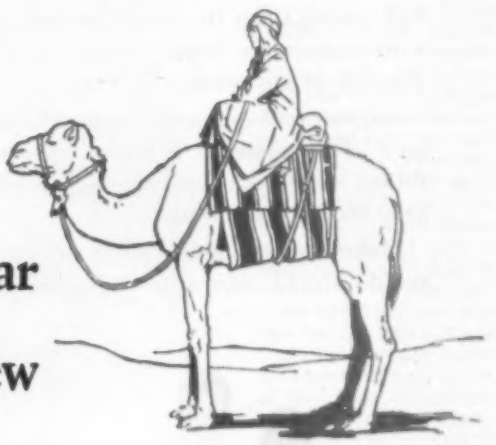
"Oh, Tommy, I Shouldn't Have Let You Come Here. Now, Please, Don't be Silly, Tommy, Please!"

Racing drivers make records—

airships make records—

a plane spans the unexplored Arctic—

a car conquers the heat of Sahara—



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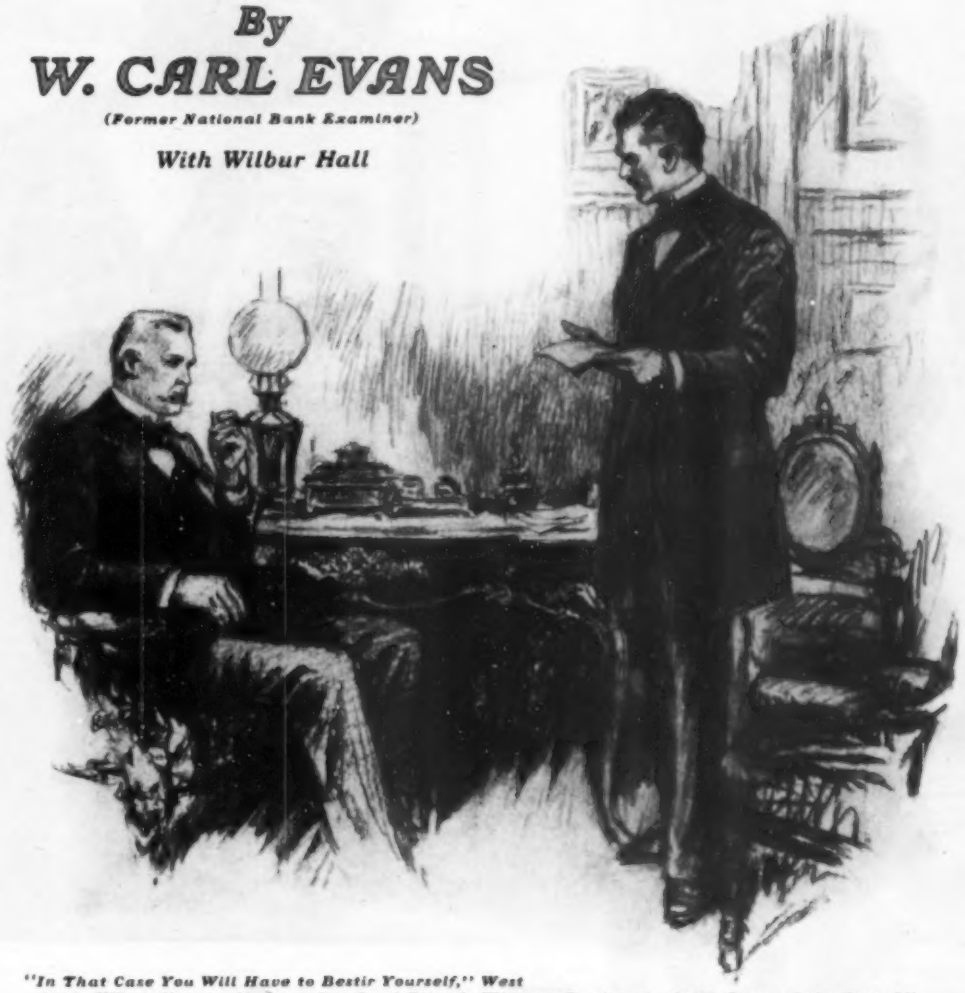
WHY BANKS FAIL

By
W. CARL EVANS
(Former National Bank Examiner)
With Wilbur Hall



"In That Case You Will Have to Bestir Yourself," West Said. "Have You, by Chance, Any Good Friends Who are Bankers in Other Parts of the State?"

BANK failures, as all business suspensions, are due in the last analysis to the fact that more money goes out than comes in.

The failure may, to be sure, be much more complicated than that; there have been cases where apparently successful and prosperous institutions were forced to the wall with money still in the vaults and perfectly good paper in the note pouch. But analysis will usually disclose the truth of the observation that a bank is, after all, only a store where the commodities purveyed are cash and credit, and the verity of the further assertion that its closing is due to its being out of merchandise, to its having bought its stock too high and sold it too low or to its being denied a proper profit in the turnover.

To the national-bank examiner there are many causes of bank failures or suspensions that are only approximate and indirect, and that often do not appear in the record at all. There are, of course, two obvious and common causes—rascality and bad management—that explain themselves and tell their own story. But the experienced examiner can testify that even in such apparently prima-facie cases there are often explanations that lie deeper than the surface and that thievery and incompetence may precipitate a disaster that would not have been avoided if the cashier had remained at his desk instead of skipping to Venezuela or if the president had been a financial wizard instead of a mere stuffed shirt. Moreover, the examiner is in a position to add that straight dishonesty and plain bungling are by no means the only pitfalls into which financial organizations tumble. It is to observe some of the more obscure causes of bank failures that this article is written.

More banks are broken, he will begin by asserting, from the inside than from without. True, economic conditions over which the individual bank or banker has no control exercise frequently a powerful and malign influence in business, and particularly in the business of handling other people's money.

Figureheads of Fair-Weather Finance

THERE are periods, as that which followed America's now historic twelve-dollar-a-day-and-a-silk-shirt-for-every-laborer era subsequent to the end of the war, when the whole financial machine is suddenly and violently thrown into reverse gear; in such periods values, stabilities, known quantities, ponderable factors, money, credit, reputations and established policies are like so many scraps of paper tossed into the heart of a cyclone. The business world is in the unenviable position of the convivial gentleman who is hit at a street crossing and, in the hospital, finds it impossible to recall his own name. One hears reports of level-headed gentlemen who retain complete possession of their faculties during such disturbances, but it is highly probable that those who now, looking back, assert that they were wholly unmoved and calm in the midst of the alarms of '21, were actually running from the burning building with their fellows, equally fetching with them in nightshirts and clutched pantaloons, and bearing, as the others did, some such anomalous salvage as one sock and a bedside book of Quotations From Favorite Poets. In short, it is to be doubted that any man or institution went through those months of reconstruction without at least turning a hair. In such periods most men lose theirs or find it turning white.

But for two reasons these disastrous days are omitted from consideration in this reckoning: first, because they are mere concomitants of a topsy-turvy and abnormal condition, and secondly, because of the faith American business has that the Federal Reserve Bank System, which received its test of fire in the reconstruction period above referred to, is sufficiently sound in conception and authority, and successful in practice to make a nation-wide panic a future improbability. Local and regional stringencies and upsets continue to occur, but they may be dimly forecast and partially prepared for. At least in such emergencies misery has plenty of company and readjustment may be confidently expected when everyone is in the same boat and it is only a question of elevating a shirt and baling frantically till a sail appears.

What are of interest and may be of some value are the causes of the failures in banking institutions during normal times and under ordinary financial conditions. Apparently solvent and well-managed banks suspend in such times and under such conditions. Why?

To begin with, as perhaps most common and universal a case, there are many bank disasters resultant on the fact that the institutions involved are officered by fair-weather bankers. With a bank's enterprises well financed, times lively, customers plentiful and prosperous, the financial pulse of the community running quietly along at its healthy rate of 72 to the minute, a paying teller or the janitor could keep it open; it could, in fact, be operated by what this mechanical age knows as remote controls. The fair-weather banker has all the appearance of the Simon-pure article. In dress, deportment and gravity he fills the bill. But if called on to refinance a silk mill or to decide between two issues of South American bonds, he would be compelled to take counsel with his betters. In the more or less recent past there were numbers of these officials in responsible bank positions, but fortunately the times have subjected our financial figureheads to a sort of I. Q. examination; the result has been that many fair-weather bankers have been permitted to resign and those who wouldn't have been rendered harmless by election to vice presidencies.

Matters requiring a good head, a clear mind, a quick perception and a calm judgment arise in the modern bank, large and small, more frequently than in the past. Business moves fast today. Competition is as keen in the money market as in the automobile trade, and the successful money merchant sets the pace for the mere no-man, the check casher and the glad-hander regularly and early and under wraps. Even in remote country banks, thanks to modern methods of communication, the active head or heads need to know their way about; bank customers, too, are not the docile and patient sheep they once were, and they can be led a lot farther than they can be driven, and will arrive in better shape. Quite a number of the proletariat have recently denied the late sacred doctrine of the infallibility of the cashier and have even been heard to scoff at the old tradition that the town's bank president was the vicar of Wall Street in Stafford's Corners. They have been accustomed to walking into the grocery store and being promptly waited on with good merchandise at a fair price; to the utter confusion of a large number of false fronts, they are now becoming used to the idea of walking into their bank and receiving the same kind of treatment.

The national-bank service, operating under the United States Comptroller of the Currency, is, by the law and its superiors, expected to reduce the number of possible bank failures in national financial institutions; first, by exercising extreme care in granting charters to projected banks; second, by a rigorous periodic examination of the books and securities; third, by closely scrutinizing the management and conduct of the institutions; and fourth, by advising with the respective groups of officials, giving the latter the benefit of the accumulated experience of the Comptroller's office since it was created in 1864. Out of that experience this bureau of the Government is able to predict something of the wind of disaster from straws that many local bankers might fail to observe. Underlying causes of bank failures are, therefore, a part of the stock of knowledge possessed by national-bank examiners, and some incidents surrounding typical examples here follow.

A Bank That Ran Itself

THERE was a prominent institution not long ago that exhibited to the keen eye of the bank examiner a tendency that pointed the wrong way. The president of the institution, to be called Mr. Foster for convenience, was a small, keen, energetic man of middle age who had grown up in the business and who was thoroughly conversant with its traditions, conventions, diplomacies and dogmas. Knowing his business as well as he did, he had perhaps become a little complacent; being very successful both in the bank and in his private investments, he was inclined to an autocratic manner and a brusque habit of speech.

As time went on a new bank examiner, long, lean, patient and not so old as some of his predecessors had been, was assigned to look into the affairs of the Millers' National. He asked the officials some rather personal

(Continued on Page 39)

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 37)

questions; on his second visit he made certain recommendations regarding the management that President Foster considered impertinent—though he adopted them from necessity—and on Examiner West's third call Foster was on the prod, as the cattlemen say.

"See here, young man," he snapped at West, when the latter had finished his examination, "you seem to be very critical of the way we conduct the affairs of our bank. I'd like to ask what you know about running a bank, in the first place!"

The examiner replied modestly: "Perhaps not much, Mr. Foster. But I have observed some of the ways in which not to run one."

"Do you mean to imply that the Millers' National is not properly managed?"

"I'm not paid to make implications. The books of your bank are in excellent condition and at present your institution is absolutely sound. As far as cold figures go, that is what I shall report."

"At present! As far as figures go!" President Foster was sharp. But he was also concerned. So he changed his tone slightly. "See here, West," he said, "you've got something to say. I want to hear it. What do you think is wrong with our handling of this bank?"

"The Millers' National," said West soberly, "is the biggest thing I ever saw that ran itself."

The peppery little banker grew red and uttered a profane expostulation. But his wind failed. He became thoughtful. He frowned and sat silent.

"In the Northwest a few years ago," Examiner West said presently, "there was a bank failure so astounding that even the depositors refused to believe it for days. The failure was generally attributed to internal dissensions. It was, in fact, due to practices that have grown up right here in your bank."

"I believe, West," President Foster said, in a much more humble spirit, "that I can think of a point or two that supports your bald statement. But I'm afraid you'll have to elucidate."

"Well, literally, Mr. Foster, your bank is running itself. It has been divided into departments—ten or twelve of them—with a vice president or an assistant cashier at the head of each. You have frequent conferences, but the officials tell me that they are not expected to report on anything but major matters. You have a number of junior officers, apparently a law unto themselves, and several supernumeraries who are practically salesmen, employed to bring in new business. But do you, for example, know how they get that business—what sort of accounts they bring in or what promises they make? As president you give your attention only to large matters of policy. The directors are satisfied with mere figures and the stockholders with their dividends. But no one runs the bank."

Practical Suggestions From a Theorist

"YOU find the institution sound and our books satisfactory," the president said. "Our directors are prominent and keen business men. Our stockholders receive regular dividends, as you admit. Apparently ——"

"Apparently is all right for today, Mr. Foster!" West interrupted. "As long as the local and state financial waters are smooth you are safe. But if a crisis arose you might find that you had a whole crew of supercargoes and not a navigator on board."

"Thanks, West," Mr. Foster said abruptly. "If there's nothing further ——"

The examiner went away, thus summarily dismissed, deciding that he had made an enemy and confidently expecting to hear from his district chief about the matter. His expectation was fulfilled, but in an unexpected fashion.

A month later he was asked if he could take a week off and advise with the Millers' National. He arranged his schedule and returned to the Foster bank.

"I've spent the past four weeks," the president said briskly, "in looking at the bank through your spectacles, West. I've learned a good deal. What do you think of this reorganization plan?"

The upshot of the question was a three-day conference, part of the time with the directors, and this was followed by an entirely new set-up in the institution.

On the sixth day the directors called West in and asked him if he would consider taking a permanent position with them at a good salary. The examiner was surprised, but he kept his head.

"No, gentlemen," he said, "I'm not a banker. The suggestions I have made came from the experience of the service I'm in, but I'm only a theoretical expert. You are on the right track now, and as practical bankers you will know how to proceed."

So they thanked him and wrote a nice letter to his chief, and the Millers' National, with the president and the directors actively, aggressively and even militantly running the bank, amazed its friends and stockholders by doubling its business and its profits inside of two years. Nevertheless, the Comptroller of the Currency and his bureau have plenty of cases to prove that if it had not altered its course the Foster bank would have been in difficulties and would perhaps have failed. For that end, the bank examiner will tell you, inevitably awaits the bank that runs itself.

Related to this weakness in management is another that bank examiners find more common and that is developing into something of a problem in banking. This potential cause of failure arises, like the one discussed above, from the existence of a large staff created to turn out a greater volume of work and give more perfect service, but actually resulting often in a dangerous lessening of individual responsibility and in giving the several officers too much spare time. This immediately results in one of two reactions in the officers themselves: Either they relax and become careless at their posts, or, as most of them are active, capable and ambitious, they venture on outside interests and cease to be effective parts of the machine.

Making the Bank a Side Issue

IN A TEXAS town a few years ago an oil boom occurred, permanently altering the aspect of all commercial activities there. The small bank of the village suddenly found itself in a mushroom city. It lagged behind, perspiring in an effort to keep up with the growth around it, but this effort was poorly directed and proved futile. It might well have perished from too much prosperity—for example, succumbing before keen competition—had it not been that new blood was infused into the directorate in time to save it. Two or three successful oil operators and a business man recently arrived associated themselves with the First National; almost overnight they metamorphosed the struggling little institution into a booming modern bank. The change was the talk of the countryside and, since nothing succeeds like success, it became the correct thing to withdraw from your local bank and go over to the oil city and deposit with the First.

National Bank Examiner West had known this institution since its days of beginning and had watched it, thereafter, struggling to adjust itself to the boom. He was informed of later changes but was not prepared for the pretentious home and the large staff that he found when, in the course of events, it became his duty to call for a regular examination. Every evidence of a prosperous and even affluent business condition met the eye, but West was not deceived; from the records, the books and the securities of the First National he soon learned that the glitter and show covered a perilously weak condition.

Not precisely a weak financial condition, since the bank was entirely solvent; not a weak strategic position, since it dominated the field; not a weak business condition, since the stockholders were receiving satisfactory returns. But there were evidences of loans carelessly made, credit extravagantly extended, slipshod methods, lack of care as to details, important matters left to subordinates, and many precautions and ordinary safeguards totally ignored. The weakness of the First National was potential—the weakness of unpreparedness. Leaving his assistant to delve into the books, West began an investigation of the foundations of the structure.

At the end of three days he met the directors, on invitation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want to congratulate you on your new home, your up-to-date equipment and your large staff of aggressive officials. But I cannot congratulate you on your condition as a bank."

One of the vice presidents, a snappy young Easterner who was reputed to have made half a million since he had come to the city, spoke up.

"If that's a joke, West," he said, "I'll bite. What is wrong with our condition?"

"It is about as bad as it could well be and avoid being brought to the attention of the grand jury."

"What do you mean by that?" an irascible older man barked.

"I think myself," the president added, "that your remark calls for explanation in detail."

"I can explain," West said. "The First National is in bad shape—not while things are going well, but when they become stormy. The reason is that you directors and most of your officers are operating this bank as a side issue."

"For instance!"

"For instance you, Mr. President. You are also president of two oil companies and general manager of a real-estate corporation in which several of your directors are interested. Two of your vice presidents are engaged most of the time in buying and selling oil-land options. One director is president of an oil company that requires most of his time, and two more are organizing a pipe-line company. Your minute book shows that you have difficulty getting a quorum. From the look of your accounts I should say that the same thing is true of the ordinary business day of the bank."

"Do you mean to say that a banker can't have any other interests?" the peppery director demanded.

"Not other interests that make him unsafe as a banker," West replied. "In any city bank, directors must give enough time to their institution to be individually informed of its business and its condition. You are located in a boom town. It may last indefinitely, and it may sag with the boom. A drop in oil prices, the drying up of a few big wells, a fire or a cyclone, or a financial flurry in the state might ruin this city, and the bank with it. Your affairs ought to be conducted here so that you would be sound not only in the best times but in the worst. I think I can safely say that not one man in this whole institution is exclusively and intensively engaged in banking."

"Are our finances in bad shape, Mr. West?" a timid director inquired anxiously.

"That is a question every one of you should be able to answer instantly and fully, as well as affirmatively!" West exclaimed. "I doubt if there is a man here who could give a correct statement of the bank's condition. You are kept too busy by other activities." He turned to his interrogator. "The fact is that your books are in fair shape and your financial condition is, at this date, almost good. But that is due to the times here, and not to conservative, constructive management."

Criticism is hard for mortals to take gracefully, and these bank officials, proud of their town, their bank and themselves, did not receive West's strictures gracefully. But presently they discovered that he knew his business and that he was not talking merely for the sake of hearing the sound of his own voice. He had facts and figures to present, and they became less restive and more gracious.

"I haven't had such a dressing down," the youngest director said presently, "since I put pepper on the stove in the fifth grade! But I, for one, believe I had it coming. I'm either going to direct on this board or I'm going to leave it."

In the end the directors agreed on reforming their courses. The bank was again reorganized. And when, a few months later, the oil boom did sag and the young city did go through a period of squally financial weather, the First National was able to exercise a powerful influence, to help the young city and the surrounding countryside to regain its feet and to keep its own doors open when several other like institutions failed. So much for the bank failure that is traceable to management by men with half their minds and interest involved in outside enterprises.

Husky But Not Healthy

A RECENT development in banking in America that presents dangerous possibilities and that has led to more than one failure in the past few years is the ease and celerity with which new institutions may occasionally be brought to an imposing size.

Aforetime, even in the rapidly growing cities, a new bank was organized only after months of work and planning; it started modestly, grew slowly and conservatively, found itself gradually and perhaps, after a decade or two or three, assumed rank with the larger institutions of its locality. Now, though the same care is exercised by the Comptroller of the Currency in chartering national banks and by most state banking departments or commissions in certifying newly founded state banks, it is much easier to combine the necessary men, financial backing and handsome offices, to advertise extensively and successfully and to rush into business and apparently acquire thousands of desirable depositors in a short space of time than ever it was in history. Mushroom growth is seldom healthy growth; in banking it is fairly certain to lead to complications.

Our Bank Examiner West had an experience with an institution of this sort that points the assertion neatly. In a large Pacific Coast city of fabulous growth and undoubted permanence and prosperity, there was, not so long ago, a perfect epidemic of new bank organization. Assigned to one of these baby banks by the chief of his district, West found the institution housed in a magnificent corner home built for it, beautifully garnished, decorated and furnished, equipped in the modern manner, with its offices crowded, its tellers busy, its vaults bulging—mostly with paper!—and its annual statement glowing with confidence.

But an examination of the notes in its files gave Examiner West pause. The securities had all the look of being gilt-edged, but closer scrutiny showed them actually in the doubtful category. West made an independent investigation of some of the properties with which loans of the bank were secured. He found many of them of a problematical

(Continued on Page 85)

STEAMING UP

By Samuel M. Vauclain

As Told to Earl Chapin May

THE veteran merchandiser who declared "A sale is not completed until the buyer is satisfied" must have peddled locomotives. Few other articles of commerce possess so many potentialities for trouble as even the best-made locomotives. This is one reason so few corporations can be induced to manufacture them, for the innocent manufacturer is often held responsible for postsale technical difficulties. The latter may bob up any time.

After the manufacturer gets his order, and an engine—fabricated with the aid of elaborate blue prints, specifications and cost sheets and plenty of skillful toil in the shops—is delivered to the buyer, the manufacturer must guard against errors committed in that buyer's roundhouse, shops or on the rails. As no locomotive manufacturer is entirely free from this aftermath of trouble, he often hastily leaves his factory to repair damage done his engines in distant places. In addition to giving this service to his sales department, he may have to function as a collection agency.

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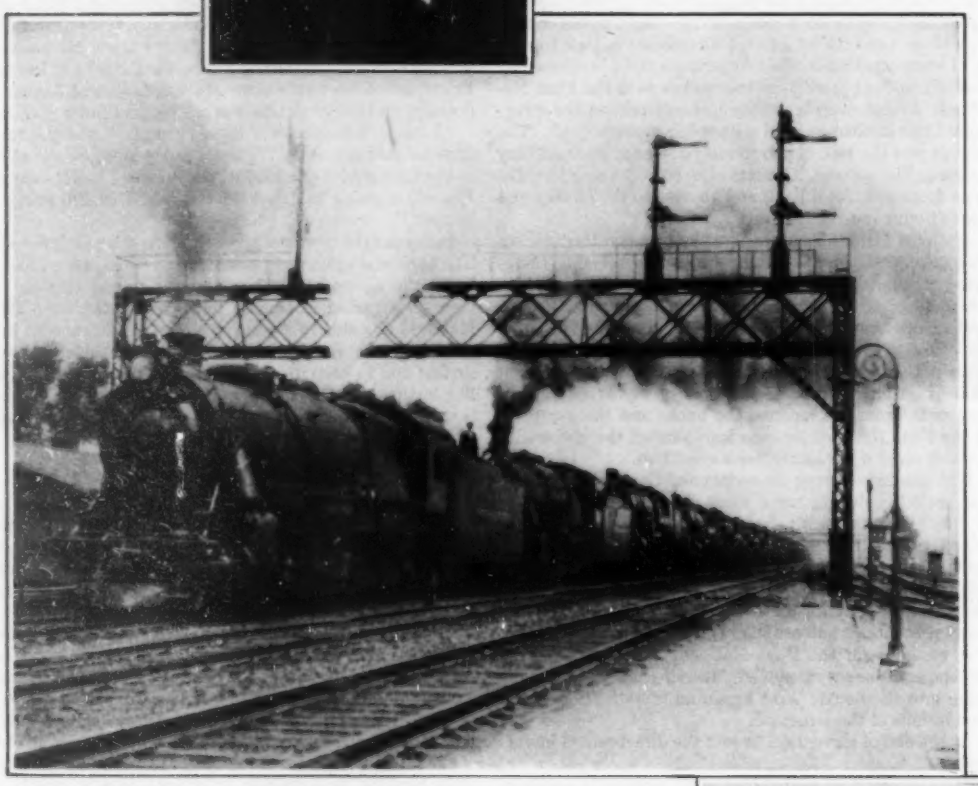


The Prosperity Special Leaving Eddystone, May 26, 1922. Above—Mr. Vauclain

Pike's Peak or Bust

NOT long after I'd refused a tempting offer to become general manager of a rival company, and while I was building a new erecting shop and trying to turn out more of the better and bigger locomotives demanded by our customers, our firm was notified that the Pike's Peak Railroad refused to accept or pay for three rack-rail locomotives we had built for it.

A rack-rail, as you are aware, does not get its tractive power from adhesion of heavy drive wheels to the rails; it pulls or pushes its load by cogwheels geared into a rack which is bolted to crossties between the rails. This method of propulsion is relatively slow, but enables a locomotive to climb steep grades.

The Pike's Peak Railroad needed heavy-duty rack-rail locomotives, for it not only reached an elevation of 14,000 feet above sea level but it also had two miles of 25 per cent grade—the longest one-in-four rail slant in the world. As this grade would test the strength of any rack-rail, we'd sent one of our best engineers with the shipment to Colorado. He'd already been down to Brazil for us and had successfully demonstrated the climbing power of two rack-rail engines we'd built for the Corcovado Railway, which winds up the mountains back of Rio de Janeiro. Some of that Brazilian road had a grade of 33 per cent, which is pretty steep as railroads go. But the Pike's Peak locomotives were built on a different system and our engineer couldn't seem to make them perform for him. So we sent out another engineer, who tried his best, then wired, "For Pete's sake send out someone else to do this job."

The firm held a conference—a "meeting" it was in those days—and decided that since I, as general superintendent of the Works, had built those Pike's Peak locomotives, it was my job to hurry out to Colorado and fix them to the satisfaction of the president, who was burning up the wires expressing his sentiments. "And don't come back without the money," one of the partners added meaningly. So I turned the Works over to an assistant and hit the rails for my first view of the Rocky Mountains as they are grown in Colorado.

They certainly made our dear old Alleghanies look puny. Pike's Peak was particularly sizable. But I had to climb it with those rack-rail locomotives. It was "Pike's Peak or bust" for Sam Vauclain, young superintendent of the Baldwin Works.

Our own engineer greeted me dismally and led me to our locomotives. All three engines were completely out of service. Parts were missing or badly broken.

"Your engines are made from secondhand material," was the greeting given me.

I have always taken pride in retaining my poise under the most trying conditions. But that remark made me boil.

Looking Over Colorado

"GIVE me that injector you've taken off one of my engines," I demanded.

"It's a secondhand injector. I've thrown it away," said one of the men connected with the railroad. But he climbed down the bank and retrieved it for me. I made him install it and connect all pipes.

"Now try it," I commanded. He tried it, but it wouldn't work.

"Didn't I tell you?" he reminded me.

I stood my ground. "Open the top-gauge cock," I ordered. He did. I saw water in the gauge.

"Now open the blow-off cock," I continued.

"I'll not," he answered. "It'll blow the boiler, sure."

"Do as I tell you," I insisted.

He opened the blow-off cock. When nothing but steam came from the top-gauge cock, I told him to close the blow-off. Then I made him try the injector. Of course it worked.

"You can't put water into a boiler when it's chock-full," I said, turning to the president. "I'm going to operate these engines on your road satisfactorily and get a check for them before I leave."

"You'll be staying a long time in Colorado," he retorted.

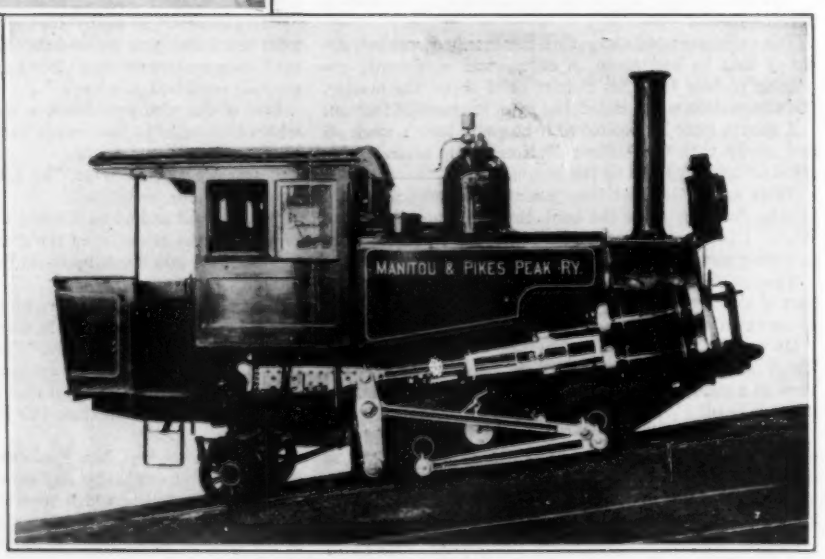
"Not so long as you think I will," I assured him.

That was the beginning of the Pike's Peak battle.

With nothing to work with in that wilderness but a blacksmith fire and an old hand drill, I soon had one locomotive ready to go up the mountain, and up I took it. But when I struck that 25 per cent grade and began to look down on a large part of Colorado I felt like returning straight to Philadelphia with my rack-rail locomotive. That seemed better than falling with it off Pike's Peak. Then pride came to my rescue.

If I fell down, figuratively, I'd lose the reputation I'd been building into locomotives, to say nothing of the respect of my wife, friends and associates and my own self-esteem. If I stuck to the job and fell down, actually, I wouldn't be disgraced by finishing in an accident. Thus ruminating, I drove that rack-rail up that grade. This performance inspired my Works engineer. We soon had all three engines working.

As normal youth is strange to all fear, I hired three fellows in their early twenties as engineers of the rejuvenated rack-rails. Two of the new firemen were also boys. The third fireman I hired was somewhat older, but I had a reason for hiring him. *(Continued on Page 45)*



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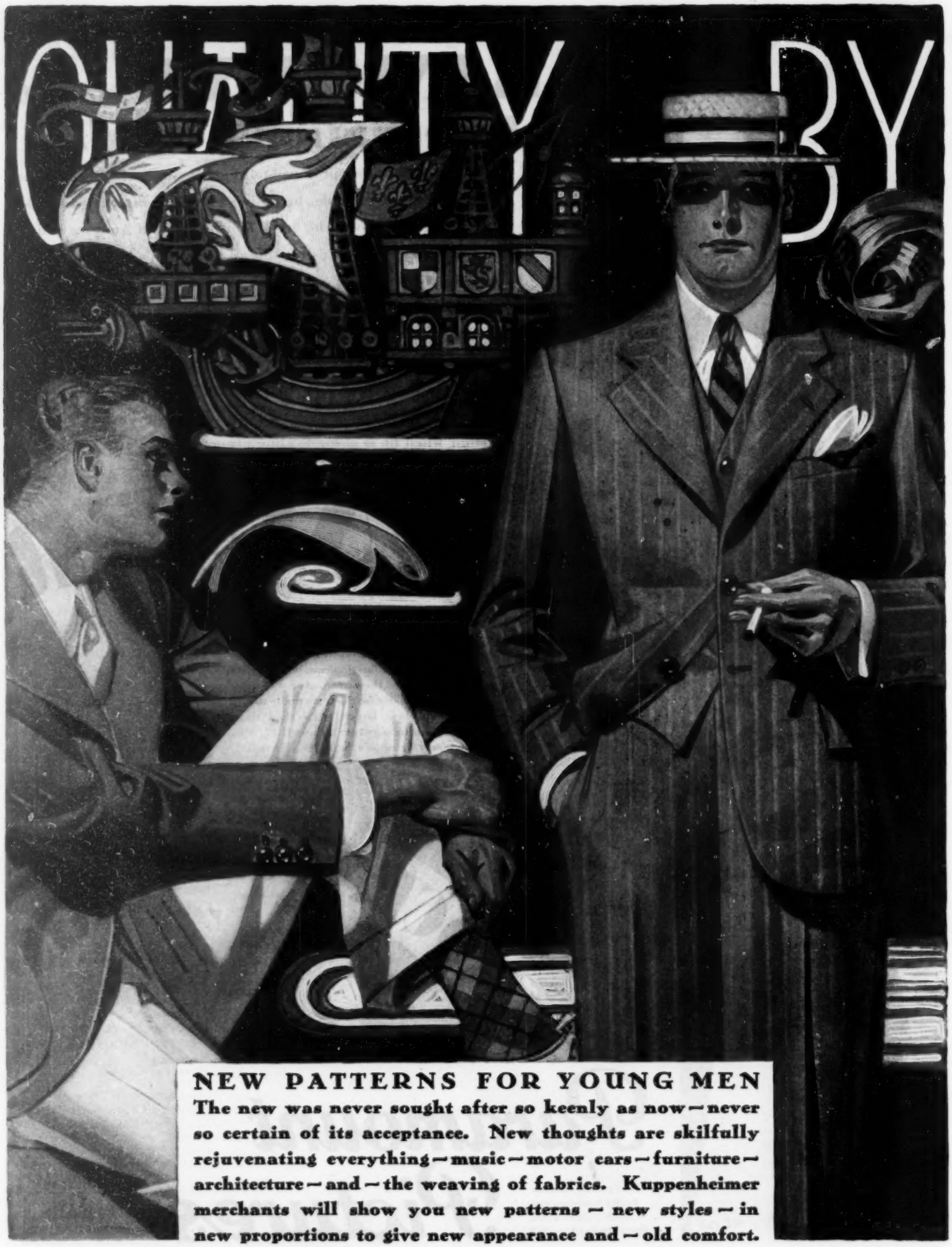

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GOODYEAR

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WINGFOOT HEELS

(Continued from Page 40)

The day I landed in Colorado I noticed a husky on a track gang. Needing a helper, I hired him. During the noon hour he was missing, so I went hunting, and soon found him sitting alone behind a shed, doing nothing.

"Where's your lunch?" I asked.

"Haven't any, sir," he said.

Then he told me he'd worked his way West as a freight-train fireman, and was trying to save money enough to bring his wife out, in the hope that the change of climate would cure her of tuberculosis. I made him share my luncheon, saw that he had enough "eat money" and a better place to sleep at night. Then I made him fireman on the third rack-rail engine, for the Pike's Peak Railroad paid splendid wages and the job would help get his wife to Colorado. Like the younger members of those rack-rail crews, his courage and loyalty were wonderful.

A few trips up and down the Peak convinced them they'd have no trouble if they kept their heads. Those engines are still giving good service.

I wired the good news to the Works and hurried home, to find another service battle impending.

The Baltimore & Ohio had ordered some passenger locomotives with sixty-six-inch drive wheels. I held out for higher wheels. For that class of service seventy-eight-inch drive wheels would be more satisfactory. I went with my suggestion to the general manager.

"If you'll guarantee satisfactory service from seventy-eight-inch drive wheels, you can go ahead and build the engines," he said.

The job I turned out was so satisfactory that Eastern passenger service soon depended almost entirely on high-wheeled engines for high speed. The success of many sales depends on the manner in which we accept an order. Sometimes strict attention to our product, though it is a thousand miles from the Works, brings new business unexpectedly.

From our beginning it's been our custom to exhibit sample engines at large fairs. It's good advertising, and hence good policy, though it may not immediately stimulate our sales. So we exhibited sixteen locomotives at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 at Chicago. I took especial pride in one of these locomotives, which I called "Columbia." It was a new type, with Vauclain compound cylinders, a two-wheeled leading truck, two pairs of high driving wheels and a pair of trailing wheels under the fire box. That engine was built for speed. Many railroad men admired it.

No Charge for Demonstrations

But each time I went near that exhibit an Englishman picked on me. He'd brought over a locomotive for which he claimed everything in sight. There were plenty of other engine makers whom he could have badgered conveniently, but he chose me as his victim; maybe because of my large size.

"I'll race my engine against your Columbia for $1000 a side," he offered, and renewed that offer periodically.

Races of that sort do not appeal to me, but I wanted to be courteous to our visiting British cousin, so I finally said, "After this big show is over I'll give you all the racing you want and I shan't charge a cent for it." Then I dismissed the Britisher from my mind. I didn't know how good a sport he was.

After the exposition closed that fall, I obtained permission to put Columbia in passenger service on the Milwaukee-Chicago division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway to demonstrate its ability. To my surprise, the Englishman followed me with his engine. We weren't allowed to race our rival engines on the tracks as you'd race two running horses, but we did compete in running time, each hauling the same equipment between Milwaukee and Chicago. The British engine never got near my $1000. Hard luck was the portion of the Britisher. He was always having trouble. He could barely get over the eighty-five-mile division with his engine. Even after he made many alterations in his speedster, my Columbia passed his engine easily. I didn't try to collect the $1000, but I made money in another way.

One cold winter day while I was demonstrating with Columbia between Milwaukee and Chicago, the engineer slowed down to scoop water from a track tank. As he opened his throttle to regain his speed he called across the cab to me, "The right mainpin is running hot. That settles it for this run."

The pin he referred to is of steel, about three inches thick and six inches long, and holds the connecting rod on the drive wheel. It may get hot because the rod is keyed onto it too tight or because the pin needs oiling or because some emery or other foreign substance has got on its bearing surface. If the pin remains too hot it binds, and the engine isn't, or shouldn't be, kept in service.

So, when my friend, the engineer, jumped down from the cab to feel of that pin, I followed him. With a monkey wrench and a soft hammer made of lead I tapped the rod to be sure it wasn't binding on the pin, dosed the pin liberally with valve oil, and said, "I guess we're all right again."

Keeping Cool in Winter

The engineer wasn't so sure about it. "Will you take the risk of going on?" he asked. It was important that we make that run on schedule—important for him, the road and the Baldwin people, for we were bringing the Twin Cities Special into Chicago.

"Certainly," I replied, "if you'll wait till I hook up with the water tender."

The tender, or water tank, which is attached to the cab end of the engine, is sometimes equipped with small-sized hose with which to cool hot truck journals while the train is running. The Columbia, luckily, had about twenty feet of hose.

Hastily attaching this to the water tank, I carried the other end along the foot-wide running board on the side of the engine boiler. Hanging onto a hand rail above the board, I lay flat above the driving wheels and, as we resumed our run into Chicago, I sprayed that hot pin each time the revolving drivers brought it close to me.

The engineer naturally "pulled her tail"—gave the good Columbia all the steam he had—to make up precious minutes lost while I clung to the running board in a seventy-mile gale he thus created—plus a stiff winter wind off Lake Michigan. When we passed the station at Rondout I noticed another of my railroad friends, but hadn't an extra hand to wave at him, as the engine was rolling quite a bit. But we rolled into Chicago right on time, and I got down, a little stiff.

The engine was in perfect condition, and I hadn't frozen my face, nose, ears, hands or feet. A suit of overalls helped protect my body, but I've never worn gloves, mittens or ear laps, overshoes or rubbers. As a matter of fact, I seem to be immune from heat, cold and high altitudes. I didn't notice the 14,000-foot elevation at Pike's Peak when I was a young fellow on the job. I didn't feel any discomfort last year when I crossed the Andes at 12,500 feet above sea level. Tropical heat does not affect me.

Of course I was only thirty-seven when I rode the Columbia's running board, but I seem to be just as hardy today. I never think of the weather when I get up in the morning. I just go along and do my job. Possibly, I'm indifferent to weather conditions because I've been too interested in the job to bother about the kind of weather I encounter. Barring the flu and a cold I once had in England—which cold had nothing to do with outside weather—I've little need for a physician, although I do employ one on the Chinese system. I obey his orders as to habits and examinations and he keeps me well or suffers a penalty. At any rate, I didn't suffer from that Columbia experience, indeed I profited by its sequel.

Many years later, after I had become vice president and general manager at Baldwin's, word reached me that the Norfolk and Western Railway was in the market for several two-cylinder, compound locomotives. We weren't so busy at the time, so I went after that order personally. Because I knew we would meet keen competition, I dropped my office and shop work and went straight to the general offices of the railway.

At that time we specialized in four-cylinder compound engines. Many railroaders thought them impracticable. As I sat on the mourners' bench outside the sanctum of the Norfolk and Western's purchasing agent, the representative of a rival company, which was pretty proud of its two-cylindered compounds, smiled patronizingly at me and said, "You might as well go back home, Vauclain. You haven't a ghost of a show down here."

I can smile as well as anyone. So I smiled at my competitor and replied, "I'm down here to make a sale."

Presently I was received in the sanctum of the purchasing agent and made known my errand. He listened and excused himself. When he returned he said, "The president of the road would like to see you."

The president of the Norfolk and Western Railway greeted me with: "It's a long time since I've seen you, Mr. Vauclain."

Closing the Sale

"That is right," I replied; "and the last time I saw you, you were superintendent of the Milwaukee and Chicago Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway."

"So I was," he replied, "and I remember you distinctly, because one bitter winter morning I stood on the station platform at Rondout, Illinois, while the southbound limited passed as fast as the engineer could drive his locomotive, and I saw a man in overalls hanging to the running board and playing a hose on a hot mainpin. When I telephoned down to Chicago to learn the name of the nervy fireman, I was told that the fellow on the running board was not a fireman but was S. M. Vauclain, of The Baldwin Locomotive Works, who was taking care of his Columbia. Right then and there I decided that a man who'd risk his life to protect the reputation of his locomotives would get my business if I ever had a chance to give it to him. We'll buy five engines from you if you can satisfy our mechanical department and our purchasing agent."

I went back to the Works with an order for five locomotives in my pocket. Yet I have sold locomotives under very different circumstances.

You may recall that when I was still on trial at the Works an elderly friend offered me the opportunity to become general manager of the Rogers Locomotive Works, and that I turned him down; not that I didn't appreciate his interest but because I wanted to work my way through, as far as I could go, with Baldwin's.

Years went by and I was admitted into the Works' partnership. Among the telegrams of congratulations was one from Mr. James Cullen, superintendent of motive traffic of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. I had offended Mr. Cullen by refusing that Rogers job. His revenge was an imperative demand that I report to him immediately. There was nothing for me to do but go straight down to Nashville.

He Knew His Engines

When I walked into his office early one bright morning, he arose and greeted me cordially.

"Sammy, my boy," Mr. Cullen said, "it has been proved that your decision to stay with Baldwin's was a wise one. You've done well and I want to show my appreciation by giving you an order for locomotives."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Cullen," I replied. "Please tell me what type of locomotives you are in the market for."

He gave me the dimensions and type of engine wanted. Within a few minutes I had made some sketches and a cost estimate. Then I said, "I'm ready to quote prices and date of delivery on ten of these locomotives."

My good friend said he had a competitor's prices on his desk and I might look at them if I cared to.

"Thank you, but I don't care to see them, Mr. Cullen," I replied. "I want to bid for business on my own estimates and sink or swim as to results." I handed him my price on a bit of paper.

He put the bid in his vest pocket and said, "We will now call upon the president."

Major J. W. Thomas, then the N., C. & St. L.'s president, was a fine old Southern gentleman, held in the very highest esteem by all Nashville citizens and thousands of railroaders. But he was a positive character with a commanding appearance, and I walked into his presence greatly awed. Mr. Cullen explained that he wanted to give me an order for ten locomotives.

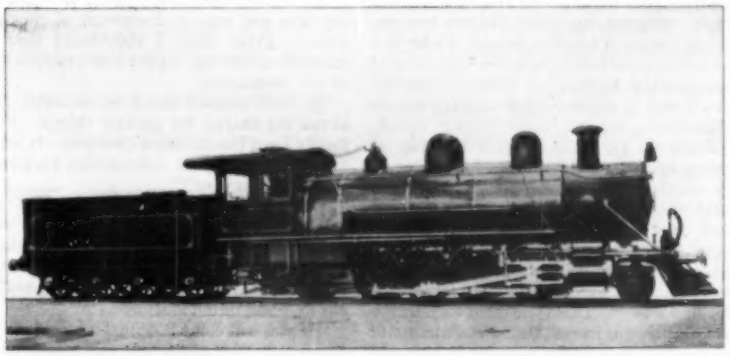
"What is the gentleman's price?" the major inquired.

Mr. Cullen produced my bit of paper. The price quoted was about $1,000,000. The major looked at it, at Mr. Cullen and at me, then remarked with dignity, though there was a little gleam in his eye, "James, you must have shown Mr. Vauclain the —— company's figures before he gave you this bit of paper."

Mr. Cullen repeated our brief conversation. Without further parley, Major Thomas said, "James, give Mr. Vauclain an order for ten locomotives."

From that beginning we sold that railway all its locomotives through thirty years and the régimes of four presidents. I have always cherished Mr. Cullen's memory, just as I cherish the memory of Major Thomas. But, for a few hours, once, the major and I were not so happy.

A year had elapsed after we shipped the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis a regular order of ten locomotives, when my morning mail yielded a letter from Major Thomas that made me bounce out of my office chair. I was burned almost to a blister. The general tenor of that epistle was that not one of those ten Baldwin engines could pull a tooth or boil tea water. The finale of the missive was that his road was through for all time with Baldwin engines.



The First Mikado-Type Locomotive—Built for the Nippon Railway in 1897

Watch This Column

{ Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free. }

A RECENT issue of Film Daily, a leading motion picture Trade Paper, contained an editorial from which I quote the following paragraph:

Thomas Jackson in "Broadway"

"Of the approximately 20,000 theaters in the United States, about 1,500 are wired for sound pictures. The industry, riding high on the hysteria wave otherwise known as sound pictures, is, of course, reflecting the public demand for this type of entertainment. Against that, there can be no argument. One serious consequence, however, has been the gross neglect facing unwired houses, which total thousands in number and which represent the bread and butter accounts from which distributors will tell you they eke their profits."

While most of the above statement is true, it is exactly the opposite of true with regard to gross neglect, at least as far as Universal is concerned. We have announced on several occasions that every story we buy is bought with the idea that it will make a good silent picture first of all. After that it is tested as to its qualities as a sound picture. We have followed this policy faithfully and we intend to continue doing so.

Evelyn Brent in "Broadway"

Our leading pictures, ***"Show Boat"*** and ***"Broadway,"*** were produced as both silent and sound pictures. The silent version of each was made complete from start to finish. Afterward a sound version of ***"Show Boat"*** was made, including the Ziegfeld hits from the stage production of the same story. The same is true of ***"Broadway,"*** with the original play dialogue and songs and music written especially for this great production.

And right on down the line, the same thing is true of our whole program. Since the sound hysteria hit the industry, we have made only one picture which has no silent version and that was produced in a hurry to help satisfy the crying need of wired houses for talking pictures.

So you see there is no gross neglect, and there will not be any, as far as Universal is concerned.

Paul Porcasi in "Broadway"

This is the Twenty-Third Anniversary of my start in the moving-picture industry and I have received hundreds of letters from exhibitors congratulating me and assuring me that this month they will show more Universal pictures than ever. It is needless to say I am profoundly grateful. Inasmuch as I can't answer all these fine letters I am taking this means to acknowledge them. Thank you—thank you—thank you.

Carl Laemmle, President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

I caught the next train for Nashville and sent my card in to the letter writer. Before I called upon him, however, I carefully examined the condemned engines as they stood, idle, in the railroad roundhouses. This examination confirmed my suspicion that the fault was not in the character of our merchandise but in the treatment given it. Nothing makes an engine builder madder than to have his handiwork abused and neglected. It's just like having a favorite horse abused. In that state of mind, I waited for the president.

He kept me waiting a long time in his anteroom. Eventually I was allowed to see him. You never saw a man so cold and busy. He tried to freeze me with a glance, but one who has ridden running boards in a gale and a temperature below the zero mark doesn't congeal so readily. I silently sat down on the other side of the major's desk and waited, wordless, until he was ready to talk to me. At last he looked coldly across his desk at me.

"Well, suh?" he growled.

"Yes, thank you," I replied, just as coldly.

"What do you want, suh?" he snapped.

I said, "Major Thomas, I want your permission to send one of our men down here to put those poor, abused locomotives in good order and thus prove to you that only neglect has made anything wrong with them."

"Do you mean that, Mr. Vauclain?" He seemed to think it incredible.

"Certainly, and I'll do it too. In the meanwhile you need more freight engines. I'm not going to leave you until I have an order for them."

After another exchange of pleasantries he gave me an order for seven freight locomotives.

"But you also need five engines for your passenger service," I said.

"How do you know that, suh?" he asked indignantly.

"It's my business to know such things."

Finally he came through with an order for five passenger engines from our Works. Then we had a pleasant social session and I went home as happy as I left them all in Nashville.

Sometimes track conditions on a certain railroad will cause engine trouble for which the Works isn't properly responsible. Yet someone has to go out from Philadelphia to adjust the difficulty. Many times I've been the one, as I was once on the Santa Fe. That Santa Fe incident had its origin in South America and Asia.

For the Japanese

During the middle 80's we got an order from the Dom Pedro Segundo Railway of Brazil for an engine which would have an unusual amount of tractive power and still stay on the rails when rounding sharp curves. The railroad ran through a rough country. Grades and curves were plentiful. We studied the problem until we turned out a locomotive with a leading two-wheeled truck and ten driving wheels.

The two rear pairs of drivers were flanged, the last one with an extra quarter inch of play on the rails. The front pair was also flanged. The two pairs in between were flangeless. Hence, though the driving-wheel base was seventeen feet, it could round sharp curves without running off. As the engine weighed, complete, 141,000 pounds, it had plenty of tractive power. From this Brazilian experiment came the now-popular ten-wheeled engine, or Decapod, which you'll find in almost every country on the globe.

Early in 1897 the Nippon Railway of Japan came into the market for a type of locomotive with a grate area and fire box large enough to burn the inferior grade of coal they used in that country. We designed an engine with two leading truck wheels and eight drivers. Behind the drivers we hung a wide, deep fire box over two trailing wheels. This type filled its purpose admirably, was named the Mikado in honor of the Japanese and is popular in this and many other freight-hauling countries. It attained an early vogue in our Western mountain region.

During the early 90's we built for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad System a sample tandem compound. It gave satisfaction, except that it was so heavy for the rails then used by that railway system in that particular territory, that it was inclined to spread the rails and get off the track when it was run backward. The Santa Fe's operating vice president, Mr. Kendrick, sent for me. I went out West and conferred with him.

"If you can build an engine of the same weight and power as your sample which will operate backward and on curves as satisfactorily as your Mikado locomotives, I'll be interested," he told me.

Sitting in Mr. Kendrick's private car at Raton, New Mexico, I made a sketch which modified our sample by adding a pair of trailing wheels and other features. The engine thus designed weighed about 270,000 pounds. From my knowledge of materials and costs of construction I quoted a price right then and there.

"Will that type operate backward as well as forward?" Mr. Kendrick asked me.

Empire Builders

When I guaranteed their double-ended efficiency, he gave me an order for sixty of them, and the Santa Fe type was added to railroad history. But if I hadn't closed that sale on the spot we wouldn't have had that order for sixty heavy, high-priced locomotives.

When the late E. H. Harriman was at his zenith and owned or controlled the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Oregon Short Line, Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, the Chicago and Alton and other railroads, he called a convention at Salt Lake City to determine upon standard specifications for all locomotives purchased by his associated lines. I attended at his invitation. A great deal of engine business was in sight.

Though the many factions had ideas and different sections of the country used engines under different conditions, we had a very satisfactory conference. At its conclusion, Mr. William A. Austin, our chief mechanical engineer, working with Mr. F. W. Mahl, mechanical engineer of the Southern Pacific, agreed upon specifications for several standard types. Their standardized engines proved satisfactory to the various associated lines for which we made them. But the railroad business is never static. There is a constant demand for more efficient motive power. Trains grow longer and engines heavier. Old types soon become obsolete. Passenger traffic must be speedier. So, although Mr. Harriman, the empire builder, never lacked in vision, his standards of the early 90's are now merely memories.

While Mr. Harriman was thus experimenting, another empire builder was stretching his Great Northern Railway from the Twin Cities to the Northwest Coast. From the rails of his main line he extended branches, until every valley fed one of the greatest railway systems in our country. But we had not been able to sell James J. Hill a single locomotive. Finally I decided that it was up to me to break the ice. I went to St. Paul to see Jim Hill.

We talked about every phase of railroading and got into a discussion of motive power. From that, I mentioned that I made locomotives. I gave him a partial list of our customers.

Mr. Hill was not much on oratory. He saved his energy for greater things. But finally I got him to ask a question. It was: "What guaranty of satisfactory performance can you give?"

While he asked that question I heard the bell of an approaching locomotive. Without directly answering the railroad magnate, I went to the window of his office and watched a C., M. & St. P. train pull into the old St. Paul union station.

"If you will come here just a moment," I suggested, "I'll show you our guaranty." Then I pointed to a badge plate on the smoke box of a Baldwin locomotive bearing the serial number and maker's name. "As long as that badge plate is on your locomotives," I said, "the Baldwin Works is responsible for them."

"That's enough," replied the Great Northern empire builder, and gave me an order immediately.

Mr. Hill was always susceptible to reason, and if he once believed in you he became an excellent customer. When Mallets were first coming into vogue we built three of these two-in-one, or articulated, locomotives for the American Railroad of Porto Rico. By having two groups of driving wheels, each group driven by its own cylinders, the driving-wheel base could be greatly lengthened without increasing the danger of leaving the rails on short curves.

This type of double engine was especially suited to our Far West, where trains were long, the roadways winding and heavy grades were unavoidable. In 1906 we went after Jim Hill's Mallet business. I proposed selling him five monster Mallets. Each was to be carried on six pairs of driving wheels, three front and three back, with a two-wheeled truck on front and rear. Each engine was to weigh about 350,000 pounds. A 175-ton locomotive was then something to talk about.

When I spoke of five Mallets to the Great Northern genius, he hedged.

"I might try one out," he dryly said.

"We can't sell you just one big Mallet," I demurred. "If we sold you one it would be passed from one division master mechanic to another; each one glad to get rid of it. You know the average railroader will shy at novelties. You should buy five Mallets for service on the Cascade Mountains at Skykomish, where the grade is 2.2 per cent and short curves are combined with tunnels and plenty of snowsheds."

"What if I find them of no use to me?" he asked bluntly.

"You can send them back to us," I promised.

"All right," he answered. "Build five for me. We'll try them."

We filled the order. The Mallets were so satisfactory that we made many more for the Jim Hill system.

Small Business in Large Volume

I've always believed in going after business, yet am unalterably opposed to selling something to somebody who cannot profit by it. I like to do business in large quantities, but I consider the loss of a small customer a calamity. Many small customers spell prosperity, if you sell them honest goods at honest prices. And you need not hesitate to make your legitimate profit on a transaction which will be profitable to the buyer, if he is equipped with good sense and experience to conduct that business intelligently.

Though I always like to sell small as well as large orders to customers, I get an unusual kick out of sitting down in a roundhouse with my friends, the enginemen, or on a pile of ties beside the track or, if they want me, in an engine cab. The engineers and firemen are equipped by experience to put the "motive" into locomotives; hence we always understand one another.

Demonstrations made many sales, in ours as in other lines of business. More than thirty years ago I patented a compound locomotive which gave service with great economy of fuel and water, because the same steam was used in two sets of cylinders, one under high pressure and one under low.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was the first to use it. To facilitate its introduction we sent out an exhibition Vauclain compound in charge of Edgar A. Custer, of the Works. Mr. Custer took it across the continent, allowed enginemen to test it on all kinds of roads, gave it 50,000 miles of service and brought it back triumphantly. That demonstration cost us $250,000—a lot of money in those days. But it helped sell 3000 Vauclain compound locomotives.

(Continued on Page 48)

THE ONLY TRUE LEADERSHIP IS LEADERSHIP THAT LASTS

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

Continuous
. . and *continuing* . . leadership

The group of craftsmen who have lifted Buick to its present position of leadership dedicate themselves anew to the policy of progress which has enabled Buick to win more than twice as many buyers as any other automobile priced above $1200.

If anyone had predicted, twenty-five years ago, that the tiny Buick factory in Flint would become a world institution, and its product the standard-bearer of a matchless industry, the words would have been dismissed as an empty dream.

But if anyone were to predict, today, that Buick would attain even greater success in the future, few would venture to challenge that statement . . . *for Buick is armed with the almost limitless strength of achievement.*

Twenty-five years of leadership in fine car manufacture have brought to Buick a corps of engineers and craftsmen who have won worldwide recognition as master builders.

Twenty-five years of leadership have endowed Buick with plants, machine equipment and material resources unequaled in the entire realm of fine car manufacture.

Twenty-five years of leadership have broadened Buick powers —heightened Buick skill—given Buick an unrivaled capacity for continued service and advancement.

The builders of Buick will use these gifts of years to the utmost degree to make Buick cars better and better, in return for that other finest gift which the years have brought—

—the steadily increasing confidence and good will of the motorists of the world, who purchase more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 46)

Two years ago we built our Number 60,000, to prove the practicability of a high-pressure boiler equipped with a water-tube fire box. Instead of the normal maximum steam pressure of 200 pounds per square inch, Number 60,000 developed 350 pounds pressure with safety—a pound, by the way, for every ton of engine weight.

In order to increase pulling power and still keep within minimum clearance limits, I placed a high-pressure cylinder beneath the smoke box, from which it fed the two outside cylinders. Many other improvements were incorporated.

With Mr. Custer again in charge, we made a demonstration which covered 70,000 miles of trackage and, in the course of eighteen months, railroad engine crews tried out the No. 60,000 from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. In one road test it hauled 146 loaded cars of coal—more than a mile-and-a-quarter length of train. This demonstration has cost us nearly $400,000 but we shall benefit by it presently.

The Psychology of Hard Times

There is so much good business in the world that one can find his share of it if he will go after it. Hard times are purely psychological and if business has slackened and money is tight, the best way to loosen up the situation and the capital is to show that someone else is doing business.

Business was dull in 1922, for us and for many other people. It had begun to pick up a little, but, though the locomotive generally pulls the freight or passenger train, it comes at the tail end of prosperity. If the country at large is suffering from stagnation in commercial fields and we begin to see signs of recovery, those signs are first noticed among workingmen. Then general business braces up. This gives aid and comfort to the railroads. They begin to order railroad cars. After they have ordered all the railroad cars they need, they get down to buying engines. Motive power is a necessary evil to the average railroad executive.

Occasionally, railroads, like other major industries, can be stimulated by suggestion. I did some stimulating with a Prosperity Special, when all you heard in financial centers and all you saw in the papers was "hard times."

During the fall of 1921 the Southern Pacific Company had faith in the future, and some money. It ordered fifty heavy freight locomotives, to be finished by the following spring. But after these big fellows began coming through our Works the railroad company, reversing form, decided that, as business was easing up with it, we need not hurry about delivering. Consequently, when the spring of 1922 arrived we had fifty monster engines in stock, all of the 2-10-2, or Santa Fe, type, all brightly polished and glistening. The country was still talking and thinking about depression. I still talked and thought about prosperity.

With this in mind I arranged for the hauling of the biggest train of engines any road would take. Twenty of the new Southern Pacific dead locomotives was the maximum, allowing for two live ones to act as the motive power. I arranged to have this train routed from our new plant at Eddystone over the Pennsylvania Railroad System to St. Louis, and the St. Louis-Southwestern to Corsicana, Texas, where it was to be delivered to and broken up by the Southern Pacific customer.

Prosperity General

Quite logically, I let one or two people know about it. The idea that a single railroad system had enough optimism and money to invest nearly $5,000,000 in locomotives appealed to the imagination of the public. The Prosperity Special became the chief topic in conversation, on printed pages and along the wires. Just before the long train left our plant at Eddystone, United States Senator Pepper telegraphed: "Prosperity special will soon become prosperity general." Which described my idea perfectly.

The moving, concrete evidence that new business was expected by somebody in the world, and expected in large quantities, created so much enthusiasm along the Special's route that, instead of being broken up at Corsicana, it was hauled intact to Los Angeles, where it completed a triumphal journey of 3743 miles.

Having faith in the power of good example, I believed the Special's transcontinental tour would help reëstablish general prosperity, but as the locomotive business is the last to feel a favorable commercial reaction, I didn't look for early results in our Works from our Special selling effort.

Our Eastern commercial centers, our newspapers, orators and labor leaders all harped on tight money and hard times. Not until, with Mrs. Vauclain and my daughter to bear me company, I followed that train through the Southwest, then toured the Far West, Northwest and Middle West, and addressed or talked intimately with all kinds of busy working people and found plenty of optimism and activity, did I realize that our Prosperity Special had assisted in starting something.

Just how much it did for us no one can know with certainty, but we remember with gratitude that, after a long lean spell at Broad and Spring Garden Streets and at Eddystone, we booked $31,000,000 worth of business within twelve months after the Special's journey from coast to coast.

A good deal of this new business came from foreign countries, where we had been nursing it for nearly a century.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Vauclain and Mr. May. The next will appear in the May 4th issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

hunt up some rowdy dance and we'd bust the place up, and beat it out the back door when we heard the Black Maria pull up in front."

"Isn't he terrible?" said Mrs. Cunliffe, with encouraging reproof.

"Gimme 'nother help stewed apricots! Can a bird fly with one wing? Outa my way! I'm a fire engine! Yeow!"

At this moment the Boyds appeared. Mr. Boyd had, to put it crudely, half a snootful. He had also a bottle of his home-made wine in a pocket. And he had, finally, that eagerness to make others happy which goes with half a snootful.

"Come on! Put on your things! We'll all have a drag at the red-eye, and we'll all go out to the country-club dance and smash a few windows!" commanded Mr. Boyd.

"Oh, goody!" cried Mrs. Cunliffe, clapping her hands.

Mr. Cunliffe had suddenly lost his intoxication. "Gosh, I wish we could, old fellow. But I've got an important business date at nine sharp. Can't have any foolishness. And I don't feel so good, anyhow. Got to be careful of my stomach. And my foot hurts. Got a bad foot. But gosh, otherwise I'd like it fine to go along and do a little shin-kicking. We'd show 'em what we were like in our bachelor days!"

"Isn't he terrible?" said Mrs. Cunliffe.

The Boyds regretted and withdrew. They could be heard pounding on the Jameses', next door.

"The Boyds make me sick," said Mr. Cunliffe, after he had put on his slippers and settled into his easy-chair with the evening paper. "Banging around as if they were nineteen years old. Imagine busting in here with their breath smelling of liquor! They ought to be ashamed of themselves. I hope they get their faces punched at that dance. I wish I was there and I'd do it myself. It wouldn't be the first time I've punched a guy's face. I'd give him a good slough on the nose and stick him in the ash can where he belongs, the drunken bum!"

"Isn't he terrible?" said Mrs. Cunliffe. But this time she said it with a little sigh.

—Morris Bishop.

An Old-Fashioned Girl

OH, JIMMY, if you ain't an eye wash! . . . Why haven't I called you up? Gosh, Jimmy, I ain't the sort to be ringing up the fellahs. A trace of the old Mayflower in me, I reckon. . . . Yeah, Jimmy, I like you plenty, but I'm too coy and old-fashioned to be telling you all a time. Just like grandma. . . . You say you'll walk home with me! Well, as a little matter between friends, I was just going somewhere for a bite to eat. You know, some swell place, like the Grape Arbor. Their prices might give you heart leaps, but their dance music gives you free trips to Paradise. It's DE-vine! And then after that, Jimmy, we might do a revue. I crave spicy jests. And then—well, why walk home, I ask you, when taxicabs are my weakness now? . . . Why don't I ask you to take me to Biarritz? Aw, Jimmy, I'm too old-fashioned to beg favors off you. I'm just like grandma that way!

—Mary Dorman Phelps.

Respectful

I'M MOST respectfully in love.
For further information,
I'll say the lady's far above
My humble rank and station.
I'm not much of a gab machine,
But still I make no bones
Of telling who's the girl I mean:
Her lovely name's Miss Josephine Jones.

Her father simply rolls in dough,
Her mother's awful tony.
I know that I would have no show,
Proposing matrimony.
My weekly buckage is fifteen—
A trifling sum, one owns;
Far, far too small, it's easy seen,
To even woo Miss Josephine Jones.

That's why my boss complains of late
That I've become neglectful,
Because my love's decreed by fate
To be so darned respectful.
I want to pet that little queen
And talk in dulcet tones,
But while for that I'm more than keen,
She is, alas, Miss Josephine Jones.

If this should meet the maiden's eye
She'll know how I'm repining;
She'll know at night I groan and sigh,
All hope of rest resigning.
My sufferings, unguessed, unseen,
Would melt the hearts of stones;
But still respectful I have been,
Aware that she's Miss Josephine Jones.

—Kennett Harris.

Guard: "Poor Little Thing! I Guess She's Unconscious"

Barn Dance

HERE is old Bill Jones on a box with a fiddle
That can make you hop like a hen on a griddle
When you take your girl for a swing down the middle
And her cheek is rosy in the lamplight glow,
While the small shoes tap and the big boots scuffle
In a hornpipe step or a breakdown shuffle,
And the golden clasp on her neat lace ruffle
Is the gift you gave her but a night ago.

There are fresh-baked pies on the long pine table,
There are pots of jam with a homemade label,
There's a pile of cakes like the Tower of Babel,
And the feast is merry when the dance is done.
Then it may be calm or it may be blowing
Or it may be clear or it may be snowing,
But the world is yours and there's nothing owing,
When you're driving homeward with the Only One.

—Arthur Guiterman.

From a Modernist Garden of Verses

MY BED is like a rhomboid trough;
Demented toys around me park;
My chairs have angles slightly off;
I'm nervous in the dark.

The world is so full of geometry stuff,
I'm sure we're fed up with this Modernist bluff!

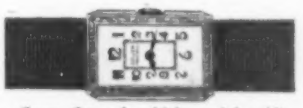
How would you like a triangular swing,
Planned by an artist obtuse?
How would you like to go up in the thing,
Perched on the hypotenuse?

The child who many movies views
And daily reads the tabloid news
Is always up-to-date and able
To chat with elders at the table.

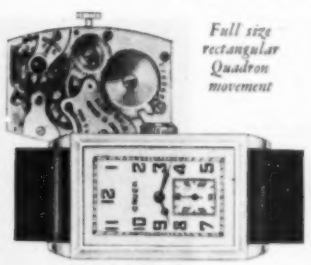
—C. R. S.

Nurse's Cartouche—a special wristlet combining style with large second-hand for pulse readings, $40

(Pat. applied for)



Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid gold Crown-Guard Case,* PRECISION *movement, $65. Other designs, $2500 to $35*



Full size rectangular Quadron movement

Gruen Quadron, $50
With 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $65*
Other Quadrons, $250 to $50

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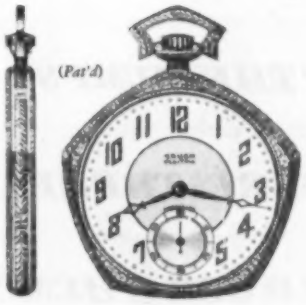

Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, PRECISION *movement, $75*
The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement

Gruen Strap Watch, $35. Other designs, $175 to $27.50

Gruen Cartouche, $35. Similar designs in 14-kt. solid gold, $40*

Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. engraved solid gold case, dust-proof winding stem feature, $45*

Gruen Cartouche, antique finish engraving, 15-jewel movement, $37.50

Gruen Pocket Watch, 15-jewel movement, $32.50

Gruen Quadron, 15-jewel movement, $50

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"WE MADE a sharp right turn off the concrete and started up a steep, twisting road, dirt-surfaced—one of those roads you drive miles to avoid. I remembered it. Washed-out gullies every yard or so, slanting down from the bumpy crown to the ditch. A grade like the roof of a house.

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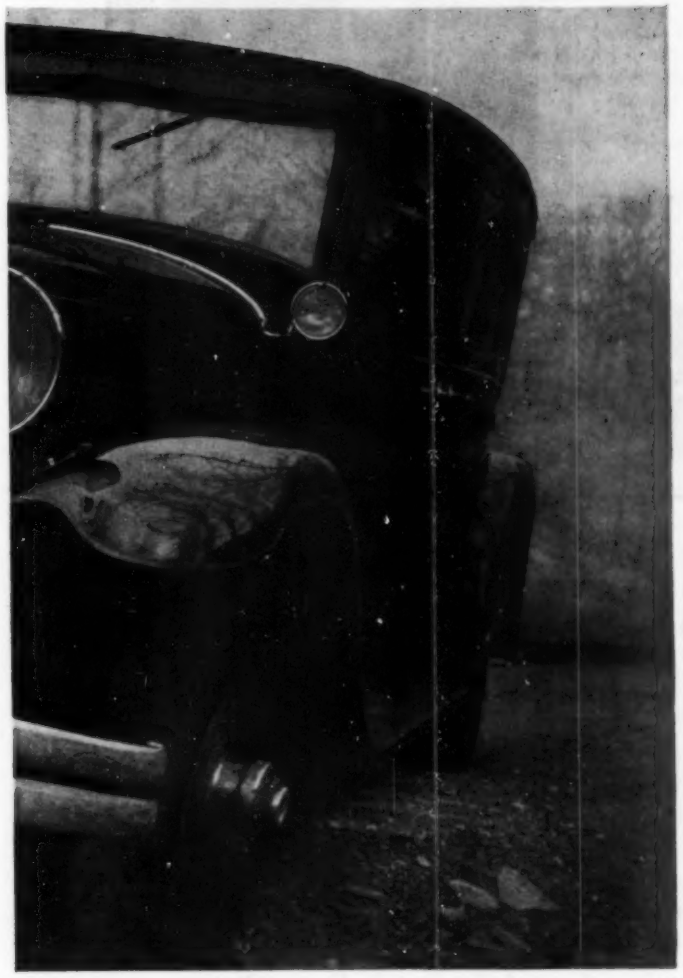

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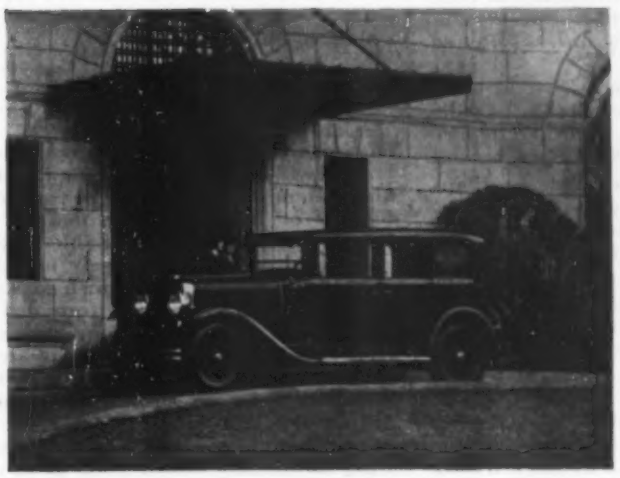

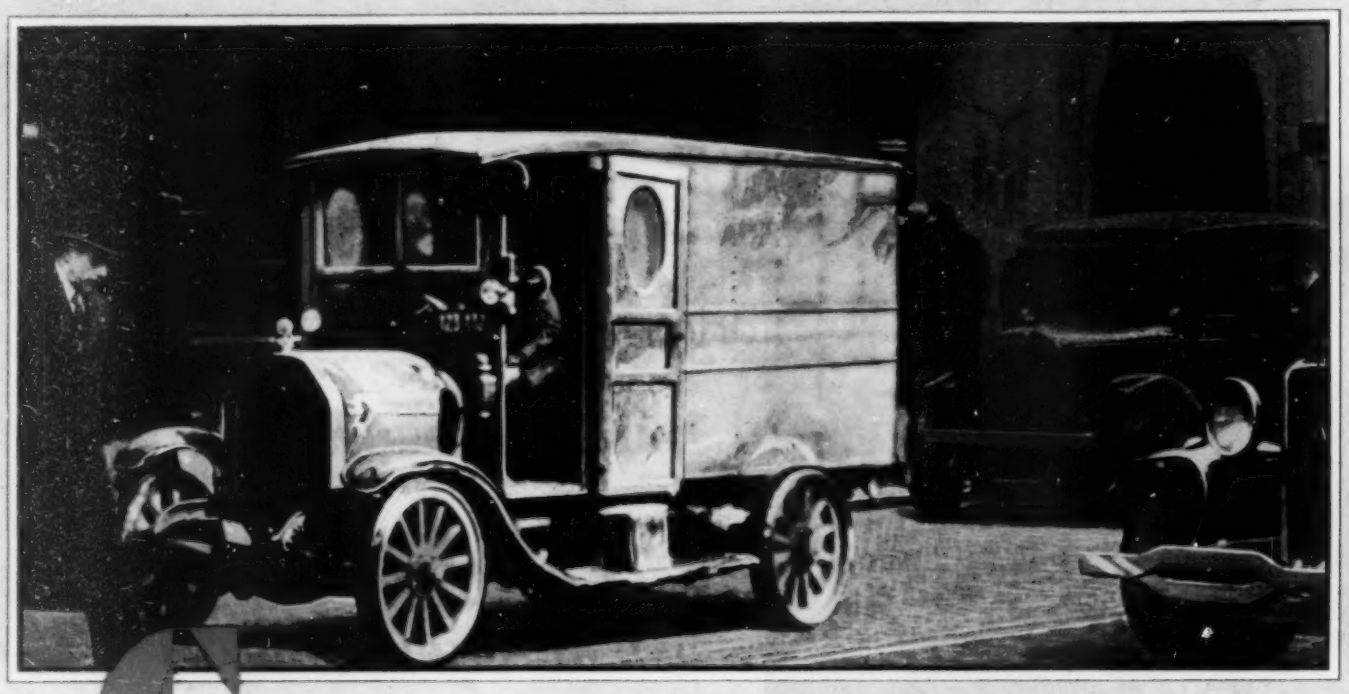

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ALWAYS INVESTIGATE WHAT GENERAL MOTORS HAS BEFORE YOU BUY

TOMAHAWK RIGHTS

(Continued from Page 27)

As he worked, he answered the conversation of the remaining savage, but his eye roved to the rear and to either flank for a glimpse of the one who was circling. He detected movement far behind him to the left. He worked his rifle barrel along the ground on the right side of the tree as if it were being thrust forward by a man prone on the ground who hoped that it would avoid detection. Then, very slowly, he allowed the rounded edge of the lichen, topped by the coonskin cap, to slide into the view of the warrior as if it were the half of a man's face peering along the barrel of the rifle that rested on the ground. Even as he performed this maneuver, his eyes were concerned with the landscape behind him. A dark shape flitted from tree to tree a hundred yards to the rear. Already the savage was within range. A few more yards and he would draw a bead on the crouching woodsman. If the lichen failed to draw the fire of the remaining savage in two seconds, Buckner decided, he would dart forth and make a running fight of it. Even as his muscles tensed for the leap from cover, the forest was rocked by an explosion and the lichen was torn from his fingers as the warrior in front sent a ball through it. On the instant, jerking his rifle back to a position that covered the rear, Buckner sprawled prone on the ground with a portion of his body exposed to the view of the savage who had fired. The warrior, peering beneath the smoke of his musket shot, gave voice to a fierce yell of triumph. The brave who had circled to the rear peered from behind a tree seventy yards away, then stepped into view, only to go down with a wild screech as Buckner sent a heavy ball through his chest.

Springing to his feet, the woodsman leaped upon the startled warrior, who was advancing to scalp his supposed victim. The powerful savage met him toe to toe and lunged so viciously with his knife that Buckner, to avoid being ripped open by the murderous blade, sprang aside and the blow of his tomahawk fell short. With the speed of a striking snake, the savage knocked it from his hand with a single sweep of a brawny left arm. Buckner transferred his own heavy knife from his left hand to his right as he leaped back, then jumped in again. The two came to grips, each with a left hand gripping the right wrist of his adversary, endeavoring thus to hold the knife hand of his opponent while freeing his own.

Back, shoulder and arm muscles bulged with the strain, thighs and calves were braced to high tension as the powerful pair fought through the forest after the fashion of two heaving buck deer with their horns locked in a death grip. The struggling pair tore up the soft leaf mold with toes that sought for a firm foothold to brace against the onset of the foe, caromed against trees and twice fell to the earth, only to rise in that same lock, the hold of neither of them broken. Few men were Buckner's equal in strength and endurance, but this powerful Wyandotte was a match for him.

At the end of ten minutes of continual straining, the savage showed not the least symptom of fatigue. His eyes glared into those of the woodsman with unquenchable hatred. Buckner then resorted to passive defense. His left hand gripped the right wrist of the Wyandotte with unyielding power to prevent the use of the savage's knife, but he ceased straining to free his own right wrist from the viselike grip of the Indian's left hand. After the space of a minute the savage's eyes gleamed with vindictive triumph as he sensed the weakening struggles of that right arm to be free. He increased his efforts to twist his knife arm from the white man's steel fingers. At last Buckner's left arm, too, seemed to weaken slightly and the Wyandotte heaved with every ounce of his power to bend it back and press the point of his knife home in the body of his foe. While he concentrated on that effort, insensibly the muscles of the savage's left arm had relaxed to meet only the strain put upon them by Buckner's right, which for the past ten minutes had been but little.

Those muscles, relaxed from lack of resistance against which to exert their power, were unable to tense with sufficient swiftness when Buckner's right arm, so long apparently strengthless, whipped sidewise and down with the sudden energy of a steel spring and broke the Wyandotte's grip. Only then did the warrior comprehend the caliber of his foe—a man who could remain cool and calculatingly patient for many minutes during the heat of a desperate struggle. He knew then that he had been tricked.

Still clamping the Indian's knife wrist with his left hand, Buckner's right held his own knife low and to the rear of his right thigh, where the savage, who lunged to regain his grip, could not reach it. With the deadliness of a striking snake, Buckner's knife leaped up to the Wyandotte's left side as the savage sought to encircle his opponent with his huge left arm. Again the knife was whipped up. Only when the warrior's frame had become limp and sagged to the ground did Buckner's grip on his opponent's wrist relax.

Buckner was both hungry and sleepy. Reloading his rifle, he shot a squirrel and roasted it over a fire, then slept, to wake hours later to the sound of distant voices. The three militiamen, in company with a settler, had managed to work out the trail left by the four horses.

The quartet observed the two fresh scalps at Buckner's belt and made eager inquiry as to the fight. He recounted the details of it, mentioning incidentally the efforts of the Wyandotte to engage him in an argument as to the ownership of Buckner's horse while the other brave circled to outflank him. The men viewed the remains of the two slain braves and the settler announced their identity. They were two friendly Indians who had come to the settlements far behind the frontier on several occasions of late, he said.

"No doubt they have been responsible, along with a few companions, for most of the minor outrages behind the frontier that have so upset the settlements during the past few months," Buckner declared, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

He returned with the settler and the militiamen to their former overnight camp from which the horses had been stolen, arriving late at night. In the morning he started on to cover the remaining fifty miles to Crenshaw Bottom. It was late when he reached his destination and he bivouacked outside the settlement for the night.

In the morning he repaired to Lander's farm, a mile outside the village. Mrs. Lander's horrified gaze fastened on the two scalps at his belt and her eyes rolled heavenward. Shrilly she gave him a tongue lashing as to his heathenish ways. He listened to this tirade for a while in stoical indifference; then silenced the woman with an imperious gesture as he repeated his original question:

"Where is White Fawn?"

"She works in the field with the others," the woman said sullenly. "Where else would she be at this time of day?"

Buckner turned from her and strode toward a distant group in the field. He had covered but a fraction of the distance when a figure detached itself and raced toward him. White Fawn cast herself into his arms and for the first time he tasted the sweetness of the lips she held up to him. For a long minute he held them with the ardor of the starving.

"Come, White Fawn," he said then. "We return to Kentucky."

There was great content in her eyes as she paced by his side toward the Lander farmhouse.

"You were long in coming," she said. "In a short while I would have returned to the Shawnees to wait for you there. I like not these Long-knives of Crenshaw. The three who came with you to the Shawnee country were different. Laughter came readily to their lips. Those of Crenshaw seldom smile. The three men had kindness. These speak of goodness, but of kindness they know not. Do the Long-knives, then, believe that laughter is sin, and to be kind is a weakness?"

"There are many tribes of Indians in the Ohio," said Buckner. "It is so with the Long-knives. These of Crenshaw take pleasure in being a joyless people. The butterfly spreads its lovely wings to the sunlight in the joy of living while the cheerless slug hides in the mold; each deeming his own mode of life best. White Fawn is a butterfly. The people of Crenshaw are slugs. I should not have left you with them, but I did not then know how bad it would be or how long I was to be before my return. But we leave them now for the sunlit woods of Kentucky."

They rounded the corner of the house and a dozen men pounced upon Buckner and bore him down by sheer weight of numbers. Even as they seized him, he struck out with hands and feet. A sweep of his arm sent one man crashing against the log walls. As he went down on his back and men fell forward upon him, he lifted one foot to an assailant's middle and propelled him into the air with a powerful thrust. The man came down on his head and collapsed in a senseless heap on the ground. Buckner's hand sought his knife, but some assailant had plucked it from his belt. Even his heaving strength was insufficient to shake off his antagonists. Two men to each arm, they bent his wrists behind his back and pinioned them with rawhide while others held his body and legs. He was jerked to his feet and found himself confronting Major Donner.

"What is the meaning of this?" Buckner demanded.

"You are the prisoner of the state of Pennsylvania; held to answer for the murder of two friendly Indians," Donner informed. "You will be detained until the authorities send for you."

Buckner knew then the nature of the thing that had befallen him. The East, stirred by the villainous murder of the harmless Delawares on the Muskingum two years before, had risen to demand that the propensities of the frontier settlers for bloodshed be curbed and all offenders punished. Such sentiment was not new. As early as Dunmore's time, that Colonial governor of Pennsylvania had been forced to offer large rewards for the capture of various white men who had been guilty of murdering peaceful redskins. The frontier, standing back of its own, had steadfastly refused to give up the offenders. Several for whom such rewards had been offered were popular heroes of the border. In response to the pressure brought by the thickly settled communities well removed from the scene of savage depredations, various state governments had been forced to sanction the imprisonment by militia officers of all settlers who killed friendly Indians. The frontier was highly incensed at this new bit of interference.

"So you think the two redskins whose scalps I took were friendly?" Buckner inquired.

"That is what the settlers of that community claim," Donner stated. "They are greatly alarmed lest the Wyandottes retaliate by invading the vicinity in force."

"The groundless fears of old women."

"After all," Donner said, "the horse you rode had been stolen from the Wyandottes, as you related yourself. You also admitted that one Indian called out that he was no thief, but was merely taking his own back. No doubt he believed it was simple justice and he intended no bloodshed."

"No bloodshed?" Buckner scoffed. "Then why did they resort to the old redskin ruse

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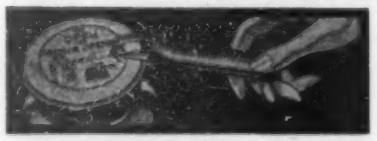

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of leaving the horses peacefully grazing as decoys while they lay in ambush on their back track?"

"That is not for me to answer. But you might have discussed the matter, instead of taking their lives," Donner said.

"Discuss?" Buckner echoed incredulously. "After they had gobbled the war whoop at first glimpse of me? Does one temporize playfully with a copperhead after its head is lifted to strike?"

"What bearing has that?" Donner demanded.

"When a warrior gobbles at you it means that he has declared his intention—which is to lift your hair if he can. It never did and never will mean anything but just that in redskin parlance," Buckner explained.

"Perhaps. Nevertheless, in your case, I should have attempted to settle the matter in some way," Donner stated.

"No doubt you would," Buckner agreed grimly.

He knew that this fiasco might have serious results. Donner was a power in this part of Pennsylvania and he had small love for Buckner. The prisoner was a Virginian and the bitterness over boundary disputes would not aid his case with Pennsylvanians. Donner, he could see, was prepared to put the worst construction upon his possession of a Wyandotte horse and the apparently peaceful arguments which, according to Buckner's own assertions, had been advanced by one of the Wyandotte braves. It was known that the two braves had posed as friendly Indians in various settlements behind the frontier. With the present wave of almost hysterical demands that frontier settlers who killed friendly Indians should be punished, it was highly probable that the authorities of this part of Pennsylvania would attempt to make an example of Buckner and give him a prison sentence. If he had been taken by the enemy he would have accepted it stoically. But his fierce pride rebelled at being imprisoned by the very people for whom he had fought throughout the long years of the war. He fiercely resented being treated as a criminal by one community for an act which would have been hailed as a public benefaction in an adjacent community.

He surveyed the volunteer militiamen, raised to defend their town from imaginary savages, but who, instead, had imprisoned him for doing in reality what they accomplished only in fancy. He laughed scornfully.

"Crenshaw Bottom hails the major as its heroic leader for the savages he failed to slay. It regards me as a criminal for succeeding where he failed," he scoffed.

Thirty-odd hours later, as he lounged in the ancient blockhouse of Crenshaw Bottom, Buckner fretted at White Fawn's failure to come to him.

At that very moment she was a hundred miles away, peering from the edge of the forest at the camp of several settlers' families on the banks of the Ohio. Terrified at the seizure of her man by those of his own race, she had slipped away unobserved and had traveled without a halt. She saw no familiar faces among those in the camp. But several men among them were garbed in buckskin hunting shirts. The matter was urgent, so she approached the nearest of them.

"Where is Gilpin, the Long-knife of the woods?" she asked.

The settler surveyed her in kindly fashion. "Long-knife of the woods, eh? You've lived among the Injuns, gal, I take it. Gilpin is som'eres within many miles o' hyar, but I can't rightly say jest whar."

"Then where are the Hernes, the brothers of Gray Wolf?" the girl asked.

"You'll find them wharever Gilpin is camped at, I reckon," the man returned. The urgency of the girl's manner impressed him. "You're looking for borderers that you knowed in the Injun towns? They can't be more'n twenty-thirty mile off from hyar. I've heered folks mention seeing them in the past few days. We kin locate 'em fer you in a day or two, most likely."

"That will be too late. I must find Long-knives of the woods who are friends of Buckner," White Fawn declared.

"Now you can sartinly count me a friend of hisn," the settler stated emphatically. "Every man on the border is that." A sudden thought struck him. "You don't mean Buckner's been took by the redskins? Speak up and tell us what's ailing."

The man's face set in a frown as she related her story. When she had finished he gave vent to a low growl of resentment and strode to the other men, who were engaged in constructing flatboats on the banks of the river.

"It's Buckner's woman," she heard him say. "She's come a hundred miles afoot to look for borderers to help him."

The rest of his words were lost, but she saw hard, reckless faces light up with wild fury as he proceeded.

"Rest easy, gal," the man said, returning. "We on the border looks after our own."

The men had dropped their tools and each one secured his rifle from the shelter where his own family was domiciled. They scattered swiftly, some going upriver, some downstream. Within the hour armed men began to come into the camp, singly and in two and threes. Gilpin and the two Hernes arrived in hot haste.

More than a score of border woodsmen congregated there and almost an equal number of frontier settlers. The desperate little band set off at a purposeful trail trot and was lost to view in the forest. Other woodsmen arrived singly as the news spread, made brief inquiry and disappeared in the forest on the trail of those who had gone on ahead.

White Fawn slept many hours out of the next forty-eight. At the end of that period she saw a sizable body of armed men approaching.

"Milishy," one of the frontier women said.

White Fawn was apprehensive on the instant. The men of Crenshaw Bottom who had taken Buckner had been called militia. Now the borderers had gone on the warpath against Crenshaw Bottom. Militia came here. Were they in search of her for the part she had played? The differences between various factions of whites were but vaguely known to her. She fled to the river and launched a canoe. Those of the camp called out to her to come back, but she did not so much as turn. They watched her make a landing on the Indian side of the Ohio and disappear in the wilderness.

Back in the ancient blockhouse, Buckner scornfully watched the plodding of the volunteer guards in the walled-in compound. A score or more of them were quartered there. Two men stood as guards before the door of the blockhouse. Two others paced useless beats along the wall of the little compound before it. Donner would be military at all costs, no matter how absurd the demonstration, Buckner reflected.

At first Buckner had decided to await the outcome of this affair, hoping that a trial would result in his public exoneration. But of late years all such formalities of civilization had come to be more or less meaningless to him. He was capable of defending his honor most religiously as an individual, of punishing summarily any who should question it to the slightest degree. A public gesture was rather an impersonal matter. The whole frontier would resent the absurdity and injustice of his punishment. The larger centers of civilization understood less than nothing of the ways of the redskins and the necessities of savage warfare, so their united opinion as to his action was valueless in his eyes. Always there had been a profound difference between the views of the older, settled communities and those of the frontier, amounting almost to hostility. Buckner was essentially a creature of action and he now began to chafe against confinement and enforced inactivity with the restlessness of a caged panther. Release from this tedium became the paramount consideration. It should be no difficult matter to escape from it, to invade the Lander premises, release White Fawn from their custody and take to the woods. Once in the clear, it would be impossible for a hundred such militiamen as those outside to recapture himself and White Fawn.

The prophetic words of Clark, the young border general, recurred to Buckner. Clark had said that as soon as the woodsmen had won the frontier for civilization, it would no longer be the frontier; and that there would be no place for the frontiersmen in the civilization that their efforts had made possible. Buckner's present plight was an apt illustration of the accuracy of Clark's prophecy.

The light from the fire in the compound, filtering through narrow apertures, was all that relieved the blackness of Buckner's quarters. On the morrow, when there was sufficient light, he would examine the interior of the room for some point of weakness upon which to work during the day, so that he might effect his escape the next night and take White Fawn from the Lander farm. With this decision, he fell into an untroubled sleep sometime before midnight, little suspecting that within twenty miles some forty half-wild borderers were streaming through the woods like a pack of hunting wolves, covering the miles with a space-devouring lope. Behind them, strung out for many miles, other border men were running steadily through the night.

A half hour before dawn Buckner waked suddenly, reaching instinctively for his rifle. Then he realized that he was weaponless, imprisoned within four log walls. What had waked him with a sense of impending menace? A dog growled angrily from somewhere outside. An owl hooted twice and was answered by three notes from somewhat farther away. Buckner's spine tingled with the old wariness as he stepped to a narrow aperture and peered forth into the compound. Two sentries patrolled their restricted beats. The others slept round the coals of the fire in the compound. There was more owl conversation. The sentries seemed to pay no heed to it. Dogs made growling rushes in the adjacent town. Still the men round the fire slept on and the sentries stolidly paced their beats. The night was dark, but Buckner's straining eyes discerned queer excrescences on the top of the stockade wall. There was a faint cheep, as if voiced by some small bird roused from its slumbers. Two dark figures dropped silently from the wall. There were two muffled thuds and the sentries no longer paced their beats. Then the whole compound swarmed with vague shapes that had scaled the stockade wall and dropped inside with the agility and noiselessness of prowling cats. Strong hands seized the sleepers round the fire. Some woke with startled cries, only to be warned in fierce low tones to keep silent. Several attempted to put up a fight, and in each instance there came again that muffled thud of a well-wrapped club descending upon a human head. Within a space of two minutes after that bird had cheeped, every one of the score or more of militiamen inside the stockade had been securely tied. The gates were opened and the moving forms disappeared, to return with the rifles and equipment which they had been forced to cache outside to facilitate their noiseless scaling of the stockade.

"Whar is your den, chief?" a voice inquired.

"Here," Buckner answered from his aperture.

Fresh fuel had been added to the fire. The outer bars of the door to Buckner's room were lowered and the door swung open. He stepped outside among his friends. Save for the stockade walls, the picture was a familiar one to him, the one which he loved above all others—a fire round which a score of wild figures were gathered, some of them garbed in buckskins, some naked from the waist up, attired only in moccasins, breech clouts and leggings. The sentries and the others who had been knocked on the head were reviving, to find themselves securely bound.

(Continued on Page 56)

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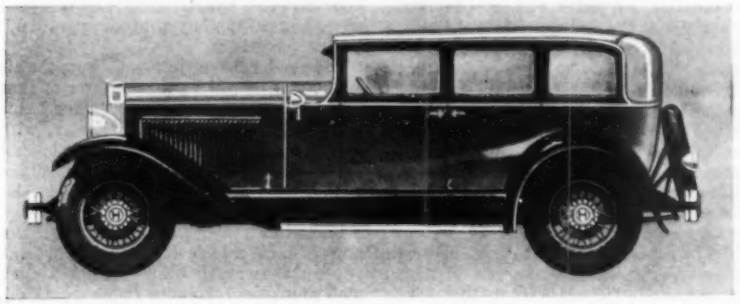

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"No lives lost," Gilpin said. "They grow sku'ls so thick hereabouts that cannon shot would scassly dent them—nor a new idea seep in."

The prisoners were warned against raising an alarm.

"If you'd do a favor for your own breed o' cats, it's best not to rouse the townsfolk," Gilpin said. "Thar's twenty-odd more of our kind scattered round the edge of town. They're het up agin such communities as this for their stand on the Injun question. If they was to be fired on, these border wolves would clean up your green sheep of milishy like a pack of weasels in a hen roost, which I'd be sorry to see."

Gray dawn was spreading. The prisoners were confined in Buckner's former quarters while the woodsmen devoured the rations intended for the consumption of the militia. The others had been signaled in and the compound swarmed with them, when a sentinel, peering from a loophole, announced that Donner was approaching. The gate was opened to admit him, and he gazed wildly round him as he was made a prisoner.

"The authorities will punish this outrage!" he threatened.

"Sure! Sure!" an oldish woodsman soothed him. "Times change. I hail from these parts myself, when it was on the frontier and the settlers' lands unsafe from the depredations of savages. 'Twas the very settlers from hereabouts that made such an uproar about the East deserting 'em to the savages that they forced Pennsylvania to put a bounty on all Injun scalps. Now, with their lands safe these many years, they've turned smug and virtuous, denying others the right to do now as they done in the past."

"I'm for good treatment of the Injuns and agin further encroachment on the Injun lands myself—after I've got good land safe for me and mine, as you hereabouts done before me," a settler declared.

In the gray light of dawn the townsfolk looked forth to see a motley crew of half-savage figures marching past in straggling formation. They stood and watched until the woodsmen had disappeared toward the west.

IX

THE night was black as Buckner neared the Wyandotte town. Upon his return to the camp of the flatboaters on the Ohio to learn that White Fawn had disappeared into the Indian country, he had started at once in pursuit of her. That the Shawnees would welcome her with open arms, he knew. It was Kemper that he feared.

Far to the west, on a stream that flowed to the Wabash, Kemper had established a trading post that was the hangout of renegade white men. He incited the savages to prey upon the flatboat travel on the Ohio. For such goods as they plundered from the boats he paid a good price in rum. Then he traded the goods to the western tribes for furs, which in turn he sold to the fur traders of Detroit.

Kemper had offered Tonk-a-naw a very big price for White Fawn, even before he had suspected that she had the least interest in Buckner or the slightest intention of leaving the Shawnees. The moment that he heard of her return he would increase his offer to any price that was necessary. Tonk-a-naw, having once lost out altogether by waiting, would be very apt to close the arrangement with all possible dispatch. In that case the girl would be very closely watched from the moment of her arrival, to make sure that she did not depart again. It might prove impossible for Buckner to get in touch with her. With that in mind, he felt it imperative to overtake her before she should reach her home town.

It was certain that she would stop in the nearest Indian town on her direct route for food, and perhaps linger there to rest. It was for that reason that he headed for the nearest Wyandotte town. As he traveled he was conscious of an increasing dull rage at the interfering militia of Crenshaw, and of all such gentry in general, for having been responsible for this occurrence.

Mingled apprehension and anger crowded upon Buckner's thoughts as he pressed on through the night. In his anxiety, his usual cool consideration of every possible adverse contingency had been lessened to a considerable extent.

Indian scouts, ever watching along the Ohio, had accosted White Fawn almost at the instant of her landing. They had kept her in their camp for a day and a night. The romance between Buckner and White Fawn was known throughout the Ohio wilderness. These Delaware scouts, with true redskin shrewdness, had divined that Buckner might follow White Fawn. They had escorted her to the nearest Indian town. The savages were well aware of Buckner's boldness. It was known that he had penetrated to the heart of Indian towns at night to eavesdrop upon conversations and so determine the future activities of the tribes and the destination of the war parties. That he would now follow a similarly daring course seemed probable.

So Buckner, his usual vigilance temporarily dulled by anxiety and the pressing necessity of overtaking White Fawn, proceeded along the very lines that the wily red strategists had hoped he would follow. That the outer Indian towns were on the alert for him, he had no idea.

He entered the Wyandotte town boldly. All seemed very quiet. He listened for conversation upon which he could eavesdrop, but the lodges were dark and silent, as if all of the occupants had retired for the night. A warrior passed him in the darkness as he made his way toward the center of the town.

"How is it with you, brother?" the savage inquired.

"Well," Buckner returned in the Wyandotte tongue.

The warrior passed on without halting. Three others passed him or crossed his path, paying no heed to him. Voices rose from a big lodge near the center of the town. He drew near and stood in the outer darkness, his ears strained to catch the text of the conversation. He heard White Fawn's name and held his breath to hear what was said of her. Suddenly a tingle of mingled delight and relief flooded through him as White Fawn's own voice reached him. Instantly he started upon a retreat. He would withdraw to the forest and give their old signal. As soon as was feasible after hearing it, White Fawn would come to him. Even as he turned to withdraw, his old wariness reasserted itself. Some uncanny sense informed him that this town was too quiet. The lodges stood black and silent, save for this large central one. Had it been planned to that end—only one spot to which an eavesdropper would naturally gravitate? He felt, rather than reasoned, some sinister significance in the very ease with which his feet had led him to White Fawn—as a fox is left but one inviting lane to the trap. That animal wariness rose from the depths in swift warning that all was not well, but it arrived one second too late. He turned to retreat, but iron hands clamped his ankles and jerked him off balance as dark forms sprang upon him and bore him to the ground. Securely bound, he was dragged to the council house. A fire was kindled and he found himself hemmed in by fierce and hostile faces. Throughout the balance of the night a council deliberated upon his case without arriving at a definite conclusion. There was no doubt as to his fate, but merely as to the manner of his death. The Wyandottes had outlawed the custom of torturing captives at the stake and refused to accede to the demand of the few Lake Delawares that the prisoner be dispatched in that manner. The Lake Delawares were equally adamant.

"The prisoner belongs to the Delawares of the Lakes," one brave asserted. "It was to our camp of Delaware scouts that White Fawn came. I myself divined the fact that Buckner, the Long-knife, might follow, and that he would come into one of the nearest Indian towns at night to listen for news of her. He has done so. It was my own hands that fastened upon his ankles and jerked him from his feet."

"The right of the Delawares to the prisoner is certain," an influential Wyandotte brave agreed. "But it is not their privilege to burn the captive in the Wyandotte town, when it is against our customs."

"Then we shall start with him at once for our own towns and there scorch him well," a Delaware declared.

"This man is a great enemy of the Wyandottes, and as such, we wish to make sure of his death," a Wyandotte chief objected. "If you start with him for the Delaware towns it is probable that he will escape."

"How can he escape us," a Delaware demanded, striking his chest, "when there are five of us?"

"The wolf who has many times escaped the circle thrown about him by a hundred hunters might not find it difficult to escape from five," the other returned.

"But he is tied with bull hide, and will remain so," a Delaware protested.

"A bird with a clipped wing, if kept alive too long, learns to fly again and escapes the pot," a Wyandotte pointed out.

Still the Delawares stood upon their rights as captors.

"But why should you take the slightest chance in the case of such a prisoner?" one Wyandotte demanded. "He is the most dangerous Long-knife of them all. Also, there is the fact that Kemper, the trader, offers the greatest price for his scalp that ever has been offered in the Ohio."

"Never fear. Buckner of the Long-knives will never again finger the hair of a warrior, and his own scalp shall be delivered to Kemper without fail. Then may the Wyandottes drink with the Delawares for many days and nights on the high wine we will receive for it."

It was so decided in council.

"What have you to say for yourself?" a brave asked Buckner, now that his fate had been settled.

"A warrior dies as his conquerors decide," Buckner returned.

"Then the Long-knife shall know the feel of the Delaware fires."

"No Delaware can kindle a fire so hot as to make Buckner weaken," the captive declared. "It is known to you that my knife would rust from disuse and my tomahawk grow dull before I would sharpen them upon women and children. Scores of scalps have I taken, and all of them from those whose knives were at my throat or whose muskets were trained upon my heart. Many great warriors have hunted me and I have slit their throats as an old dog wolf slays deer that are bogged to their ears in soft snow. Think you the Delaware lives who can strike fear in Buckner?"

There was a murmur of hostile approval. Hate him as a dangerous enemy they did; admire him as a great brave they must. That he knew, being intimately versed in redskin nature. He now prepared to try the plan he had devised—his one slim chance to live.

"I shake with silent laughter when I think of the big drinking spree the Delawares will have on the high wine that the dog Kemper will pay for my scalp," he scoffed.

"We will laugh with you as we drink to your departed spirit, flapping on scorched wings toward the happy hunting ground," a brave promised.

"If you hear strange sounds from the air above you, it will be the laughter of that same spirit," Buckner said. "Once I saw wolves that had run far for water, with their tongues protruding from thirst; and I watched their faces when those tongues were dipped in the hot sands of the false water hole that had gone dry."

"But the trading post of Kemper never goes dry. We have it straight from the tribes of the west that there is always much high wine stored there," a Delaware stated.

"There was always much water stored beneath the dry sands where the wolves

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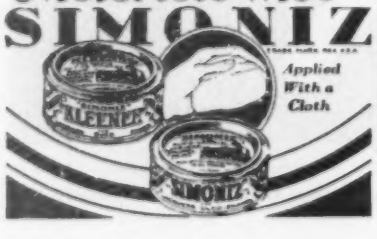

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sought to drink," Buckner said, "but the wolves could not reach it."

"But Kemper has given to the four winds his promise to pay a big price for the scalp of Buckner, the Long-knife," a brave pointed out.

"The bladder of a bull buffalo, if inflated and dried, gives off a great sound when used as a drum or a rattle," Buckner said, "but it is hollow and empty inside. Also, its emptiness takes on a fine appearance if the dried skin is painted. The redcoats heard that Kemper's promises were but wind. They liked it not that one of their chiefs spoke with forked tongue. They stripped off his scarlet jacket and found it to be but the paint which decorated a bladder drum that gave off false sounds."

All the tribes of the Ohio knew that Kemper had been captive to Buckner, who had spared his life; that the British had drummed Kemper out of their army because he had violated a promise to his preserver. They pondered Buckner's words for a space in silence.

"Kemper has not been a redcoat for many years now," Buckner said, "wherefore he longs for the scalp of Buckner, the Long-knife."

"Well, he shall have it," a Delaware asserted. "He will keep his faith with the red men, even though he violated his faith with the whites."

"The buzzard who betrays his own nest mates for a mouthful of carrion will not hesitate to defraud the crows of a banquet," Buckner confidently prophesied.

"If he breaks a promise to me he will find my knife in his heart!" a warrior declared fiercely, his knife flashing into his hand. "I shall take one scalp to him. If he refuses to pay I shall bring two scalps back with me."

"Would that Manitou so arranges it," Buckner said. "I could die in peace with the knowledge that my scalp was to be the means of guiding your knife to the black heart of Kemper. But it will not come to pass. When you take my scalp to him he will not pay. Neither will you slay him."

"Do you think my words are but wind?" the brave demanded angrily, his knife flashing before the captive's eyes.

"No; but that his are," Buckner said. "His tongue will lead you on false trails and you will be swayed from your purpose."

"My ears will listen only to straight words," the warrior boasted. "How could his lying tongue delude the ears of a Delaware?"

"The tongue of the mockingbird is never at a loss for new songs that delude the ears of the feathered tribes," Buckner said.

"But what false song can this Kemper sing to me when I appear before him with your scalp and demand the high wine?" the Delaware insisted.

"He would relate to you the story of the hawk who promised to provide meat for a jay if the jay would coax the great horned owl forth into the daylight and lead him to some spot where the crows would kill him. The jay returned after many days with a feather in its bill and presented it to the hawk, proclaiming that it was from the body of the owl, who had been slain by the crows at a distant point. The hawk inspected the feather and declared it to be that of a tiny screech owl, accused the jay of speaking with a split tongue and refused to provide the meat."

The assembled warriors pondered this for a space.

"It is true that scalps have much the same appearance," a brave commented at last, his eye roving over Buckner's head. "And this Long-knife wears his hair after the fashion of a brave. Yes, it would be difficult to prove from whose head it was taken if this Kemper chose not to believe those who brought it."

"I have it!" a brave exclaimed. "We will take this Long-knife to the post on the Wabash and slay him before Kemper's eyes."

"It is many sleeps from here," another objected.

That plan, however, was adopted. Buckner sighed with relief. On a long march of that sort he would devise some means of escape. His taunts had been planned to that end. A bull-hide collar was looped about his neck and attached by a stout rawhide cable to the waist of a powerful brave. With his hands pinioned behind him, he set off on the long journey to the westward with an escort of a dozen warriors. His eyes roved over the faces of the jeering throng for a last glimpse of White Fawn, but she was nowhere to be seen. He was not sure that she had been informed of his capture. No doubt she had resumed her journey toward her home town among the Shawnees.

"Watch this man well," a subchief of the Wyandottes admonished as they left the town. "He is strong and active as a bull elk, with the courage of the wolverine and as slippery as the weasel. One careless second, and he will be gone from you."

Hour after hour the little procession filed through the forest. It was late in the autumn and frost was to be expected any night, which made the insect pests all the more insistent and ravenous, as if they realized that each taste of blood or meat might be their last. The flies and mosquitoes clustered on the captive in swarms and he could not free himself of them. The bull hide chafed his neck and the thongs that bound his wrists bit deep into his flesh. And as he strode on and on a fierce resentment against those of his own race who were responsible for his plight found lodgment in his breast. Save for those at Crenshaw Bottom, their course sanctioned at least by the Pennsylvania authorities, he would now have been well on his way to Kentucky with White Fawn. Was it in this fashion that those for whom he had fought the long years would reward him?

He was by no means the first borderer to receive such treatment at the hands of those residing in quieter communities far to the rear; by no means the first, in fact, to be rescued by his border friends. Always there had been that bitter difference between those of the present frontier, who still sought to protect their lands against the savages, and those of past frontiers, whose lands had long been safe. Always it was the status of the land that tinged men's viewpoints. That difference was to persist for another hundred years, the settlers of each successive frontier fiercely insisting upon their right to encroach farther into the Indian lands, those in rear forever clamoring against further aggression.

That rankling sense of injustice grew upon Buckner as his bonds bit into him and the flies and mosquitoes feasted on him. Worst of all was the weight on his spirit from the prospect of missing life with White Fawn. The very thought of her sent a gentle madness through his veins, the vision of her face obscuring his whole horizon. He swore an oath that if he made his escape he would never again set foot in those settled communities behind the frontier, but would live out his life on the border, where dwelt his own iron breed of men. Few among the hundreds of border woodsmen of his acquaintance who had not made similar vows in his hearing for some reason or another. He now made one himself.

Toward nightfall the procession filed into an Indian town. A British trader watched from among the jeering throng of savages. Later he came to the lodge where Buckner was confined under guard and sought to purchase the captive's life. Eventually his offer was raised to include all of his rum and trade goods and his own gun and horses. The Delawares declined to listen to his offers and finally grew threatening, expelling him from the lodge. They had rescued many a luckless captive—these British traders. It was not the man's fault that he had failed. He had offered all that he possessed. No man could do more than that.

The Delawares loitered in the town until well along toward noon before resuming the march. That night they bivouacked at a spring. The rawhide rope attached to Buckner's neck was fastened to a tree, his bound ankles secured to a sapling and his hands securely pinioned behind his back. Not all of his captors slept at any one time. Always there were two or more sitting there stolidly at the fire, their eyes turning to him at his slightest move.

Tentatively he tensed and flexed his great arm muscles. It was possible, he believed, for him to break the thongs that bound his wrists.

He made no effort to release himself at that time. During the next two overnight halts Buckner slept but little, pretending to be wrapped in heavy slumber while in reality he watched to determine if the vigilance of the few Delawares who had been detailed to remain awake as guards would be relaxed. If they should fall asleep and give him but a few short minutes he could free himself. He could break the bonds on his wrists with one wrench, untie the thongs that secured his feet in the space of a minute, rise silently to untie the neck rope from the tree and fade into the forest, freeing his neck of it as he ran. Not once, however, did all of his captors sleep at the same time, and a false start would be fatal to his plans. So, with untiring patience, he watched his chance. On several occasions the two guards allowed their heads to fall forward on their chests. One or the other, however, never failed to rouse with a start within a half minute and peer at the captive.

On the evening of the fifth day the skies were overcast with gray that seemed to darken and to descend as night approached so lowering as to lend the appearance that a leaden canopy was supported by the tips of the forest trees. As night shut down with its excessive blackness the forest was gripped in unearthly silence, as if the prowlers of the night held their breath in fearful anticipation of what the elements might do.

Before morning there would be snow, the Delawares predicted. Buckner knew it too. The feel of it was in the air, for the wild things and all humans who slept upon the ground to read. That would be bad for Buckner's plans. With snow on the ground, his only course would be to make a run of it to the Ohio and swim to the Kentucky shore. The river should be somewhere about forty miles due south of him. The westernmost fringe of the Shawnee towns was almost in his line of flight and he would have to veer slightly west to miss them. His own former home town, he estimated, was about twenty miles to the south. As his mind was occupied with these matters there was the slightest rattle of the leafless branches overhead, as if the merest breath of wind stirred them. Then the first flakes of the coming storm burned the naked skin of Buckner's torso and face.

His captors slept, each rolled in his single skin robe or trade blanket, except the two guards, who sat with their blankets wrapped to their chins. Whether the guards slept or not, he must make his try for freedom this night. Reclining on his side, his face to the savages, he waited until the fire had burned to coals that shed but a feeble light. Then, the guards apparently having dropped into one of their brief naps, Buckner tensed his muscles for the wrench that would part the thongs on his wrists. The heads of the guards sagged on their chests. Buckner's muscles bulged with the strain. He relaxed suddenly as a thudding sound came from the forest behind him. On the instant every Delaware was awake and peering about him. For the space of a minute all listened in silence. Had they been in enemy country they would have investigated.

"Bear," said one of the guards, who had been asleep, but professed to have been awake.

Buckner, who had been awake, doubted that the sound had been made by a bear.

One after another the Delawares relaxed again and slept. While he waited with stolid patience, Buckner reflected upon the difficulties of his task. A sleeping redskin was the most difficult creature in the world

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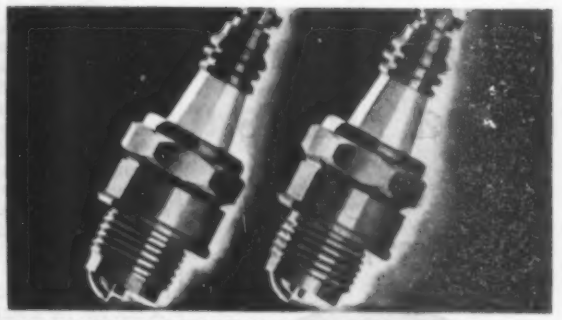
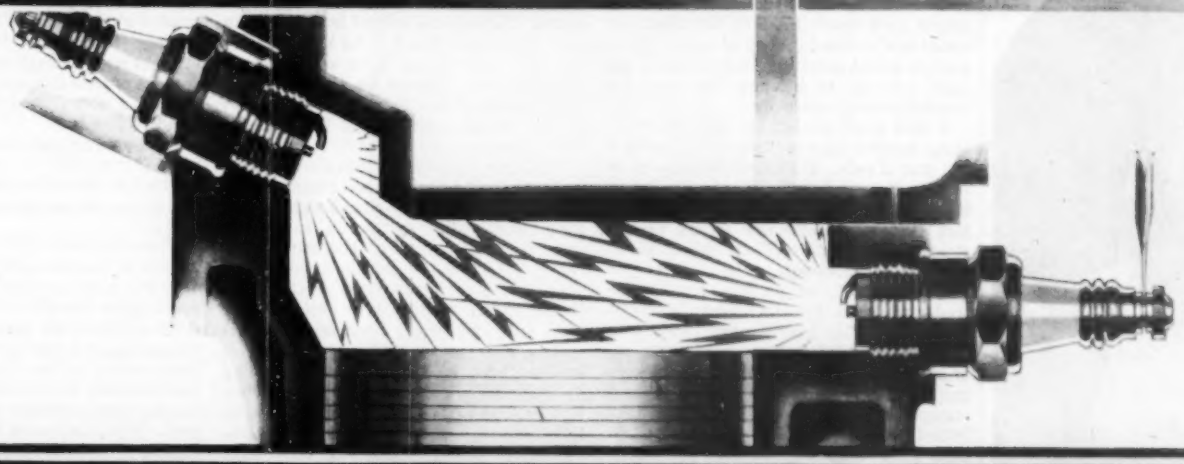
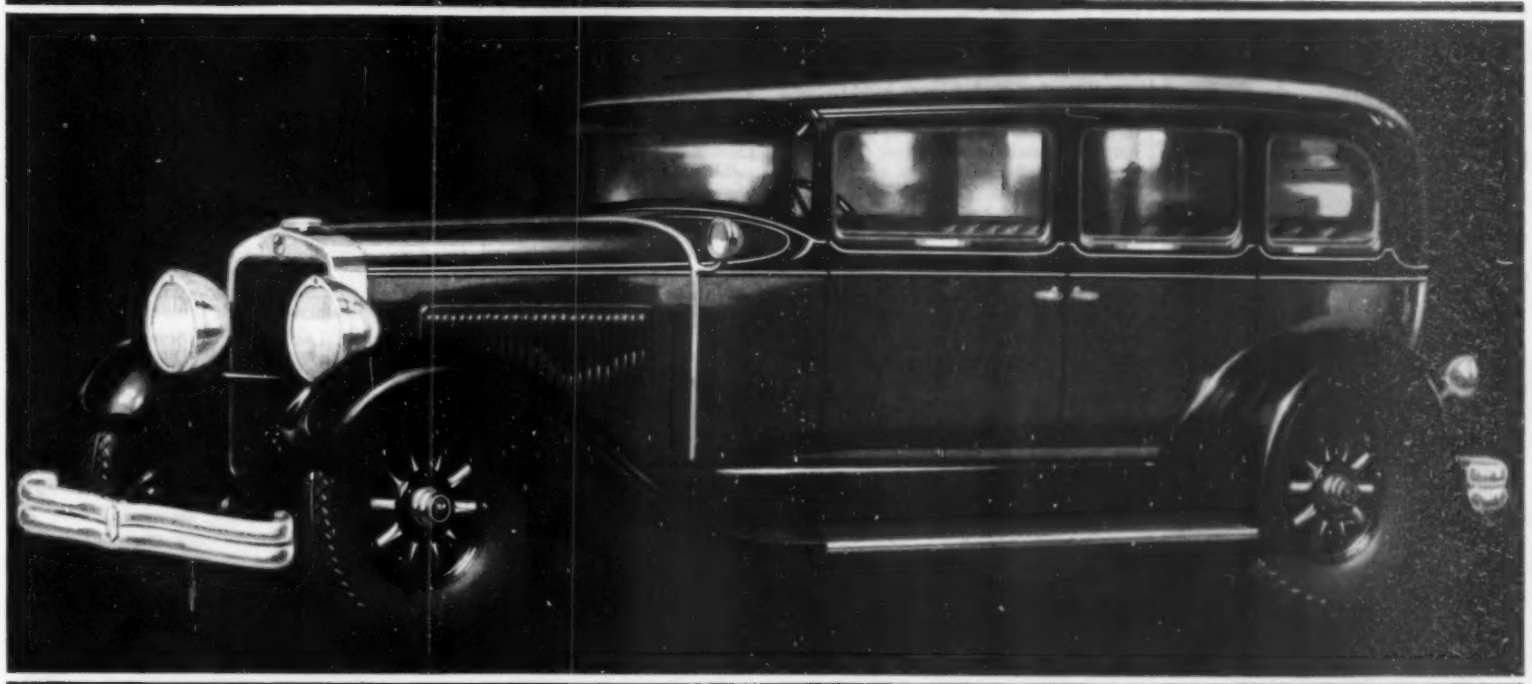
TWIN-IGNITION WHAT IT DOES!







THE New Nash Twin-Ignition motor has two big aircraft-type spark plugs for each cylinder, instead of the ordinary single plug.

Both plugs fire simultaneously. The gas vapor is ignited at two points instead of the usual one. One effect is *quicker* combustion, which produces more power, more speed, much faster acceleration.

Another result is *more uniform* combustion, which helps to create the delightful smoothness and rhythm in Nash "400" performance.

And still another result of twin ignition is *more efficient* combustion, which prevents wasted fuel.

With twin ignition, instead of single ignition, higher compression is practical, and the same Nash motor produces *22% more horsepower, 5 miles per hour additional speed, and 2 extra miles from every gallon of gasoline.*

THE NEW

NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Smart shorts and shirts *that give Carter Service*

CARTER'S REGULATION cotton shorts in white and modern colors. Perfect ease assured by wide leg, ample seat room, adjustable waistline.

Smooth fitting, comfortable shirts of specially knit porous, moisture absorbing material. Ribbed or plain. Cotton, rayon, rayon and cotton. The William Carter Co., Boston, Mass., Needham Heights Station.

Carter's

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 58)

to take by surprise. Buckner had participated in scores of surprise attacks staged by woodsmen against parties of sleeping savages. The amazing celerity with which each warrior attained his feet in instant readiness to put up a desperate fight had never failed to recall to Buckner's mind the actions of a sleeping cat when surprised by a snarling dog—transformed in half a second into a spitting demon with back arched, teeth and claws unsheathed.

x

THE two guards drowsed intermittently, but not for a sufficient period to afford the chance for which he waited. But he must make his effort soon now. They no longer paid much heed to his threshing about as if to free his body of snow. Again a slight sound came from behind him—the least rustling, as if some tiny creature crawled through the snow.

A cold shock flooded his being as something touched his hand from behind with a hot stab of pain. His fingers writhed up to explore it, and felt the blade of a heavy knife. Further exploration revealed the fact that its handle was lashed to the slender tip of a pole. Help was at hand. Some lone woodsman on a scout in the Indian country, or perhaps the British trader who had tried to ransom him, had writhed up to the base of a tree fifteen feet away to thrust this knife forward on the tip of a long slender pole. Swiftly Buckner's groping fingers freed it of its lashings and cramped it up to bear upon the thongs that bound his wrists. They parted and slid from him. Watching the two guards, he bent his knees to the limit while his underneath hand slid down to sever the rawhide that secured his ankles. Tingling in every nerve, he slipped that lower hand back up his body, twisting his elbow to an uncomfortable angle, until the point of the knife found the rawhide neck rope. One of the guards stirred and glanced toward him, then settled back. The knife completed its work. Buckner gathered his muscles to rise silently. Both guards seemed to sleep. The captive was in the act of rising when the nearest Delaware gave a sudden start and threw off his blanket. Before the savage could rise from where he sat, Buckner hurled the heavy knife, and the point of it found the soft spot at the base of the warrior's throat. He fell forward with a gurgling cry. Even as Buckner leaped away, every Delaware was on his feet, a yell of rage sounding through the night. A red splash flared almost in Buckner's face from the inky darkness and an explosion rocked his ears as his rescuer fired from behind a tree and shot down another Delaware. Buckner lifted his voice in the wild yell of the border woodsmen, the war cry of his clan, and shouted a command to charge the camp. The Delawares took to the shelter of the trees, prepared to defend themselves against attack. Buckner, with his rescuer pressing close upon his heels, gained a hundred yards into the black shadows of the forest before the pursuit was organized.

A voice said softly from behind him, "Bear a bit more to the left."

The voice was that of White Fawn and the shock of it was so great that he almost halted.

"Take the lead," he said. "I will follow at your gait."

She slipped ahead on the run and fled like a startled deer, pressing a musket into his hand as she passed. For the space of a minute the forest behind them echoed to the cries of the Delawares as they started in pursuit. Then all was silent and Buckner knew that they had picked up the trail in the half-inch snow and were following at their best speed. White Fawn was but a fleeing shadow ahead of him. She led the way through a broad drift of shed leaves that the gentle breeze had stirred about to spill the snow from them; later through a broad opening where the light snowfall had sifted down through the tall grass. Unerringly she chose such going as would make it most difficult for the Delawares to hold the trail on so black a night, even with the revealing powder of snow on the ground.

As Buckner's cramped muscles relaxed with action and the power flowed back to them, elation lifted his spirit and buoyed his heart with the knowledge that White Fawn had flanked the trail of his captors from the first. Living like a wild thing of the forest, she had stayed close at hand during the nights while she watched her chance to slip the knife to him. They must have a half-mile lead upon the Delawares by now, he estimated. White Fawn still fled on ahead like a startled hare. Her endurance was that of a woodsman. Dawn would not overtake them for another five hours. They should gain at least a mile an hour upon the Delawares, he thought. By daylight they would have covered two-thirds of the distance to the Ohio and would have a five-mile lead. They came to another broad opening and White Fawn darted quarteringly across it.

When they came again into the forest she spoke a word to Buckner and passed back a powder horn and bullet pouch as they ran. Adept at reloading on the run, as were all woodsmen, he soon had the musket recharged. She then passed him a tomahawk, which he fastened at his belt. At the end of the first hour it seemed to him that the girl's pace had slowed somewhat. Nevertheless, she ran steadily. At the end of another hour he found himself crowding upon her heels, even when he trotted. They had covered more than ten miles by now, he estimated, but at their present gait the Delawares would be holding their own. The snow, shallow as it was, prevented the fugitives from breaking their trail, save at certain strategic points. It was a bit deeper here and for the past half hour they had left the plainest of trails. Presently it seemed to him that the girl ran only with great effort.

"Do you tire, my heart?" he asked in Shawnee.

"Yes," she confessed. "It is the blood. The loss of it weakens me."

"Blood!" Buckner exclaimed, fear tugging at his heart.

Without halting, struggling gamely ahead, she explained that as she had neared the camp, the long pole balanced in one hand, the knife in the other, she had fallen into a depression in the forest floor. In her endeavor to keep the pole aloft so it would not clatter to earth, she had fallen upon the knife, which had slashed her thigh. The fall had occasioned the sound that had roused the Delawares and mystified Buckner. Calling a halt, Buckner swiftly explored the wound with his fingers. It was not dangerous, but continuous exertion for many hours might easily cause sufficient loss of blood to result fatally. It was almost thirty miles to the Ohio. Buckner cursed under his breath. Mingled with his anxiety for White Fawn was that dark rage at those of his own race whose meddling ingratitude had brought her to this pass. Swiftly he revised his plans.

"Bear more to the east," he said, although the course to which they had been holding was barely far enough to the west to clear the most westerly of the Shawnee towns. Their own former home town could not be more than ten miles to the southeast. "Travel slowly and apply snow to the wound to stanch the flow of blood."

The girl obeyed without question. Carefully he estimated their rate of travel. They covered another two miles. The Shawnee town could not be much more than eight miles away.

"Do you travel on slowly, White Fawn, and hold a direct southeast course," he instructed. "Do not overexert yourself, my heart. I stay here to throw them off the trail. Then I will circle to you. Answer three hoots of the great horned owl."

He swung to the right and traveled back swiftly on a course parallel to their trail. After half a mile, he moved over until his searching eyes found their tracks. Then he stationed himself behind a huge tree beside the trail and waited. The minutes dragged by. The Delawares could not be far behind now. His eyes were of small use, so dark was the night. One could not see a man a dozen feet away. Looking down at the vague white of the snow, the vision was somewhat aided; to a sufficient extent, at least, so the Delawares would have no trouble in following the trail, even though not at top speed.

Another minute passed. Then his straining ears caught the soft tramp of feet. Not until the leading savage was within a dozen feet could Buckner's eyes discern the vague shape in the gloom. As the first warrior drew abreast of him, Buckner swung his tomahawk down upon his skull and felled him. Instantly the woodsman fired his musket at the breast of the next dark shape on the trail, then turned and darted straight west through the forest.

Cries of rage followed him, also the balls of half a dozen muskets that were fired blindly after him.

"Follow Buckner through the forest at night if you will!" he roared back to them in the Delaware tongue. "I will slay the last of you before dawn! It is a game that I like!"

Then they were off in hot pursuit of him. He ran at his best gait until he knew that they had lost the sound of his progress and must again resort to following his trail. After a mile to the westward he angled to the south and held on for another two miles, then veered to the east. Three times in that distance he had made short circles of twenty yards or more and crossed his own trail. With the recent lesson fresh in their minds, each such circle would cause confusion and doubt in the ranks of the Delawares. Inevitably they would fear that he had been circling to repeat his former deadly maneuver. It was the sort of deed that Buckner was noted for. On a night so black, and knowing that they would be on his trail, he could choose his own place to strike. Realization of that fact would slow them up. No doubt of that. Dawn was not far off now. They would move with greater caution until then, relying upon their ability to overtake him after daylight had rendered impossible another successful assault upon superior numbers.

Buckner hooted three times in imitation of the great horned owl. Receiving no answer, he pressed on for a short distance, then repeated the signal. An answer drifted back and he found White Fawn still plodding ahead. He caught her up in his arms and leaped on through the night. It was snowing harder now. In the first faint light of dawn he put the girl down upon her own feet at the edge of the Shawnee town. Through the swirling snow they advanced to the lodge of Standing Bear. The Shawnee waked as they entered. He gave no signs of surprise.

"What do you do here?" he inquired.

"We come to rejoin the Shawnees," Buckner said. "The Long-knives imprisoned me and I escaped. Unfortunately, I was forced to take the lives of Delawares who captured me. I will tell you."

Briefly he recited the events since he had set foot on the Indian side of the Ohio in his effort to overtake White Fawn. Then he led the girl to the lodge of Tonk-a-naw. The old warrior was not so imperturbable as Standing Bear had been. He grunted in frank surprise.

Buckner had taken every characteristic of Indian mental processes into consideration before deciding upon his manner of approach.

"We have returned to join our brothers, the Shawnees," he said. "We may live here forever. Who knows? I have purchased White Fawn from the head of her lodge among the Long-knives, so she is mine in the eyes of men, but I have not yet taken her to wife. Since you were once the head of her lodge, I would pay you a large price, because you gave her better treatment than was accorded her by the white man from whom I purchased her. It is more by way of a present that I make you

(Continued on Page 62)

How one man's patient experimenting gave America its favorite coffee

COFFEE is a daily—usually a twice and thrice daily—occurrence, yet we never take it for granted! It is a delightful new treat every time it is good—a bitterly remembered disappointment every time it is poor.

Appreciating well this peculiar power of coffee, a Southern gentleman years ago dreamed a dream of better coffee flavor—and made his dream come true.

He was an expert in coffees. He knew the virtues of all the diverse kinds and grades of coffee imported from the tropics of many different lands. Yet no one of these alone seemed to him the ultimate in flavor.

He experimented with combining them. For years he tested and re-tested many coffees—blending them, rejecting some, re-blending, adding just a shade of this, a larger proportion of that—until he struck at last a balance between the "winy" and the syrupy, the mild and the piquant, which delighted even his sensitive palate.

The manager of the old Maxwell House in Nashville—renowned for the character of its hospitality, its marvelous Southern cooking, the brilliance of the social events which took

With the painstaking, patient enthusiasm of the artist pursuing his ideal, he labored to perfect the rich, mellow blend which has become America's most popular coffee.

place within its walls—needed but one sample of this unusually rich, mellow coffee to persuade him to secure it regularly for his guests.

His judgment was good. The fame of Maxwell House Coffee spread abroad. Visitors who sipped it in Nashville sought it for their own tables at home until, within the lifetime of "the Old Colonel" who worked so patiently and so skillfully long ago to achieve its wonderful flavor, it has become America's favorite coffee. Today it is pleasing more critical coffee drinkers than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

Wherever you live—North, South, East or West—your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in the blue-wrapped tin which protects all its rich, mellow fragrance and flavor.

VIENNA CAFÉ AU LAIT—delicious with small cakes for an afternoon party. Use 1½ heaping tablespoons of medium ground (steel cut) Maxwell House Coffee to each half pint of water. Have ready a pot of scalding milk and pour coffee and milk together into each cup, topping with a teaspoonful of unsweetened whipped cream. The flavor of Maxwell House Coffee is equally good whether you serve it "black" or with milk or cream.

RADIO PROGRAM EVERY THURSDAY

"The Old Colonel" invites you to join the great family who listen every Thursday night to the delightful program of music broadcast by the talented Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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The annular lines on a Conklin Endura are the hall-mark of pen quality

There is something mysteriously subtle and indescribably alluring about the new fountain pen, the Conklin Endura *Imperial Purple and Gold.* In lamplight, in daylight, in the office, in the library, in the pocket, on the desk, it represents different aspects of beauty. Like a jewel the material reveals a new and surprising charm under each different condition of use. Step into a leading pen shop anywhere and see this pen in its various expressions of elegance. So sensibly priced . . the pens, $5; the pencils, $3.50. Covered by an unconditional and perpetual service guarantee. Other Conklin Enduras in all the modern color harmonies, $5 and $7. Pencils to match $3.50 and $4. Conklin quality, newness and beauty in other numbers for less and more.

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(Continued from Page 60)

in return for your good treatment of her when she was young." Casually he mentioned a big price in trade goods and rum, enumerating the articles.

Tonk-a-naw was not quite sure of his own standing in the matter, since Buckner had purchased the girl among the whites and returned with her, casually claiming her as his squaw. Buckner spoke as if this big price was a present, not an offer for the girl.

Perhaps Tonk-a-naw had no further rights in her and the matter would be decided that way in open council if a controversy should arise. And Tonk-a-naw was of no mind to decline this sudden offer of wealth that was so unexpectedly thrust upon him this cold morning at dawn. Up to this point, Buckner had divined correctly what the Shawnee's mental processes would be. It was the final obstacle—the redskin custom of lengthy deliberation that now must be overcome. Time was very short. But he counted also upon the fact that Tonk-a-naw had once lost out altogether by too long a deliberation over Kemper's offers. That, too, was in the Shawnee's mind.

"It is done," he agreed, with but the merest pretense of deliberation.

Buckner was conscious of a vast influx of relief. But outwardly he remained perfectly calm.

"Of course I cannot pay the price until such time as peace comes and I can secure the goods from my relatives in Kentucky," he said carelessly.

"I will wait," Tonk-a-naw said. "It is known to me that your tongue is straight. But White Fawn must not go to your lodge as your squaw until I have received the goods. Otherwise you might die before securing them and Tonk-a-naw would be the loser."

"It is written," Buckner agreed. As if the matter had been settled for all time, he turned and strolled slowly back through the falling snow to the lodge of his brother. In the brief time allotted to him, he had spiked a few of the enemy guns at least. The knowledge of White Fawn's great value would prevent Tonk-a-naw from surrendering her into the hands of the Delawares for the part she had played in Buckner's escape. She was safe, no matter what his own fate might be. And if he did survive the coming ordeal, it would be public knowledge that Tonk-a-naw had accepted his offer for the girl and it would be Buckner's right to deal with those who sought to set aside that agreement.

As he entered his brother's lodge, his former mother, Winnebanca, greeted him with tears of rejoicing; the young squaw of Standing Bear according him a shy friendliness. Gray Wolf, once William Herne, and Tecumseh, now a stalwart young warrior of grave and haughty demeanor, entered and seated themselves. A dozen other former friends of Buckner, summoned by Standing Bear, filed into the lodge.

"My brother comes to rejoin the Shawnees," Standing Bear said.

"And why?" Tecumseh asked.

"Because he is no longer welcome among the Long-knives, except those of the border," said Standing Bear

"Does he come to fight with the Shawnees?" Tecumseh inquired.

"No," Buckner said. "My hands are weary of war and my heart is on the ground from watching good men die. I come to live among the Shawnees until peace is declared."

"But on the way to rejoin us," said Standing Bear, "he was forced to slay several Delaware braves who sought to prevent his reaching us and who would have sold his scalp to Kemper, the trader of the West. Even now the others are on his trail and will arrive any moment."

"That is bad," Tecumseh said reflectively. "The Delawares are our friends. They will demand him as their prisoner."

"But I am no man's prisoner, as you can see," Buckner placidly pointed out. "Am I not here of my own accord, with my good feet under me and weapons in my hands? I wish to remain here, not to escape."

He did not think it necessary to explain that his chief reason for wishing to remain was through the fear that if he went on alone and left White Fawn here she would fall into the hands of Kemper. He knew that the few friends here could not decide his fate. The matter must be decided in open council, as Buckner and the Shawnees present well knew.

They discussed the matter gravely. Presently eight Delaware warriors filed from the forest and advanced through the swirling smother of flakes. Discovering from inquiry the whereabouts of their former prisoner, they came to the lodge of Standing Bear and demanded him.

"He came not to us as a prisoner but as a free man and a guest," the Shawnee informed them. "As a guest in my lodge, he is entitled to my protection until his case has been decided in open council."

The council was called before noon. The matter was complicated by the arrival of a war party of forty-odd wild Northwestern tribesmen, mixed Pottawattomies and Ojibwas, led by ferocious chiefs whose sole remedy for all difficulties was to slay. They had been raiding on the Ohio and now were returning to their homes in the north for the winter. As allies, they were entitled to vote in council. Almost two hundred Shawnee warriors assembled in the huge council house. Fires roared within as the screeching blizzard roared outside. The council opened with the formal demand by the Delawares that the prisoner be delivered into their hands. Standing Bear countered with the declaration that Buckner had come of his own accord, as a free man, and hence was entitled to the privileges of a guest among the Shawnees, not to be viewed as a prisoner of the Delawares. The latter insisted that the fugitive had been too hard-pressed to escape and, knowing that he would soon fall into their hands again, had only saved himself by the ruse of throwing himself upon the mercy of the Shawnees. Hence, they claimed, he was still technically their prisoner. This elicited fierce exclamations of approval from the wild northern tribesmen. Several of the Shawnees testified that Buckner had arrived a full hour in advance of the Delawares, but had declined to make good his escape, declaring instead his purpose to rejoin his brothers the Shawnees.

"Why did you wish to rejoin the Shawnees?" the spokesman of the Delawares asked.

"I killed two men who sought my life," Buckner stated, "and am not welcome in the settlements."

There was nothing unusual in a white man fleeing from the settlements to the Indian country to seek shelter from the strange laws of the whites. The wilderness was full of such fugitives from justice. No less a personage than Simon Kenton had fled from Virginia long ago and had lived in the Indian country for years under another name before returning.

"Could the Delawares have overtaken you when you came to our town?" the Shawnee spokesman inquired.

"I arrived an hour ahead of them," Buckner said. "Is there any here who can give Buckner one minute the start and overtake him again?"

"The fox that could so easily have escaped the hounds does not voluntarily halt to be overwhelmed by their teeth," the Delaware insinuated.

"When I fled from the whites to rejoin the Shawnees, should I flee on past the Shawnees and deliver myself again to the whites because a few Delawares yelped on my trail?" Buckner demanded.

Then Tecumseh rose and held up his hand for silence. Young as he was, and not yet attained to chieftainhood, Tecumseh's prestige was spreading among the Indian confederacy. Already from his calm wisdom and clear insight into all matters, eyes were turning to him as the savior of the peoples of Manitou. His implacable hostility toward the encroaching settlers and his counsel to the effect that only by resistance, never by treaty, could the red men retain even a portion of their lands, had made a widespread impression.

Now his bugle voice sounded above the crackle of the flames and the roar of the storm outside. Every ear in the smoke-hung council house was strained to catch his every word. Graphically he recited many things in Buckner's favor as a great warrior who took life only in battle and whose word could be relied upon by enemy and friend alike. He described the time that Buckner had saved him from death at the hands of Donner's men. His speech made a favorable impression, even on the wild northern tribesmen. Their eyes glittered through the smoke to rest upon the captive. His own fearless demeanor found favor with them.

It had been well established, Tecumseh said, that Buckner had come to the Shawnees as a free man, and as a natural consequence was entitled to be viewed as a guest. The Delawares were the friends and allies of the Shawnees, and the latter could not harbor their enemies. There was but one equitable course which would violate neither the obligations of the Shawnees to a guest nor the rights of the Delawares as friends. Buckner had come to the Shawnee town an hour ahead of the Delawares. He should leave it an hour ahead of them. If he could beat them to the Ohio and cross to Kentucky, it was his right. If the Delawares could overtake him and lift his scalp, well and good. This was received with loud exclamations of approval.

Buckner rose. "If the council so decides," he said, "I would ask the privilege to return to the Shawnees as a free man to live among them."

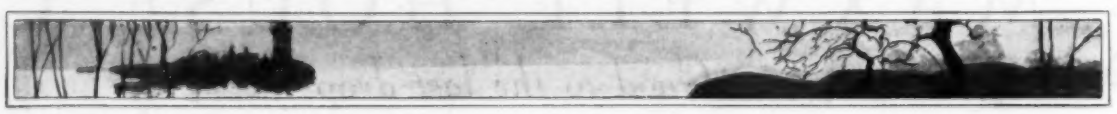
A vote was taken and the proposal was adopted unanimously. Buckner had arrived at dawn, an hour ahead of the Delawares. An hour before dawn he should leave; and at dawn they were to start out on his trail.

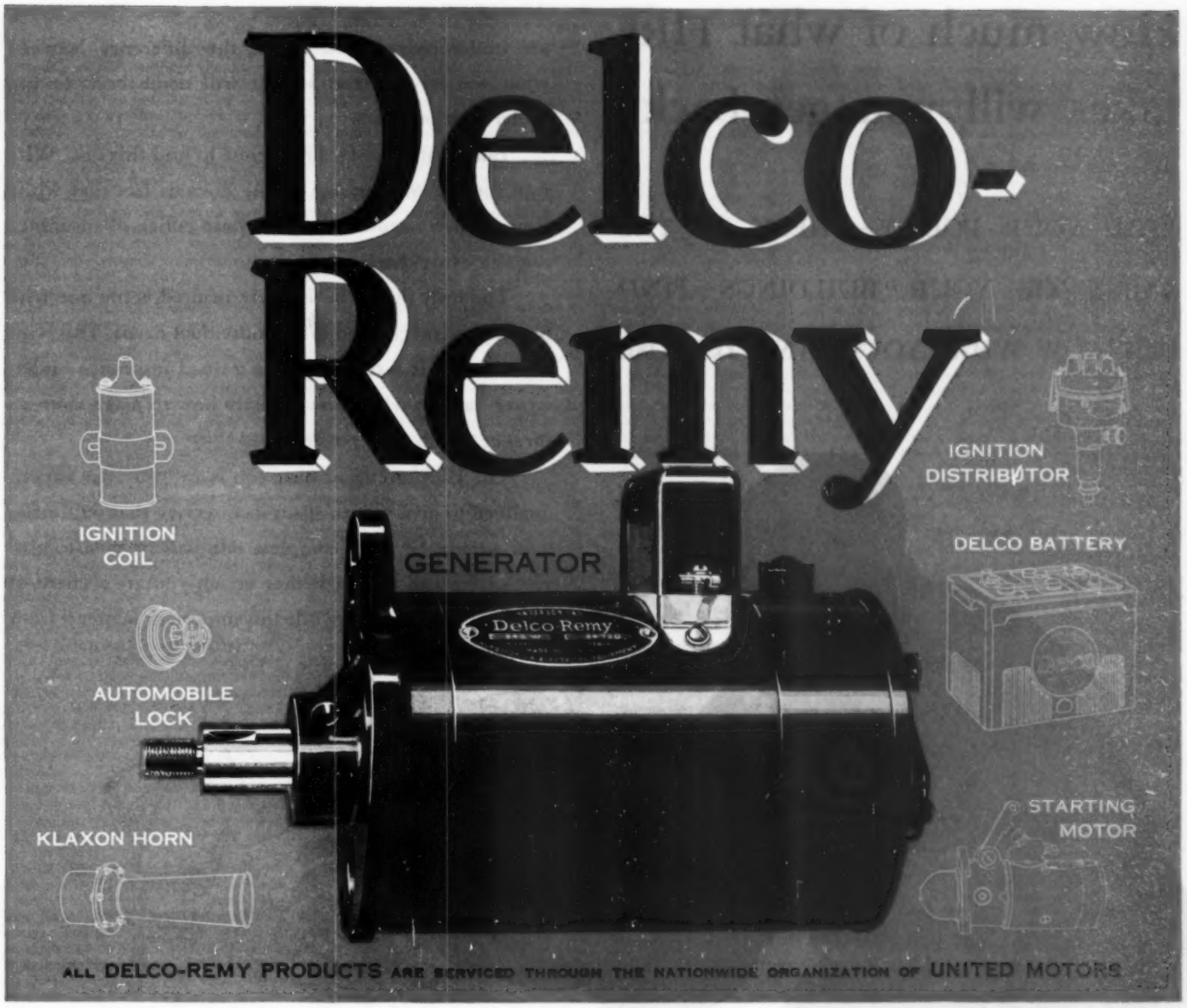
An hour before daylight, with the assembled population of the Shawnee town and all visiting braves looking on, Buckner was given the signal and leaped into the forest. The storm had ceased and it was not difficult to see with the forest floor carpeted with white. He knew the country intimately from his rambles as a boy, knew where the easiest going was to be found. With the first faint rays of dawn, he was bounding tirelessly as a wolf, more than a third of the way to the Ohio. Far behind him, the eager Delawares were just being started on his trail by the Shawnees. He laughed as he pictured the scene, breathed deep of the crisp air and ran steadily on toward the Ohio.

At sunset the Delawares and a few of the Shawnees and visiting tribesmen who had elected to accompany the Delawares on the race returned. Buckner strode at their head.

"When we reached the Ohio, Buckner, the Long-knife, sat on the far shore waiting for us to appear," the Delaware spokesman said. "He escaped us this time, so it is sure that he would have escaped us before, had he held on, instead of stopping here. The words of Tecumseh the Shawnee were wise. The test was fair. It was written."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)





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yet it serves you *constantly*

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It is self-regulating. It recharges your battery to replace current used by starting motor, ignition system and lamps.

Generators are but one of the many automotive products that Delco-Remy builds. They typify the high standards of manufacture which have made the name Delco-Remy on automotive equipment a worldwide assurance of quality, dependability and long life.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION
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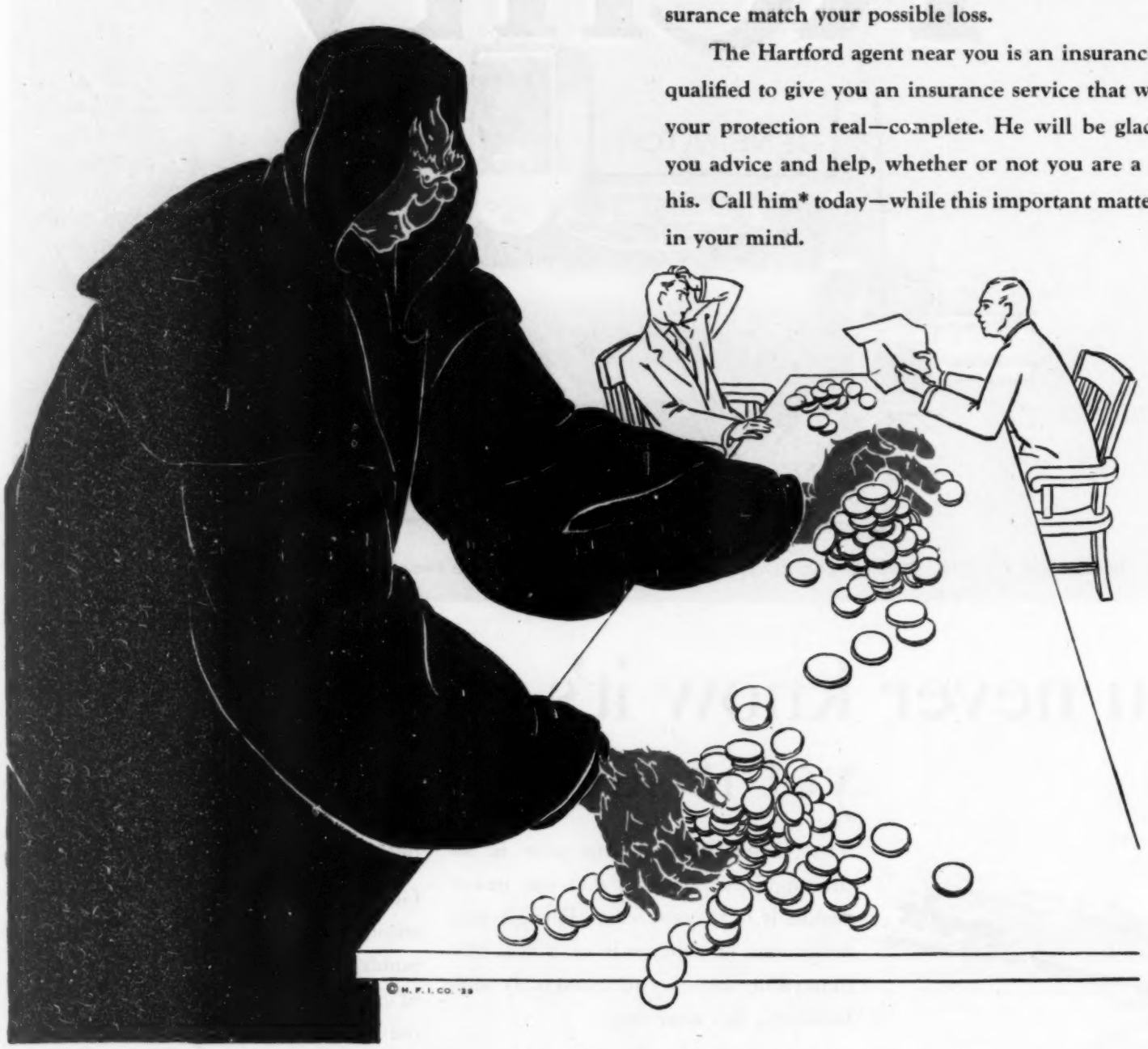
How much of what FIRE takes will you get back?

READ YOUR POLICY—CHECK UP THE VALUE OF YOUR BUILDINGS—FIND OUT NOW WHAT YOU STAND TO LOSE



After the fire comes settlement of the loss. Then, if you are under-insured, you realize the difference between what you have lost and what will come back to you under your policy.

But what an unfortunate time to find this out! Why wait for a demonstration of the obvious fact that while your property grows in value, your policy of insurance remains as written?

The only man who is safely insured is the one who has his insurance fitted to his individual needs. This is an expert's job. It is the work of a trained insurance underwriter—a man who knows exactly how to make your insurance match your possible loss.

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EMMA ZINSMEISTER: ANNO 1782

(Continued from Page 13)

It was a double hurt, and she dropped under the burden of it. She had lost the chest, and she had lost the feeling of her grandmother's wordless support in the household. So grandmom, too, held it against her that boys had not come, that she did not go out to dances and parties. Even sealed away there in her room and coming out only at mealtimes, grandmom knew. Knew there had been no man to take Emma by the hand and lead her across the line into her rightful kingdom, no man to justify her heritage of the precious dower chest. Emma held a towel bitterly against her eyes. "I'd marry myself to anyone, anyone," she thought stormily. "To the biggest doppelhead in the county I'd marry myself if—if ——"

The towel absorbed the teardrops, keeping them from her freshly powdered face. Her thoughts leaped here and there, trying to fasten themselves upon some possible eligible, but in vain. "Jokes," she thought bitterly. "I make jokes with myself." Pressing twenty-eight was settled old maidenhood in the community in which the Lutz family lived. There wasn't the smallest glimmering of hope for her. No man had ever said words to her; the likelihood was that no man ever would.

She put the towel down wearily and, with a final touching up of her face, went down to breakfast. She sipped her accustomed cup of bitter coffee without tasting it and broke one of her mother's crisply sugared crullers into bits with her fingers. Verne, fresh as a daisy, was ready for her day in the office of a Lancaster dyeing-and-cleaning establishment. No one would have thought that Verne had danced until one, had crept into bed at two. She exchanged giggling, low comments with her mother in a corner of the kitchen. Perhaps ten dollars was to be wheedled from Ira, added to Verne's salary for the week, and applied to the purchase of a new dance dress. Perhaps permission was to be coaxed from Ira for Verne to spend the week-end with her friend, Beryl Kirsch, in town. Perhaps Harvey had promised her a gift.

Emma sighed and swallowed a mouthful of the hot liquid. Gifts from Verne's admirers already cluttered the house. She liked flashy things. Artificial flowers in bizarre vases perched on every available flat surface of the house, artificial precious stones glittering at her ears, on her fingers. She wore bright dresses, vivid hats. Everything must be new and up to the minute. Verne tolerated nothing old, nothing dingy. A wave of protest swept up over Emma. The Zinsmeister chest could mean nothing to Verne.

She took her class patiently through papering and plastering, through the battle of Bull Run, through a discussion of phrases and clauses. They lunched, eating hearty sausage sandwiches, chewing apples noisily. She had them write twenty catchwords laboriously on red-ink-ruled paper, had them bound Italy, France and Germany on the north, south, east and west.

"I will maybe some day forget," she told herself dully. "It maybe doesn't make marriage for everybody. Verne it is where should have been called by the Emma Zinsmeister name." Her features were drawn in sudden pain, thinking of this. "Would you pass the music books, Herman, please?" She blew a single sustained note with her pitch pipe and her arm began moving rhythmically up and down, across and back. The class sang.

No. No. She would never forget. Always, always it would be like this. That heaviness on her heart, that sense of failure and defeat. Emma took her way up the highway toward home. "It ain't so much the chest which is heired away from me"—she had to pick words laboriously out of that numbed area of her brain—"though I got something of a feeling for it where hurts me in my heart still." Emma, in her schoolroom, spoke correct and painstaking English, but her thoughts followed the comfortable groove of early habit. "It's like a symbol or whatever. It's like I failed in being such a—such a woman yet, and all the Emma Zinsmeisters is ashamed for me maybe." She turned in at the lane and the whitewashed fences swam and zigzagged.

There was subdued excitement at the supper table, but Emma was out of it, wrapped in her thoughts. Grandmom was out of it, wrapped in her absence of thought. Emma waited on her with the careful compunction of habit, but she felt removed from her. Grandmom held it against her that she did not step out to places, that she had not such an appeal or whatever. She bent her head, biting her lip.

Harvey Neugebauer came after supper. Minnie and Ira went into the front room to greet him and Emma heard her father laugh, heard Harvey join in boisterously. Grandmom had taken her faltering way up the steps and Emma rinsed towels in the kitchen. Before long Verne came down the steps. She passed through the kitchen with a burst of perfume, a burst of song.

"Come on in oncet, Em," she invited.

"I ain't dressed up to it, Verne," she excused herself.

"Emma," her father called, "come in here oncet!" She dried her hands and went in. She faced them without curiosity, standing in the doorway. Verne was under the new chandelier in the center of the room; its lights winked in her hair and in a new stone on her finger. Harvey Neugebauer, laughing self-consciously, stepped up to Emma.

"Och, then, sister," he said, and kissed her heartily.

"Well, Werne has gone and done it, I guess." Ira pounded Harvey on the back. "She's gone and got herself promised on us."

"You didn't conceit I would be such a brother to you so soon yet, did you?" Harvey's hands were on her shoulders, his head was playfully on one side.

"No, I—I didn't conceit it, Harvey. I give you my congratulations, I'm sure." Her voice was faint.

With a final, rapid fluttering of the fingers of her left hand under the light, Verne moved to the player piano, her shoulders swaying provocatively.

"Let's get some pep into it oncet!" Her voice rode high as she adjusted a roll. "You would think a girl got herself promished every day in this house!"

Emma placed her stack of uncorrected arithmetic papers in front of her, face up. A round neat hand proclaimed the top paper as belonging to one Amanda Kitzinger. Amanda Kitzinger, the top paper read at 7:30; Amanda Kitzinger, it read at eight o'clock; Amanda Kitzinger, it read at a quarter to nine o'clock. Ira's paper rustled from time to time. The clock ticked. Minnie's scissors were placed on the table or a thread was snapped decisively between her teeth. In the front room the player piano rollicked on at intervals. Nine o'clock. Scrolls and convolutions and meaningless marks had appeared on the neat margin of Amanda Kitzinger's arithmetic paper. Disjointed letters had appeared there. Emma Zinsmeister: Anno 1782—these words might have been discerned, following a close scrutiny. Other words might have been discerned: Emma Zinsmeister Lutz.

"You wouldn't anyhow be getting yourself married for a while yet, Verne?"

"Why wouldn't I then?"

It was Friday evening. Emma was pressing one of her dark-blue school dresses. Verne was nursing a cold, rocking lazily and watching Emma, yawning from time to time. She stirred to life at Emma's faltering question.

"Why wouldn't I, if you have thought it all out in your head for me?" she asked pertly.

"I thought"—Emma, confused, bent closer over her work—"you would anyhow be waiting the year out. A year is not such a long time to be promised, with the youth you have on you. Quick it goes around."

Verne stood up and stretched. "What would you say to it if I told you that before it is three weeks even we will be married?" She watched Emma, enjoying her sensation.

"I would say you were maybe fooling me some," Emma ventured. She stared at her sister with eyes wide and dark.

"There ain't no fooling to it." Verne stretched again. "On the tenth, that's Tuesday three weeks over, I will be Mrs. Neugebauer a'ready. Beryl is promised to stand up for me. . . . Say, are you burning your dress or something?"

"Sit down, Verne," Emma said. She placed the iron on its stand and came around the board to lean against it, her hands tightly clasped. "Sit down once, won't you? I want to speak some words with you about—about grandmom's chest. I—I misdoubt if you would want to be taking a chest so old and clumsylike into the place where you and Harvey will go to housekeeping together. In with all your new fine things, your wedding presents and such, you wouldn't want to be taking such an old, dumblike chest with the paint cracking off of the birds on it even."

"Why wouldn't I?" Verne asked.

"I had such a thought about it yesterday already, how I could be buying you a new chest for a wedding present or whatever, how I could keep maybe for myself the old one. All cedar-lined over and of walnut carved they have them at the Imperial Furniture in Lancaster. Chests such as you would not see everywheres. Not such dumblike ones as grandmom had."

"Maybe the old one is prettier to my eyesight," Verne teased. "Maybe I wouldn't give it over for ten chests of cedar lining. Anyhow, doesn't it give bad luck ——"

"You could go in along to the Imperial, Verne, and anyhow look at them once, couldn't you?" Emma's voice was low.

"Och, I guess it wouldn't do no hurt to look," Verne conceded reluctantly. "I got to look at some furniture anyhow." Her eyes were suddenly veiled. Her lips moved in a little secret smile.

"We could meet together and have lunch at such a restaurant or whatever ——"

"Ach, I got a date for lunch. I'll meet you after. At the corner by Tenth and Spring ——"

"Harvey could come with."

"Harvey?"

"If you were eating with each other in the same restaurant ——"

"Well"—Verne's color deepened—"it ain't with Harvey," she said evasively. "It's with—with Beryl."

But it wasn't Beryl—that grave-eyed young man who sat across the table from Verne in the Bluebird Tea Room. Emma, tired of waiting on her corner, had ventured into the restaurant. She would have turned to go out again had she not caught Verne's eye. She advanced slowly.

"This is my sister, Miss Emma Lutz, Mr. Andrew Wick." Verne made the presentation coolly. She was amused, only faintly abashed, by the accusing look in Emma's eyes. The stranger flushed beet red and his eyes were an unusually clear, honest blue in the sea of color as he looked at Emma.

"We was just finishing off our ice cream," Verne said graciously. "It wasn't a-purpose that I kept you waiting, Em."

"No, indeed." Her companion was floundering in a bog of apologies. "Indeed not, Miss Lutz. I hold myself to blame ——"

"It matters nothing," Emma said. She sat down to wait for them.

"You would maybe give me the dare to order for you some ice cream," Mr. Wick offered.

But Emma didn't answer. She didn't hear. Her eyes were fixed on an oblong of white paper on the table. It was a torn piece of envelope and on it someone had sketched a rude representation of the Zinsmeister chest. The lettering was there, the signature of its maker, the stiff birds and the spiraled vines.

Verne reclaimed the paper quickly. "I was just drawing off fur him one of my wedding presents," she explained. "He was some interested in it." She folded the slip of paper and placed it in her purse.

The color had scarcely ebbed in Mr. Wick's face before it was time to say good-by and his neck, cheeks, ears and temples were again taken by a crimson tide.

"If he ain't the most bashfulest man I've ever seen yet!" Verne giggled, linking her arm with Emma's. "You'd think it was gettin' him sick to look at a girl, he makes that strange."

"It don't look so bashful-like to me"—Emma set her lips firmly—"him making so free as to eat with a girl where has just got herself promised to another fellow. Suppose Harvey should of taken the chance to come into the Bluebird? It don't set right ——"

"Och!" Verne pinched Emma's arm and took a couple of little skipping steps on the main street of Lancaster. "Snap out of it oncet," she advised lightly. "We had business affairs to discuss over—Mr. Wick and me."

Verne looked at furniture which took Emma's breath away, at richly upholstered sets, at ornate and costly separate pieces. A stained green set of bedroom furniture with polychrome encrustations held her speechless with delight, a breakfast-room set with vivid bluebirds winging their way over canary surfaces caused her to catch her lower lip between her teeth in a sudden onrush of feeling.

"Them are birds where are birds," she murmured ecstatically.

"Verne"—Emma, worried, tried to pull her away—"you can't afford furniture like that there. Not with Harvey just starting out in business with himself and all."

"I have the dare to look at it oncet, don't I?" Verne inquired, her eyes narrowed in bliss.

She was tired by the time Emma had coaxed her to the display of chests. "There—there is one"—Emma pointed out the most expensive chest of all—"all carved and cedar lined. On the parts-payment plan I could ——"

"Ach." Verne yawned. "It's pretty enough."

"But would you not give over to me ——"

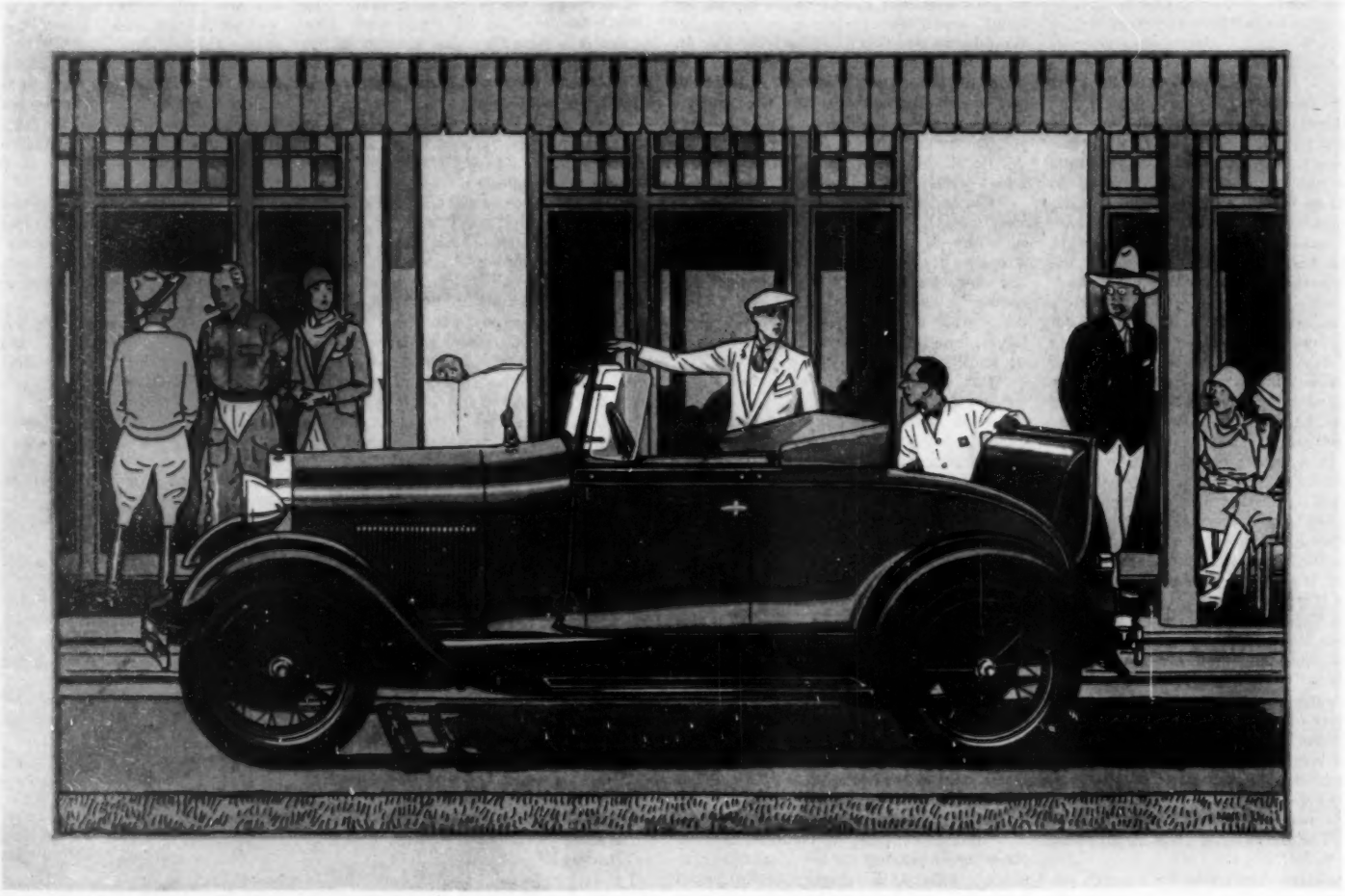
"Ach." Verne shrugged testily. "I'm not saying either here nor there," she equivocated. "I conceit I should maybe keep my wedding presents by me. We got to start off to catch our bus, Em."

The Lutz home was caught up and bound about with plans for a wedding. Ira Lutz wore habitually the pleased look of a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer who has in prospect the inheriting of land and the marrying off of a daughter. Minnie scrubbed the already spotless house, shined windows and laundered curtains until her bones ached. Irma Weisel was called in for two weeks of whirlwind sewing, for snapping of scissors, for energetic biting of threads. "It gives tonier somehow to marry with a town boy," Minnie confided to the seamstress. "Such a Unverdorben yet!" she'd murmur admiringly as one by one the trousseau garments were finished and Verne posed in them.

Showers were given for the bride-elect. Ruby Blymyer gave a linen, Martha Oberst a miscellaneous, and Beryl Kirsch a kitchen shower. Emma was a little aloof from all this, making sandwiches in kitchens, making hot chocolate. Grandmom was aloof

(Continued on Page 68)

Fresh and Relaxed at the JOURNEY'S END



You will like the alert performance and easy handling of the Ford Roadster in traffic—its comfort on long trips. Bonnie Gray, shown here, is but one of a choice of colors.

ONE of the fine things about driving the new Ford is the way it takes you over the miles without fuss or fatigue.

Mentally you are at ease because you are sure of the mechanical performance of the car. No matter how long the trip, or rough or devious the roadway, you know it will bring you safely, quickly to the journey's end.

Through thickest traffic, up steepest hills, along the open road, you will drive with security and confidence because the new Ford is so alert and capable and so easy to operate and control.

The steering wheel responds readily to a light touch. Gears shift smoothly and silently. Brakes take hold quickly and firmly even on rain-swept streets.

Unusual acceleration, speed and power are especially appreciated in emergencies. A space little longer than the car itself is all you need for parking.

These features simplify the mechanics of driving and, together with reliability, add a great deal to the mental comfort of motoring.

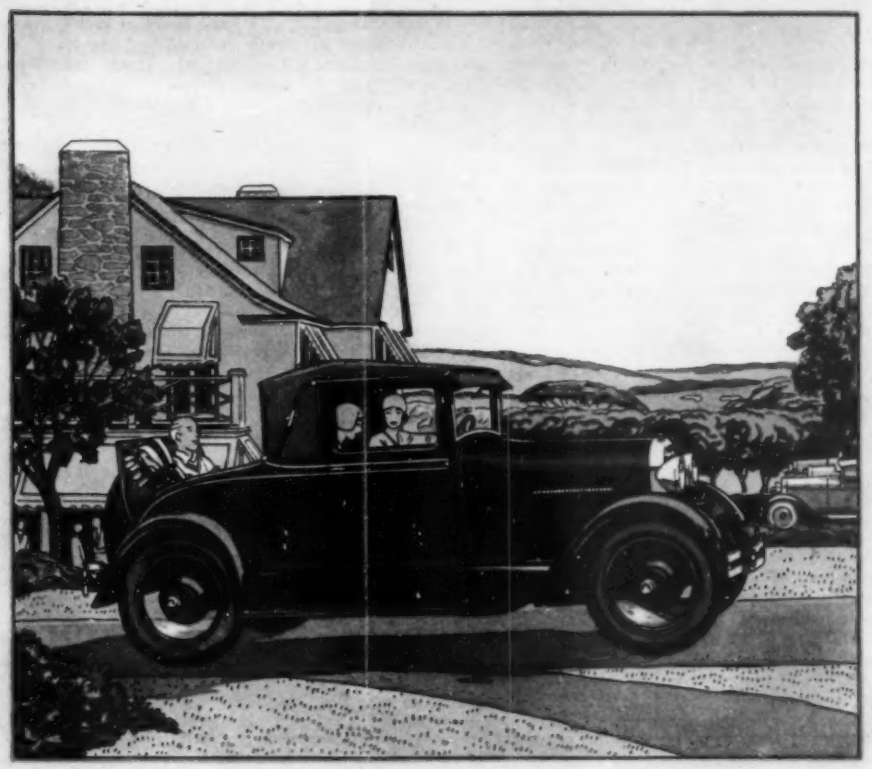
Physically, too, you will feel fresh and relaxed in the new Ford because it is such a roomy, easy-riding car.

The restfully tilted seats are made generously wide and are deeply cushioned, with coil springs of straight and hourglass type.

The backs are carefully designed to conform to the curves of the body.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the new Ford is found in its riding comfort. Somehow it seems to just glide along, as if every road were a good road. The rough spots are there, just as they have always been, but you do not feel them. It is almost as if a giant hand had smoothed

The new Ford Sport Coupe has proved especially popular among women drivers. The wide, comfortable rumble seat is a welcome and useful feature on those many occasions when you need space for two more passengers.



the way before you. Even bad stretches may be taken at a reasonably fast pace without hard jolts or bumps or the exaggerated bouncing which is the cause of most motoring fatigue.

One reason, of course, is the use of four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers—two in the front and two in the rear.

Of even greater importance, however, are the low center of gravity, the carefully planned balance of the car, and the many advantages of the transverse or crosswise springs.

These springs rest on their flexible ends with the heavy center part uppermost. Thus the very weight of the springs receives the benefit of spring action instead of hanging below as dead weight and increasing the hammer-like blows of road impacts.

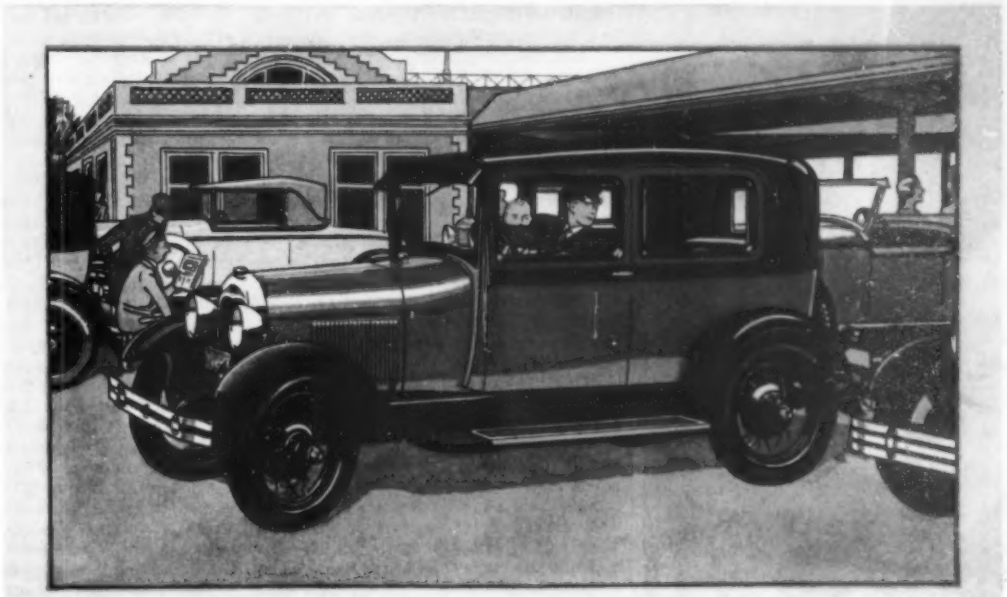
Another element in decreasing unsprung weight (the weight carried below the flexible ends of the springs) is the design and construction of the front axle and rear axle housing of the new Ford. Through the use of fine steel, special heat treatment and electric welding, they are made of exceptional strength, yet kept comparatively light in weight.

All of these factors combine to reduce or absorb the force of every unevenness in the road before it reaches the frame, chassis and body of the car.

This means more comfort for you personally and also contributes to better performance and longer life for every mechanical part.

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Silent, fully enclosed six-brake system
Four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Vibration-absorbing engine support
Beautiful low lines
Ten body types and choice of a number of colors in each body type
Alemite chassis lubrication
Quick acceleration
55 to 65 miles an hour
Smoothness at all speeds
Reliability and economy



Comfort, safety, reliability, speed, power, acceleration, economy and long life—all these are brought to you in the new Ford. Shown here is the new Tudor Sedan, finished in Rose Beige.

Since 1869 S. S. White Tooth Paste has consistently kept pace with the latest clinical thought of the dental profession. It is a safe family dentifrice. Also cleans and deodorizes false teeth without scratching or injuring rubber or metal parts.

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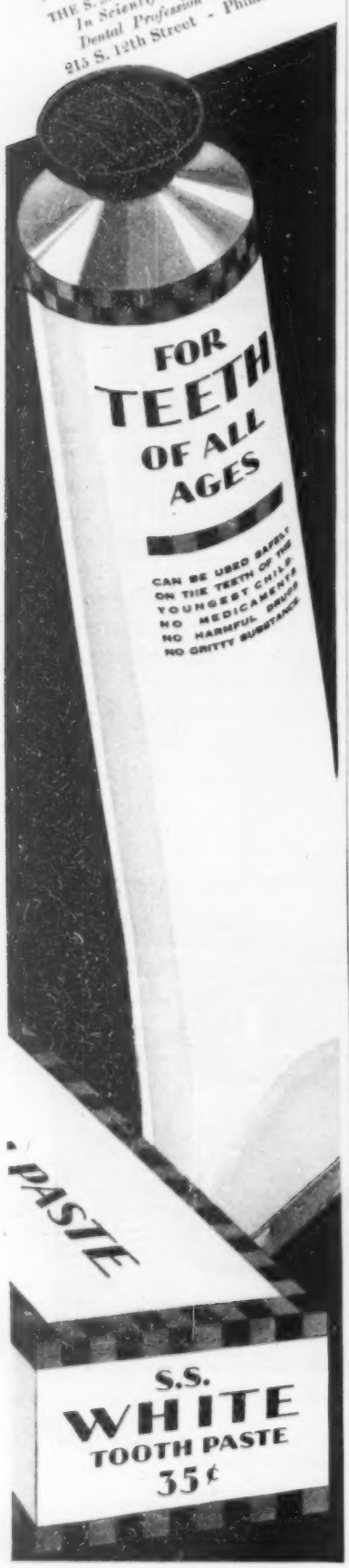

(Continued from Page 65)

from it, though all day the swish of Minnie's scrubbing brushes and the whir of the sewing machine ascended to her room.

"I guess you did not have it in your head you would lose your chest so soon already, did you, grandmom?" Verne inquired one day blithely.

"I guess anyhow not," the old lady replied slowly. She broke a bit of bread off carefully and worked it between her toothless gums.

"I guess I'll have pop bring the chest down tonight to show off with my other presents, if you'll give me the dare, grandmom." Verne's tone was honeyed. Her glance rested with affection upon her grandmother.

"I guess anyhow not," grandmom responded again slowly. "Not until it comes the day or two behind the wedding, at the least."

Verne frowned and bit her lip, but there was no combating this decision. There was no combating any decision of grandmom's.

After the old lady had tapped her way upstairs, Verne called her father and mother into the kitchen. Before long they called Emma too.

"It's to know how fur grandmom is on with her income tax," Ira explained. "Werne has such a plan fur to have a notary republic, or whatever, come in."

"Fur to save grandmom steps," Verne put in. "This fellow can seal it off fur her in a minute. Even up into her room he would go and not think anything of it."

"Such a thoughtfulness she has always fur her grandmom." Ira looked approvingly at his younger daughter.

Emma, puzzled, admitted that she had grandmom's paper ready for the seal, that it might be better for the old lady not to take the trip to town with her cold. She was not a little bit bewildered, however. Impending marriage was surely mellowing Verne.

Or was it? The notary, when he came, proved to be Andrew Wick. Emma took his hat in the hall, saw blue eyes looking at her with deference out of a grave face suddenly flooded with pink. "He has got a right to blush so in his face," she thought with gathering anger, "hanging around by an already engaged girl ——"

"He does not look like such a philanderer," she thought later, in her grandmother's room. Verne had come up, too, and after the business of the tax paper was dispatched she put her fingers to her cheeks in a sudden pretty gesture.

"Ach, there it is oncet," she remembered, pointing. "The chest where I was drawing off fur you the other day."

His eyes, quick and keen now, were on it. He was on his knees before it. "Ach," an exclamation escaped Emma. Andrew Wick's hands were gentle on the chest and the look in his eyes was respectful. He was one who knew; you could tell. He recognized the fact that this was no ordinary chest. Emma saw his hands caress the surface, feel the joining at the corners. His fingers were in the Emma Zinsmeister legend now, as Emma's had so often been. His finger nail was scraping the ancient paint on the panels.

"Och!" With a soft sigh she knelt down beside him. "It is our third great-grandmom's dower chest," she explained breathlessly. "That is, the grandmom to our grandmom here, or however. In 1782, about a century and a half ago even, she was promised. Emma Zinsmeister her name was, and here"—she guided his fingers on down to the signature of E. Schiller—"is him who has made the chest for her. Such art they had by them!" Her words kept coming in a soft flow. "Such colors! Such a strength for joining wood. I, too, am called by that ——"

"Well, Em, he has seen it already by now." Verne's amused, cool voice came from the doorway, where she was tapping impatiently with one foot. Andrew Wick got to his feet, and with a last lingering look at the chest, he took leave of grandmom and followed the girls down the stairs. He seemed in a hurry to go now and Verne seemed in a hurry to have him go.

"Have you been to lunch or like that there with him again?" Emma asked timidly, remembering her duty to her younger sister.

Verne began to laugh. "With him oncet? With Andrew Wick?" She was caught in a spasm of mirth. "With the bashfulest man around females in the county yet! I guess anyhow not. It would take a derrick to get him into the speaking distance with a girl," she said scornfully.

"Did he seal the paper off fur mom?" Ira inquired mildly. "Who is he anyhow then? Wick, Wick—I don't know of no Wicks around ——"

"Who is he then?" Verne was taken by another spasm of laughter. "The biggest dopplehead in Lancaster County, that's who. Dumber than what he is you don't find them anyhow very often. Why, listen oncet—with a pop where had the best nightshirt and pajama factory in Lancaster yet and heired it off to him, what did he do? What did he do but sell out of it and buy fur himself the biggest farm in the state almost! To live at even! And with money in the bank left over even, what does he do but traipse himself all over the county and ——" Verne choked and recovered herself. "Och, well, such a dumb one like he is," she dismissed him philosophically, "it doesn't make fun to talk about even."

It was, as grandmom would have said, two days behind the wedding. Verne had given up her position now. She sat home and hemmed towels and did her finger nails indefatigably and waited for Harvey. The wedding presents were set out on a long table at one side of the front room. There were three sets of silver salt shakers and four sets of hand-painted china ones, silver water pitchers and silver sandwich plates and silver spoons in all conceivable sizes. There were linens and vases, pictures and carving sets. Verne had always been a popular girl, and here were the trophies of her social success. Here was grandmom's gift, too, bulky and graceless, but with some rude beauty of its own. Harvey himself had helped Ira bring it down the night before.

Emma had been unpacking gifts. There were curls of excelsior on her woolen dress and the finger she had caught on a nail was wrapped in gauze. She had added a new picture and a new vase to the collection on the table. She turned the light switch and stood for a moment quite still, looking at the place where the dower chest stood. She heard a fumbling step behind her.

"Em, is that you?" Grandmom had come down to supper. "Turn the light on oncet." Her cane tapped farther into the room.

Emma turned the switch again. "See, grandmom," she said, "these are the vases. This silver came from Aunt Martha over in Sanker and these plates from the Unverdorben cousins once. This ——"

"I thought if I had it wrote off that way in my will it would maybe give you some gumption to go out and git fur yourself a man." Grandmom's eyes were fixed on a pair of hemstitched pillow covers. She wet a skinny finger and applied it to the material. "Real linen it is," she said.

"This here—this picture is Sheep in a Storm once. From over by Deemersville it come, grandmom. From ——"

"Sheep in a Storm, is it?" Grandmom turned to go. "For that reason I had it wrote off in such a way," she said, still tight-lipped. "Come oncet. The supper is lifted." She put a hand on Emma's arm.

Emma switched the light again. They joined the family at the supper table.

"If you don't look, Em, as if you was a-snigglin' up fur to cry," Minnie observed critically. "Have you got a cold or something?"

"She hurt her hand," grandmom said sharply. "Can't you see how she snigged it oncet?"

Verne had propped her elbows on the table and her eyes sparkled as she surveyed her family. She'd held her news in until they were all assembled. It spilled out now. "Harvey and me have rented off such an apartment fur ourselves," she announced. "Four rooms with bath, with kitchenette and a electric refrigerator ——"

"I have heard of such," Ira picked his teeth judicially, "but it ain't possible. Electric ice! Don't leave yourself be fooled, Werne."

"—— a dumb waiter and such a breakfast nook ——"

"Och, a breakfast nook! What fur's that?"

"A apartment without no furniture," Minnie commented caustically. Was Harvey Neugebauer, after all, to fall short in toniness?

"Curtains of pale pink I'll have fur the bedroom"—Verne's spirits were not dashed—"with such overdrapes of green. Yellow curtains fur my dining room ——"

The old lady got up to go. "It makes colder out, grandmom," Emma said. Her eyes were dry now, but reddened. "I'll turn some more heat up into your room."

Verne watched her grandmother disappear up the stairway. "Furniture"—she lowered her voice and propped her elbows more securely—"furniture you said, mom? I'll tell you oncet. I have it all picked out fur me at the Imperial in Lancaster. Grandmom's old chest I'm going to sell off fur to—to pay fur it. Andrew Wick where was here the other night is buying it off me. He is such a collector or whatever of antiques. The farm that he bought for hisself is furnished all through the house with such old stuff you wouldn't turn your nose up at even, and—and such prices he gives out fur it too. It takes your breath out of you. Such a dumb one with money I never seen. Well, Em"—Verne's voice went up a little in fear—"what are you standing there looking at me with your eyes such a way fur? It was heired to me, wasn't it? I can do what I like with it, can't I?"

"You—you can't sell grandmom's chest." Emma was indeed looking queerly out of her eyes. "You—you can't." Her hands and her voice trembled.

"Didn't grandmom heir it off to me then? Why couldn't I sell it?" Verne's voice rose. "Is grandmom the kind to go backwards on her word?"

"Sure she can sell it off," Minnie said. "Such an old, uglylike —— Fur how much, Verne?"

"Fur"—Verne stood up to explode her bomb—"six hundred dollars!"

"Six hunert dollars!" Ira was stunned. "Not fur such a dumblike old ——"

"That bad he wants such an old chest for his house he might maybe of paid me more, but I was afraid to heggle him up any more ——"

"Verne. Verne, you can't sell grandmom's chest!" Emma's voice was dry and despairing. Ach, Verne could! She would! She could do anything she wanted to do, turn any situation to her own advantage, twist anyone about her little finger—Verne could.

"You will see fur yourself," Verne said sulkily. "Tonight even he is coming to pay me off for it. That will maybe be his car now in the lane. Would you put down them knives, Em, and not stand in such a fit or something," she asked. "It worries me some to see you look so dopplig out of your eyes."

Emma didn't obey. Her power of movement was gone; her power of thought. The Zinsmeister chest where had been in the family for one hundred and fifty years gone out from it! To such a stranger gone out even! "Verne." She moved at length. "It belongs by us, Verne. Can't you see where it belongs by us?" She caught her sister's arm. Her breath came in sharply, painfully.

"I can't see no foolishness like that there," Verne returned. She shook herself free and went to the door to admit Andrew Wick.

Andrew Wick was standing in the front room. He had his fountain pen ready, his

(Continued on Page 71)

acceptable
Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone, can you be considered a fastidious person acceptable socially
Exceptional!
And in the shaving cream field that means something. One trial convinces.
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SHAVING CREAM

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IT is not at all surprising that Listerine is so effective in quickly checking ordinary dandruff.

Listerine is a powerful germicide, and dandruff (seborrheic dermatitis) is an inflamed condition of the scalp caused by germs.

Dermatologists urge immediate treatment of dandruff before it gets the upper hand. Discarding complicated methods, they declare one of the surest ways of combating the condition is the repeated antiseptic shampoo.

Listerine used full strength for this purpose has shown remarkable results for thousands. It is so safe it can—and should be—used without dilution. It is so bland that it actually soothes tender, inflamed tissues. Yet is it so powerful it destroys 200,000,000 of the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and S. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

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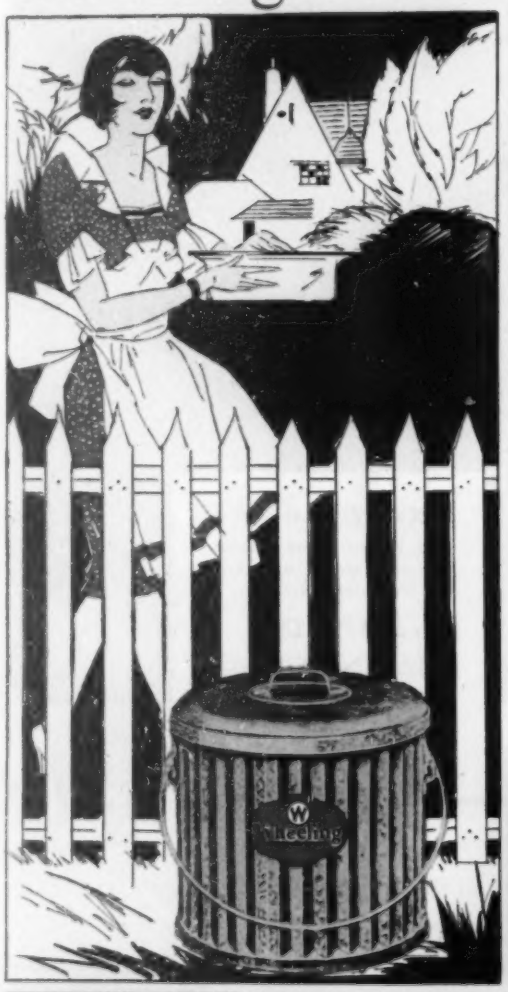

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HIGHER IN QUALITY : NO INCREASE IN PRICES

(Continued from Page 68)

check book out. "Em"—Verne barred the door to the room in some fright—"will you stay out of here oncet?"

"In I'll come!" Something had given Emma unwonted strength, unwonted courage. Easily she thrust her sister aside and went in to stand before this stranger who had once before put his hands on her treasure. "My sister"—she stood up to him, her cheeks aflame—"she has changed her mind over. She isn't going to sell off that chest where is an heirloom to us! That has been heired down in our family for generations yet! Not to you she isn't going to sell it." Emma's hands were clenched. She breathed hard. "Not to anybody! Not now or any time even! You can take yourself off now."

"Don't pay no attention to her, Mr. Wick," Verne said nervously. "You can set down right here and write out your check. Will you please leave us alone, Em?"

"I'm sorry," the young man said. He looked uncomfortably at Emma and the flood tide of color mounted to his temples. "This here means something to me," he explained gravely. "For three years I been looking up and down the county for such a rare chest, but always they have them painted up or something, spoiled for me. I ——"

"You got no right, Verne," Emma said, her voice dry and strained. "Please believe me she has got no right, mister. Grandmom didn't ever mean that she should sell it. She never intentioned it to go out from the family. Always, always she intentioned it that someone where had Zinsmeister blood in her veins should have the ownership of it. From a little girl up she told me how ——" Emma swallowed. Her hands opened and closed. In a daze she saw Andrew Wick sit down at the table. She saw his hand move over the check, saw ink flow from his pen.

"I'll call—I'll call grandmom down," she gasped. She rushed blindly out of the front room and through the house. She ran pantingly up the stairs and down the hall. With her hand on the doorknob of grandmom's room she paused. For a long minute she stood there and her head went slowly down. It would do no good nohow. Grandmom would never go backwards on her word. Nothing nowheres would do any good when Verne had such an idea in her head. Grandmom was old; it would grieve her that the chest was sold off. Perhaps she wouldn't ever need to know. Emma's hand fell away from the knob. On her way down the stairs tears started.

"Well"—Verne looked up uneasily—"what fur words did grandmom have on it?" The check had changed hands now. Verne was waving it dry.

"I—I didn't have it in my heart for to tell her," Emma said numbly. She went down on her knees in her old, accustomed position before the chest. Her fingers found the legend. "Emma Zinsmeister!" A sob caught in her throat. "To Emma Zinsmeister it belonged. Verne, don't give him the dare to take it out from our home and away." She got to her feet and faced her sister. "Give back to him his check once," she pleaded. "Tell him how his money means nothing to us beside this old chest which we love. Verne—Verne, look once at it! It's got beauty on it! Age it's got on it! For a century and a half of years it has been here by us"—her voice strengthened and rang—"giving out the word how we are Zinsmeisters, how we are built square and true and good. How we live on our land and have fear for God always and love them where are neighbors to us, it gives out the word. How we are Zinsmeisters ——"

"I ain't a Zinsmeister," Verne said sulkily. "I'm a Lutz still."

"Think once on it, Verne. How you had it from grandmom and how she had it from her mom, where had it from hers, and like that on back to almost the beginning in this country. Think how as babies we learned our letters off it." Tears were coursing down Emma's cheeks now. "Think how all the babies of Zinsmeister blood have run their fingers in these here letters still and played with them birds, and think how some day your babies could maybe play ——"

"She is maybe a little nervous," Verne apologized to the stranger, coloring. "I'll have to say thank you for your check now and ask you to excuse me out."

But Andrew Wick didn't answer. He didn't hear. His eyes were fastened on Emma—on an Emma whose eyes were wide and dark and sparkling, jewel-like, with tears, the pallor of whose face was broken by burning smudges of color and framed by blond hair ruffled at her temples, whose voice was broken.

"Please, Verne, give back to him once his check. Tell him how we will keep by us ——"

"I'm sick"—Verne moved her shoulders impatiently—"sick to my stomach from such foolishness. Nervous she is, mister."

"I can see it," he said quietly. "I been thinking to myself how nervous and wrought over she is, and how maybe a little air would do her some good. I got my car outside." He went up to Emma. "Get her coat once," he instructed Verne. "Get her hat and gloves." Verne, taken by surprise, obeyed, and he bundled Emma into her clothing, his new assurance still about him. "The air will do you some good," he told her.

He urged her toward the door and down the steps to his car.

Verne, her breath taken away at the sight, watched Andrew Wick help Emma into his car.

"Well!" She stepped back and closed the door, and her breath returned slowly. "Mom! Listen oncet, mom!" Her voice rode high and victorious as she went to the back of the house waving her check. "The breakfast room sweet is such a bright yellow, with bluebirds flying. The bedroom sweet is green, and with such wreaths of pink roses and gold grapes on it. I got them put by. I ——"

Ira had gone to the window. "It's such a big closed-up car," he reported interestedly.

"You could—you could move over this way once," Andrew Wick said timidly. He folded a robe with awkward gentleness about Emma. "I would cry it right outside of myself if I was you," he advised. "I remember from a little boy how it helps out still where something hurts."

Emma obeyed. Her tears came in quick gusts; then slowly, quietly. They sped at a comfortable pace down the highway. It seemed that Andrew Wick could drive on forever without saying a word, and at length Emma, swallowing down the last of her sobs, stirred in the warm mantle of warmth and security that was about her.

"Och," she said, her voice still wavering with the hint of the swallowed sob, "what you must of thought of me! It ain't in me to make such scenes as that there; it ain't in me to talk so ——"

"I got an understanding how you felt," he said gently.

Five, ten more miles they covered, and Andrew Wick turned his car to the side of the road and brought it to a stop under a tree.

"It makes some trouble with the lights," he explained. He went out and tinkered, his face showing scarlet when the light struck it. He came back and sat again in the seat beside her. "Do you feel some better?" he asked anxiously, adjusting the robe.

"Yes." Emma used her handkerchief. "And I must give you thanks for ——"

"Don't make any mention of it," he begged. "I—I want to ask you ——" He looked away from her. "Would you maybe keep the chest by you for a while yet? I got some improvements to make on my house and some hurt might come to it there." He waited. "Could you?"

"Yes, I could."

"It makes queer"—his voice was low—"how I am not afraid with you like with other girls, and yet how I am at the same time even more afraid. That day in the restaurant even it come to me it was so."

"You—you got no reason to have afraid."

"But I do." He took her hand. "I got reason, all right. The beating there was in my heart back there! How you stood up so and talked to your sister with the tears in your eyes till I could not take my look off from you! Things you said, how they got a lump into my throat some! I didn't know a girl could feel such a way for old things like that there and speak it out so brave. I didn't know a girl would think how maybe babies would play. It gave me to think how ——"

"Och!" Emma straightened. She withdrew her hand from that of Andrew.

"Wait once," he pleaded, recapturing it. "I—I got patience by me. I can wait. Maybe"—his voice was wondering—"maybe one would fall in love at the first sight like they write it off in books, but maybe two couldn't. For two it might take time. But I can wait by." His head went down. "If you give me the word I can wait by."

"You got no reason to have afraid." Emma touched his hand softly.

"You ——!" He caught her hands. He held them both now. "You got beauty on you, too, Emma Zinsmeister," he said humbly.

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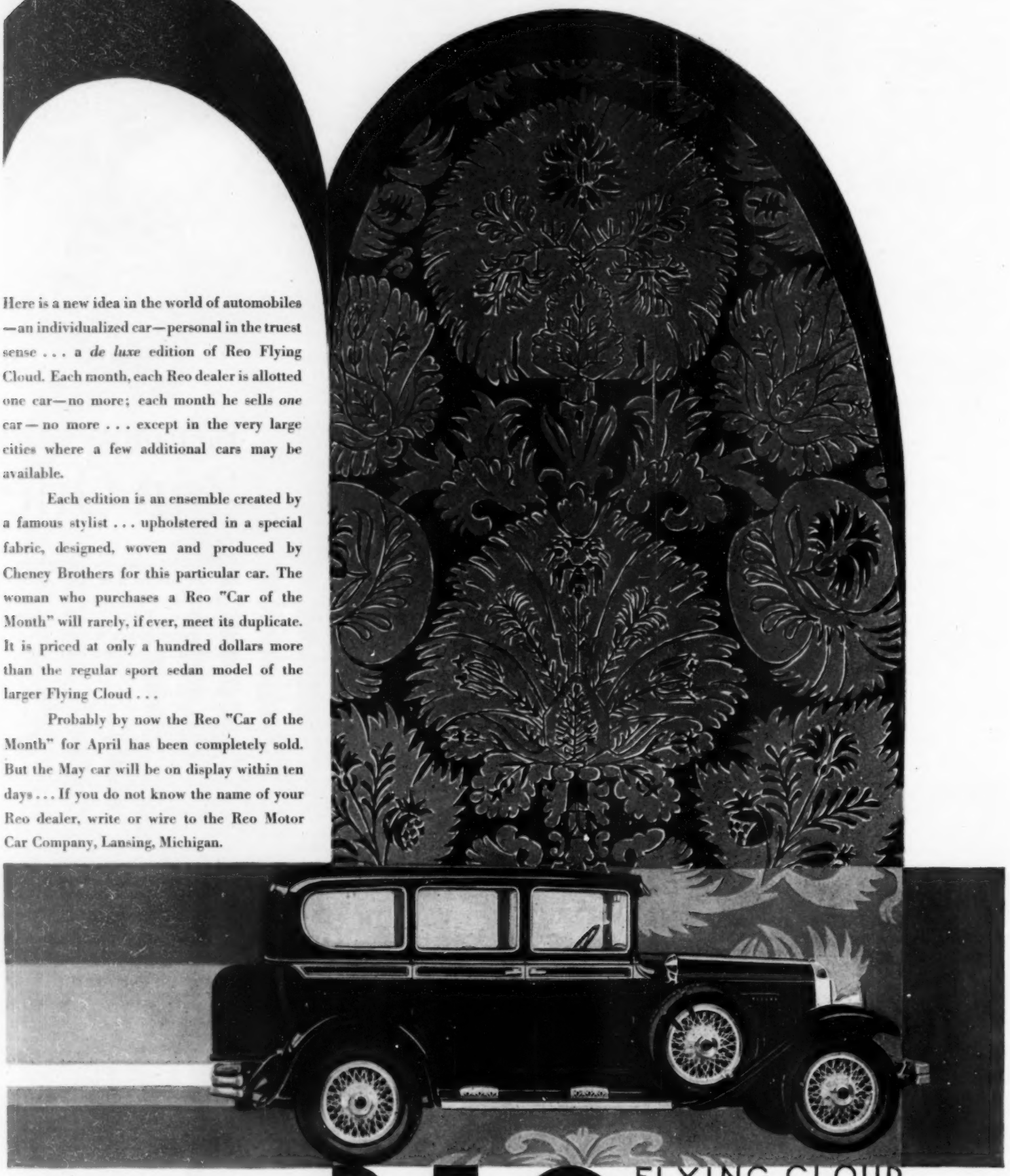

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This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers exclusively for the Reo "Car of the Month" for April.

REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

A PAIN IN THE NECK

(Continued from Page 19)

Another evening in this apartment and Estelle stood at the door of her sister's room, pulling on gloves.

"I had lunch with Marty today," she said casually. "What's really the matter with his liver?"

No other expression came to Clara's face, but behind her back suddenly tightened fingers began to twist a silly little handkerchief into a string. She looked at Estelle thoughtfully.

"You had lunch with him today?" she repeated.

"You didn't care, did you?"

"Oh, no!"

"If I'd thought you'd cared I wouldn't have done it, of course." Her eyes rested innocently on her sister. "But I just thought it might be fun."

"I know." Clara smiled. "Was it?"

"Oh, some." The gloves were on and she was looking in her purse to make sure she had her key. "He seemed to be having a little trouble with his liver, and I was never a girl to spend a luncheon date discussing livers, but fortunately a lot of people kept coming up and speaking to him—the grandest people, you know."

"I know."

"Actors and writers and all kinds of people you hear about and see pictures of in the papers—that was what I liked."

"Yes, that's fun."

"Three or four people spoke to him that he didn't know at all—just spoke to him because he wrote The Dimpled Chin and is famous. They just came over and introduced themselves and said they wanted to tell him how much they liked his book. That certainly gave me a kick."

"I know."

She lifted the silly little handkerchief and looked at it thoughtfully, as though she had been intending to give it a thorough inspection for a long time, and it was then that it seemed a thin cloud floated sadly over the moon.

"Tonight," she said abruptly—"are you going out—have you a date with him tonight?"

"No ——" casually. "He asked for one, but that's taking it along a little too fast. No profit in that. We're going out tomorrow night. We're going to dinner somewhere, with the Matthewsons and Joe and Helen, and then we're going over to the Andruses'—they're throwing a party." She smiled. "What a thrill that's going to give that crowd—having the author of The Dimpled Chin there!"

"I can just imagine!"

When she'd gone, Clara shut the door and went over to the window. Between the buildings at the end of the street she could see faint flecks of yellow light that were lanterns and windows on boats, and now and then a slowly moving pencil mark against the sky that was a mast. She watched the river until her eyes hurt, and then she sat uncomfortably on the end of the bed and twisted the handkerchief again. Presently her fingers became still, the tiny piece of linen fell to the floor, and she lay curled on the bed, staring at the wall opposite.

Ten minutes passed, and slowly the hurt left her eyes, and her mouth trembled once or twice at the corners. Suddenly she was smiling, and then she chuckled—a genuine chuckle of genuine amusement. Another, and she was laughing—laughing to herself.

When she came into the living room, to find either a red book on the piano or a green book on the library table, she was humming vaguely and carelessly.

Such a bad little girl, and yet so beautiful that, as she stood in the lobby of the Huron Hotel with the Matthewsons and Joe and Helen, men turned for a second glance, and continued toward their own trysts with thoughtful lights in their eyes.

Had this been someone else they were waiting for, the Matthewsons and Joe and Helen might have been annoyed, because he was late, but the men were preoccupied with concern as to their own doubtful prominence in the presence of so distinguished a member of the party, and the young ladies were anticipating, in trembling excitement, the creator of that swashbuckling young ne'er-do-well, Derik Nelson, hero of The Dimpled Chin.

He came finally, out of breath and in a suit so unhappily cared for that they, in their evening clothes, were a little puzzled as to their own habiliments. He shook hands with three men between the door and where they stood, and was introduced to four young women, and laughed nervously and awkwardly as he sidled on his way, stumbling once over a tall and dignified ash stand.

"I couldn't get here any earlier," he panted. "I didn't think I was going to get here at all—I had to go to see the doctor. All of a sudden I was seized with the most horrible pain ——"

"Was it in your right side?" asked Mr. Matthewson sympathetically.

"The funny part of it is that it wasn't," the author replied quickly, addressing himself exclusively to this understanding stranger. "I'll tell you how it was. I was messing around with a story and all of a sudden ——"

"Marty." Estelle touched his arm doubtfully. "If you could wait just a minute. Here are some people ——"

He stopped instantly and bowed himself into their good graces with a smile that was so natural and disarming that their various apprehensions melted, and they went in to dinner at an ease which they'd never have expected.

They were seated at a center table, and Estelle's eyes swept the room with a glance, and were satisfied. Faces were turned their way, most of them directed at the slightly frowzy figure of the author of The Dimpled Chin, but some—the faces, no doubt, of those who did not recognize this figure—at her, at her clear and perfect profile, at the shining white shoulders, undraped when she dropped her scarf. She was exultantly happy.

"I'm going to take some sauerkraut juice," Martin announced. "I haven't had a thing to eat since four o'clock this morning. I worked a little last night and I got awfully hungry around four o'clock, so I got some Frankfurters. I got five Frankfurters—five Frankfurters and some baked beans. You like Frankfurters?" he asked Joe.

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Well, I'll tell you where you can get the best Frankfurters in town. It's a little place on Eighth Avenue ——"

"How are you, Marty?" A blond young man with a small mustache had rested one hand on the Frankfurter connoisseur's shoulder. "How's the digestive tract tonight?"

"Oh, hello, Bart. I had a pain this afternoon ——"

"Well," Bart interrupted unsympathetically, "that's par for twenty-four hours." He turned a bold, unabashed look on Estelle—a look so obvious in purpose that not even Martin could escape it.

"Oh, yes, Bart, I want you to meet Miss Norris." He looked at the other members of his party vaguely. "And this"—indicating Mrs. Matthewson—"is Miss Spevo. And this"—waving helplessly at Helen—"is also Miss Spevo." He studied the two men desperately and then included them. "These are the Spevo boys," he said, and added hastily: "All Spevos, all friends of mine." He shifted his chair busily. "We're just ordering, Bart. Won't you draw up a chair—out in the lobby—and wait until we're finished?"

Bart gave him a look of disgust. "Sorry, old man," he said, "but I've got to drag on." He bowed again, winningly, at Estelle, and moved away.

Mrs. Matthewson had Martin excitedly by the arm. "Isn't that Bart Owens, the actor?" she demanded.

"That's him," he replied, oblivious, as he returned to his menu, that five heads had turned to follow the young man with the blond mustache to the door. "Sauerkraut juice, lobster Newburg, watermelon and iced tea. I'm hungry." He turned to Joe. "Remind me to give you the address of that Frankfurter place before we go," he said.

Estelle could not remember such a dinner as this one. It was, indeed, a thrill for the others, a triumph for her, as they all sat together, this celebrated young man in their midst. Whatever fears they might have had were gone, for what he had to say was as homely as anything they might have had to say. There was no strain, no tension at all; simply a young man, neither so well-dressed nor so impressive as either of the other men, explaining the insomnia with which he was troubled.

Completely relaxed presently, it was such a dinner as any six old friends might have. Conversation crisscrossed the table, easily, casually, comfortably. It was marked, if at all, from other dinners Estelle had attended, only by the general amusement at Martin Cameron's concern about his health.

"Did you ever see such a man?" she asked once. "He's convinced that he has every ailment known to science!"

They all laughed good-humoredly, indulgently, at that, and were talking again with one another. The evening grew on, and still they sat, and Estelle gradually became conscious of the fact that her young gentleman friend had withdrawn completely from the common conversation and was listening with rapt interest to something that Mr. Matthewson was explaining. At length she touched his elbow.

"What's the secret?" she asked.

Martin turned excitedly. "Mr. Spevo was operated on for appendicitis two years ago!" he replied quickly. "He was stricken right at his desk, just doubled up like a knife—he was telling me about it." He returned his attention to Mr. Matthewson. "Now, after you got to the hospital, did they operate at once or was it a long time you had to wait?"

"It was a pretty long time."

"How long, exactly?"

"Oh, five hours, I imagine. I got there at three ——"

"Were you in pain all that time?"

"They gave me a hypodermic shot."

"Does that hurt very much?"

"Oh, no, that doesn't hurt. I was taken to the operating room ——"

"How do they know you're all the way under the ether? How do they know when to begin carving?"

"They can tell; there's no doubt ——"

"I always had an idea that they probably had to guess. I took gas once, to have a tooth pulled, and I could swear the fellow lifted his forceps before I was all the way under. I nearly leaped out of the window. There I was ——"

"There's no danger whatever of that. They look at the pupils of your eyes ——"

"Now, when you came out of the ether—that hurt, didn't it? You really began to hurt then, didn't you?"

"Yes, some. I was very sick."

Estelle smiled with her mouth only. "Hadn't we better go?" she asked pleasantly. "It's half-past nine now. We ought to get away from here if we're going over to the Andruses'." Again she touched Martin's elbow. "I say, hadn't we better get started, Marty?"

"Just a minute, dear—just a minute," he threw over his shoulder absently; then to Mr. Matthewson, who was beginning to look a trifle jaded: "When it first struck you, was it a sharp pain, like a knife cut, or a dull pain?"

"It was a pretty sharp pain."

Joe said something Estelle didn't get to Helen and Mrs. Matthewson, and they laughed briefly. She gave her attention then to a chandelier, and strove to find some interest in it. A thin blanket of depression was beginning to settle over the party, but the appendectomic discussion continued. Helen touched her mouth with her hand to hide a yawn.

It was Mr. Matthewson who liberated them. He pushed back his chair resolutely.

"We'd better be getting along," he said. "It's ten o'clock," and to Martin apologetically: "Wait until we get over to the Andruses', and whatever you want to know ——" He nodded pleasantly and muttered something under his breath as they made their way to the cloakrooms.

Looking up at him as they stood side by side on the curb, waiting for a taxi, Estelle saw with surprise that Martin's forehead was dripping with perspiration.

"Great heavens!" he breathed. "Did you hear what he said about that sharp pain? And I'm sure I've got it!" Horror was in his eyes as he gazed down at her. "I'm sure I'll die."

"Nonsense!"

They all rode in strained silence to the Andruses', but spirits lifted when they entered the crowded, noisy, smoke-filled apartment and the identity of this still frightened young man became known as the author of the book that had reached its twelfth edition that day; and again Estelle felt the thrill of association, the kick that had come to her as, earlier, they had entered the dining room.

"Martin Cameron, eh?" Mr. Andrus greeted him heartily. "I've just finished reading The Dimpled Chin, and it was great! Let me introduce some of these others to you."

"Where's Mr. Spevo?" Martin whispered hoarsely.

"Mr. Spevo?" Mr. Andrus looked around inquiringly. "Is there a Mr. Spevo here?"

"The gentleman I came with."

Estelle pressed his hand. "He's gone down to the drug store to get some cigarettes," she explained. "He'll be back soon."

"I'm sure I've got it," he explained to her in a loud whisper. "A couple more questions and I'd know for sure."

"He'll be back."

Whatever the interests of the party when they came in, they had stopped, and eyes and thoughts traveled to the newcomer. Girls that were too pretty for words stood before him and Mr. Andrus and asked, with embarrassing frankness, for an introduction; and Estelle stood at his side, touching his arm, not because she feared to lose him but because it was splendid, for the moment, to sponsor him.

Then for a moment she moved away from him, carrying the thought of possession with her. She danced with a boy she'd once thought she loved, and trembled inwardly as he commented, half jealously, half in awe, on this new acquisition.

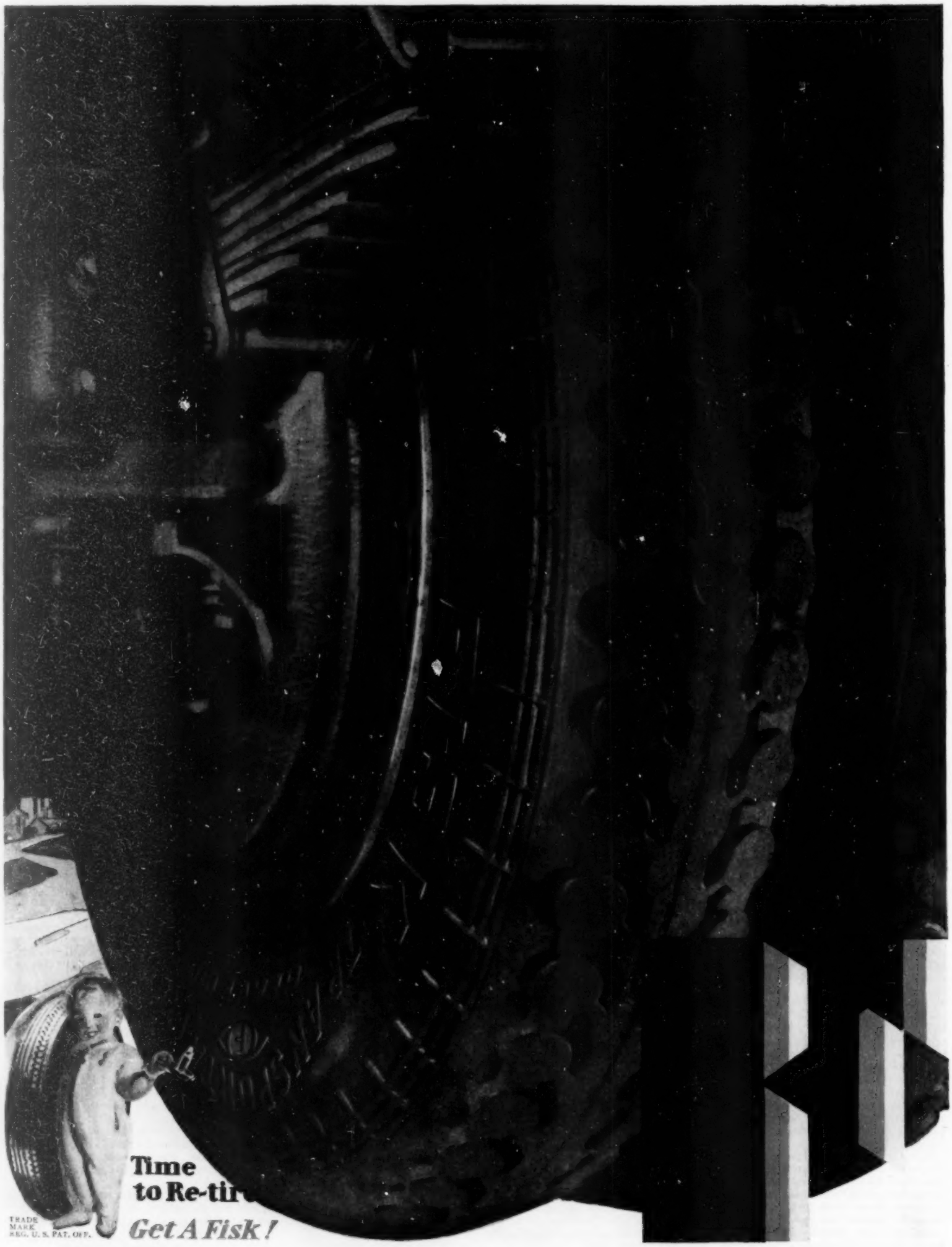
That part of the party she loved. All of it she remembered, for various reasons, but that part of it she loved. Her wrist, she felt, held an invisible leash wherever she went, and the leash led to the man around whom the party now centered. She danced with a dozen men, and trod on air, and through the smoke, somewhere in the apartment, she saw Martin Cameron, his badly shorn head bent anxiously toward some other guest.

Once she returned to talk to him, and he said he felt a little pain just below the floating ribs. For a moment she looked at him curiously, her excitement vaguely dampened.

Then: "Can't you talk about anything but the pains in your liver?" she asked.

His eyes opened in mild surprise. "It isn't my liver now," he assured her. "It

(Continued on Page 76)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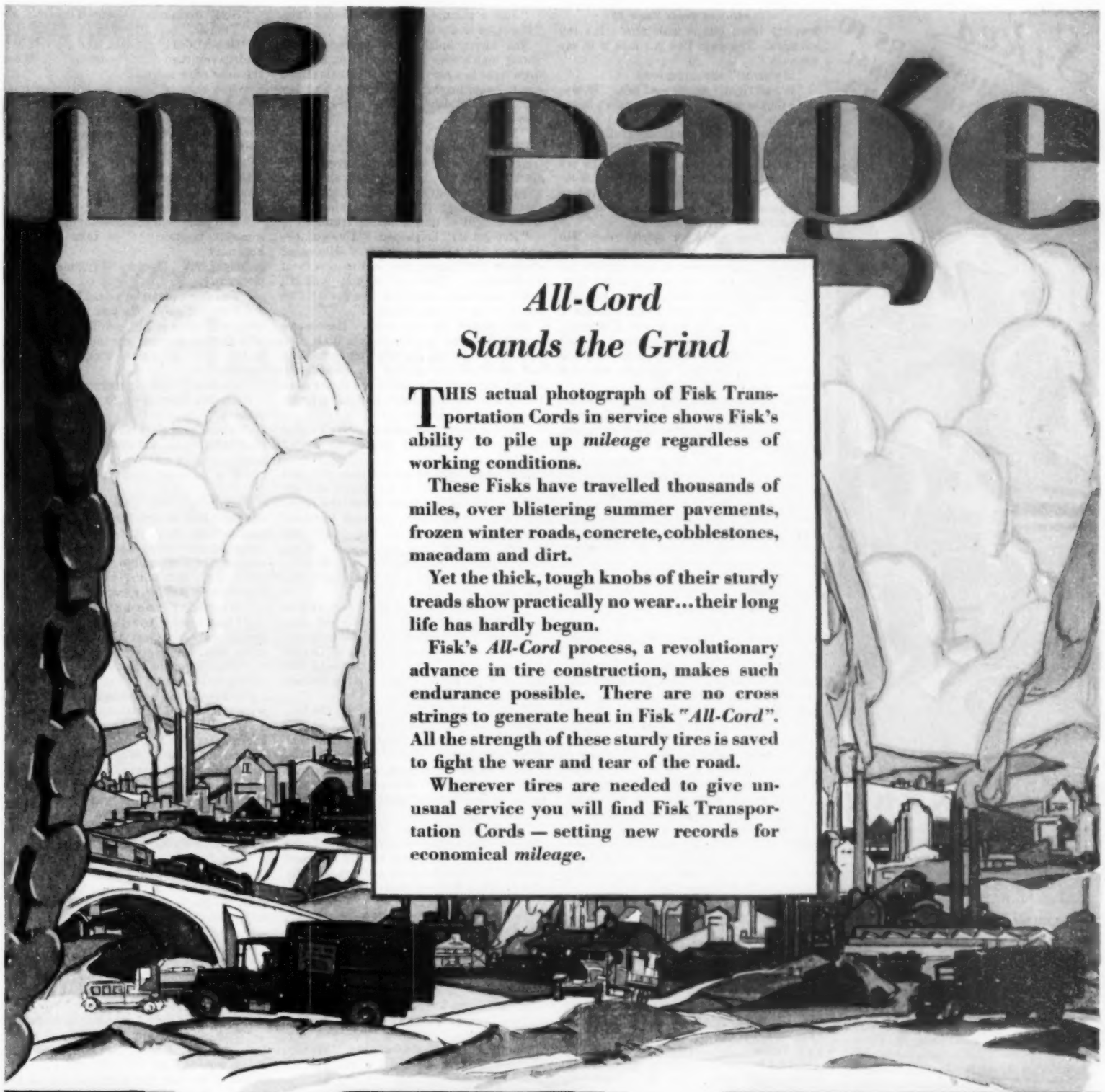

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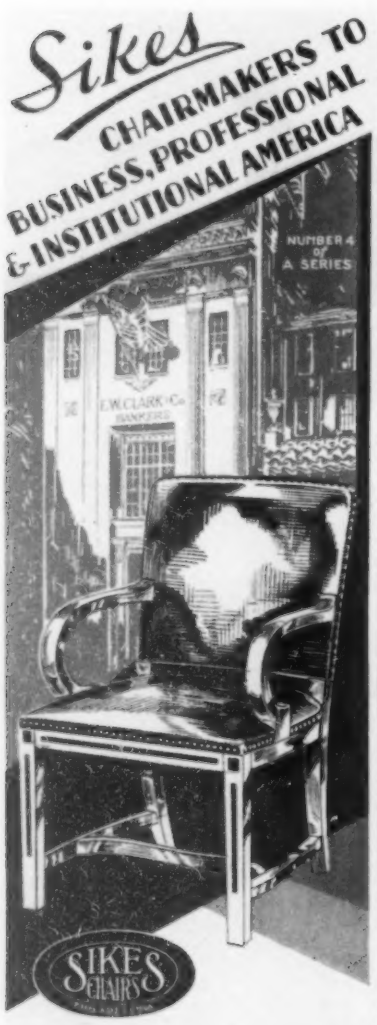

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(Continued from Page 73)

was my liver, but it isn't now. It's my stomach. The pain I've got now is in my stomach."

"My error," she murmured.

"It's all right," he excused her. "Everybody makes mistakes, but this pain's in my stomach."

His eyes followed her thoughtfully as she moved away. Twice again she drifted, with pretended carelessness, near where he sat with another girl, and once it was his insomnia he was discussing, and once it was that pain. Not again, until it was very late, did she approach him.

Away from him, her spirits rose. He was a famous man, and he was hers for the occasion. She enjoyed it, was thrilled by it, and then the hour was growing late. Once, over the shoulder of a boy she was dancing with in the next room, she saw a girl excuse herself from Martin Cameron, and Estelle Norris had excused herself often enough in the same way to recognize an anxiety to get away from one who was becoming a bit boring.

She smiled against the boy's shoulder, suddenly amused at the thought of girls so ill-equipped for the great game of intriguing men that they were unable to divert one's attention from his liver or stomach. On impulse she removed her partner's arm and walked away.

The crowd had thinned out. Mr. Andrus stood at the door, bidding guests good night. Martin, alone at a window, gazing with melancholy interest at the moon, found an arm thrust under his, and turned to look into the face of the more beautiful Norris sister.

"Oh, hello," he said.

"Let's go outside."

They stood on the flat roof then, leaning against a tiny penthouse, her arm still holding his. They watched the twinkling lights of Broadway. The night was warm, starred, moonlit, and presently her hand crept into his hand and squeezed.

"I wished I'd got another opportunity to talk to Mr. Spevo," he said moodily. "There was something else I wanted to ask him."

She did not say anything. It was late, and she was a bad little girl who stole other girls' gentlemen friends. At an hour like this, under a night like this, she was accustomed to look for something besides physical pangs. She looked for susceptible hearts. There was the moon, and this young man's arms ——

She drew closer, laid her burnished head against his chest and closed her eyes.

"You're all right, honey," she whispered. "You just think you're ill."

"But I'm not all right!" he interrupted indignantly. "Just as we got here this evening that pain ——"

"Now, now!" she endeavored to soothe him. "Maybe you did have a little pain, but that isn't serious. Everybody has little pains."

"Mine isn't any little pain. Mine is a big pain," he insisted. "Right here."

"Listen," she said rather sharply: "if you can't forget that imaginary pain ——"

"Imaginary!"

"Certainly it's imaginary. You're one of these hypochondriacs, always thinking you've got some ail——"

At that second Martin Cameron gave a violent jerk, as though he'd been poked in the ribs with a dagger.

"There!" he exclaimed excitedly. "There it is—right under the floating ribs!"

As she separated herself from him, with no objections on his part, it seemed that her patience was slipping fast.

"I'm a bit fed up on this," she said coldly. "All I've heard this evening is that bellyache of yours, and if that's all a famous author has got to talk about to a girl he takes out ——"

"There!"

She gasped, for this second leap had doubled up the young man. Gripping his middle, he was leaning against the penthouse, making horrible faces, and she was suddenly alarmed.

"Just a minute!" she said desperately. "If you're really ill ——"

She never finished the sentence. The young man's eyes began to bulge, his face drew tight in agony, and with a little stifled moan he crumpled to the floor and lay writhing helplessly. Estelle gazed at him, horror-stricken.

"Martin!"

Then, while she stood paralyzed with fright, his twisting body turned over and he stared up at her, and through all of the anguish that held his eyes, through all the pain and misery that gripped him, there shone a light of unmistakable triumph.

"I've got it!" he gasped. "I've got it—and you said it was imaginary!" His voice, strained and hoarse, rose in the victory of vindication. "You—all of you—you all said I was crazy—and now I've got it! I've got it! I've got appendicitis!"

She waited for no more. Her nerve shaken, her lips holding back a little hysterical sob, she ran, leaving him curled in a ball on the roof against the penthouse. Stumbling down the stairs, she threw open the door to the apartment, and half a dozen lingering guests looked up.

"He's dying!" she panted. "He's dying up there on the roof! Somebody go! I can't!"

The room emptied almost instantly, and while feet clattered on the stairs and excited shouts echoed from above, she stumbled into the bedroom, fumbled her scarf out of the rummage on the couch and grabbed her bag from the bureau. When they returned, Mr. Andrus and another man carrying Martin between them, she was gone.

"Into the bedroom, Tom," Mr. Andrus directed sharply; and to someone else: "Joe, get the switchboard downstairs on the house phone. Tell the girl to call Doctor Williams on the fourth floor and send him up here right away. Tell her it's a life and death matter."

They got the moaning youth on the bed, his shoes off and his clothes loosened, and Mr. Andrus stepped back, his forehead damp with perspiration.

"Get in the next room, everybody, will you?" he pleaded. "We've got to do something—I don't know what—but we can't let him die."

"Well, I got to hand it to him," commented Tom as they returned to the living room; "he certainly is a man of his word. He said he was going to get appendicitis, and he got it without delay."

"Don't joke."

They were standing around nervously when Doctor Williams arrived, calm, poised, debonair, comfortable, as physicians will be at critical moments.

"Where's the patient?" he asked.

They pointed to the bedroom and stood clustered about the open door as he went in and shook hands formally with Mr. Andrus.

"I'd intended dropping in on you anyway, Andy," he remarked affably. "Wanted to tell you about breaking a hundred the other day."

"I know, I know," Mr. Andrus humored him abstractedly, "but would you mind looking at this young man?"

"Not at all!"

He drew a chair to the bedside and began with skilled fingers to locate the pain which had left the young author pale and dry-lipped. Then, at a glance from him, Mr. Andrus shut the door again, and the remaining guests moved uncertainly outside, undecided whether they should leave or stay. At the end of ten minutes the physician and their host came out.

"Does anybody know," asked Doctor Williams, "if this young man ate or drank anything this evening?"

"I don't think he had anything," volunteered a young woman. "I was with him a while and he wouldn't have a thing then."

"Anybody else see him take anything?"

"Well," said a young man slowly, "when he first came in he said he was very hot and thirsty, and wanted some water. We went into the kitchen together and he drank six tall glasses of ice water."

"Six!" exclaimed Doctor Williams.

"Yes, sir."

"Good Lord!" he said, and he and Mr. Andrus returned to the bedroom and closed the door once more.

When they came out again, a few minutes later, Doctor Williams had shut his case. Mr. Andrus looked greatly relieved, nor had the physician lost any of his calm jauntiness.

"I believe I could afford to remain a little while longer, Andy," he said, "if you thought I might get a drink."

"By all means."

"Will you—will you operate here," asked someone hesitantly, "or take him to a hospital?"

"Neither," Doctor Williams replied pleasantly.

"You don't mean he's dead!"

"Very unlikely. He just got a touch of what any of us might get if any of us was silly enough to pour six tall glasses of ice water into a warm stomach—cholera morbus."

"Cholera!" a young man cried, horrified.

"Cholera morbus—a form of acute indigestion."

"I thought cholera morbus was something that babies got," said a much puzzled young lady.

"It is," Doctor Williams replied.

The instant the door of her bedroom opened Clara reached for the electric light and sat up straight, wide awake. Her beautiful red-haired sister stood, her back against the wall, pulling nervously at her hand bag. Something had occurred, and Clara's eyes suddenly narrowed.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"I just wanted to tell you," Estelle said breathlessly—"I just wanted to let you know what a miserable evening ——"

"What happened, I say? What's become of Marty?"

"I left him. I couldn't stand it. We were talking and he just crumpled up ——"

"Estelle!" One leg thrust out of bed and she reached for a dressing gown, her eyes still on her sister. "Where—where is he?"

"At Andy's. I never had such an evening. He kept talking about his liver or his stomach—sometimes it was his liver and sometimes it was his stomach—and then he just crumpled up on the floor, and I ran. I couldn't help it."

"You little beast!" Clara's eyes blazed. "You brainless little beast! If anything's happened to him!" The dressing gown had been dropped, and she was fumbling rapidly into her clothes. "You took him out—you took him away—and when he needed somebody, you ran!"

"I couldn't help it! I just couldn't," she murmured helplessly. "I don't want ever to see him again—to upset me the way he did! I'm sorry ——"

"Get out of here."

"You can have him," Estelle said, rising uncertainly. "I don't care how famous he is. I wouldn't go out with the Prince of Wales if he had the stomachache all the time."

"Listen!" Clara stood dressed; hat in hand. "Marty Cameron isn't famous to me. He's just the man I love, and when I love a man he can have the stomachache and the ear ache and the liver ache and the toe ache and the headache and every other kind of ache—he's mine!"

"And welcome," murmured her sister under her breath.

The taxi made the trip in ten minutes flat, and Clara rewarded the driver with a dollar. Outside the door of the Andrus apartment she began to tremble slightly, and when, in answer to her ring, a cheery voice called to her to come in, the knob rattled in her hand.

Two men were in the room—two men with glasses in their hands, who stood up politely and greeted her with unworried smiles.

"Is he all right?" she demanded quickly.

"Hello, Clara," Mr. Andrus recognized her. "You mean ——"

(Continued on Page 78)

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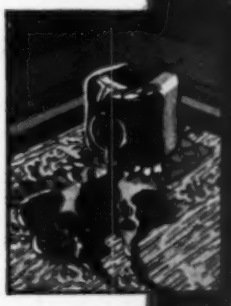

Down goes the ink! But no harm to the pretty rug—because it wipes right off.

As a matter of fact, the stickiest of grease spots, the worst stains, even such caustics as lye, when dropped on an Armstrong's Quaker Rug, disappear with the swish of a damp mop or cloth. Everyday dirt and tracked-in soil are swept right off by the broom.

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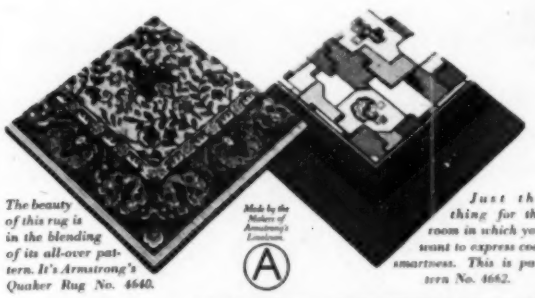
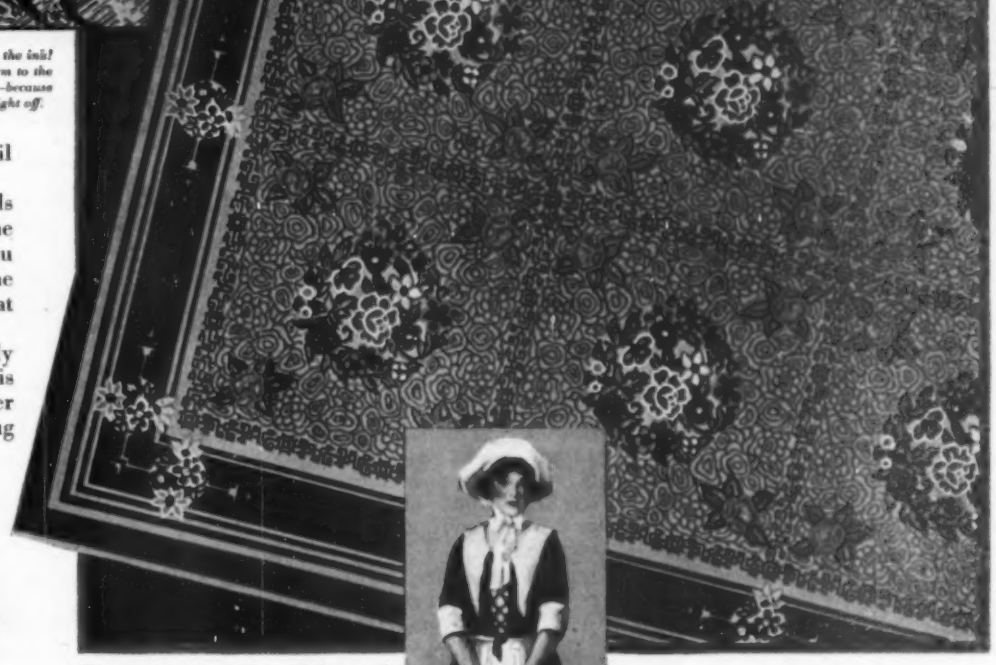


The beauty of this rug is in the blending of its all-over pattern. It's Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4640.

Just the thing for the room in which you want to express cool smartness. This is pattern No. 4662.



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You'll enjoy the new beauty of CROMAR OAK FLOORS

years after hand-finished floors would have needed refinishing

When this carefully appointed home was built in Ventnor, exclusive residential section of Atlantic City, every room was floored with CROMAR.

CROMAR installation in home of different architectural character

The far more durable finish of CROMAR Oak Floors results from the almost sensational CROMAR method of completely finishing each strip at the factory. Scraping, sanding, filling, double varnishing, and even treating against moisture—with CROMAR, all those operations are performed by machines before the flooring leaves the factory. CROMAR arrives and is nailed down. That's all.

With ordinary oak flooring every operation from scraping to the final finishing coat must be done by hand in the house after the unfinished strips are nailed down. A long, tedious, irritating job. An uncertain job and a job that does not permit the important moisture resisting treatment at all.

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Thus machine-filling—and the precise uniformity of machine-varnishing—gives you the lasting beauty of a CROMAR floor and greatly reduces re-finishing costs.

Yet, with all these and other advantages, CROMAR floors cost no more than hand-finished oak floors.

CROMAR marks a revolutionary advance in the history of wood floors. The story of its manufacture and the benefits you derive from it is most interesting. Write for a free sample and booklets which tell of the numerous and exclusive CROMAR features in detail.

CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

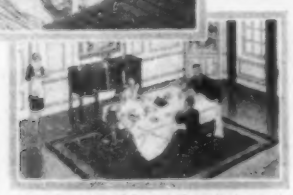
CROMAR is a tongue-and-groove *flooring—which means that the nails are driven* not *through the surface but through the tongue—and are thus concealed by the groove of the adjoining strip.*

CROMAR right over your old floors

Because CROMAR is completely finished at the factory, it is Laid and Used the Same Day! When the beautifully finished CROMAR strips reach you *crated* in compact, easy-to-handle, damage-proof bundles, there is not another thing to do but nail them down—right over your old floors. The complete job (just nailing, remember) is done at the speed of a room a day. Started after breakfast—completed before dinner!

After Breakfast—the room cleared and the carpenter ready to nail down the finished CROMAR Flooring

Laid and used the same day



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CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

(Continued from Page 76)

"Marty—is he all right?"

Mr. Andrus looked at Doctor Williams, who drained his glass before replying.

"I imagine so," he said then. "He should be—but let's go in and see."

He walked over to the bedroom door and opened it, and they saw the patient sitting on the side of the bed, still a little rocky, but apparently in no immediate danger. He had got his shoes on and was buttoning his shirt. Then she was sitting beside him, an arm over his shoulder.

"Oh, Marty dear," she breathed, "are you all right?"

"Why, Clara, what are you doing here!"

"Never mind. Are you all right, dear?"

"Well"—he looked thoughtfully at the doctor—"I'm a little hungry. After all this I feel a little empty ——"

"What would you like to eat?" Doctor Williams asked curiously. "After some of the things you've told me, I'd like to know what your idea of a dandy little meal at this time would be."

"I believe I'd like some chili con carne," he said after a pause. "I kind of feel that some chili con carne would go very well."

"Oh, Marty!" the girl wailed.

"We might all pop over to the El Rancho and get some," he suggested. "You get the best chili there."

"Do you realize that it is nearly three o'clock, dear, and that you have been ill ——"

"It's open all night," he replied confidently. "I've been in there at six in the morning."

"But, Marty, you've been ill, dear—you've been very ill. I was afraid you were dying."

"Well," he admitted with a trace of pride in his voice, "I did have a pretty tough time of it. I think it was a touch of appendicitis."

"Excuse me," Doctor Williams interrupted impatiently, "but will you repeat to this young lady what you had for dinner tonight?"

"Certainly. I was quite hungry, dear; I hadn't had anything since four o'clock in the morning. I'd had some hot dogs then, and I didn't get a chance to eat any more until dinnertime; so I was quite hungry. I got some sauerkraut juice, some lobster Newburg, a slice of watermelon and some iced tea."

Mr. Andrus gazed at the young man in awe.

"I was hungry," the young man repeated his explanation. "That's why I took the watermelon."

"And when he arrived here," Doctor Williams added, "he was feeling quite warm, so he drank six tall glasses of iced water—six is what I said."

"Warm," Marty hastened to explain, "and thirsty."

"And mad," the physician said bluntly.

"Well"—Marty looked helplessly at Clara—"it certainly felt like appendicitis to me."

Doctor Williams rose. "Do you," he addressed Clara, "happen to be his sister?"

"Not exactly," she replied.

"She's the sister of the girl he brought here," Mr. Andrus explained.

Doctor Williams' eyebrows lifted. "Are you courting the whole family?" he asked in surprise.

"No," Marty answered innocently, "just one."

"Well, this young lady may be interested, she may not be, but I'd like to give you a bit of advice which I think falls quite within my province as a physician, and I'd like to have someone hear it who was near you and who seemed quite balanced mentally."

"That might describe me," Clara admitted.

"What would you think," he continued, "of three large, wholesome meals a day? What would you think of a good, sound breakfast in the morning, a light meal around midday, and a heartier one in the evening? What would you think of having three such meals every day at those hours?"

Marty's eyes brightened. "It sounds splendid," he agreed. "That's really the right idea."

"Well, why don't you have your wife fix them for you?" the physician asked sharply.

"My wife! I'm not married!"

"Oh, well," he interrupted. "In that case there doesn't seem to be anything to do about it. If you had a wife who was quite mentally balanced, everything would be all right, and your stomach might, in the course of a few months, regain—but if you haven't one, I suppose that settles it."

He turned with some finality and shook Mr. Andrus' hand.

"I've got to be going, Andy," he said. "This chap's all right, and I've enjoyed the chat. And that's a date for Saturday afternoon—meet you at the caddy house."

They walked out together, and the door, for some mysterious reason, swung shut.

Marty held her hand in his, gazing thoughtfully at the closed door, and then he spoke.

"He's right—he's right about that," he said. "I've been thinking about getting married—that is, about trying to get married—but not exactly in that light. But he's right about it, don't you think?"

"I'd say he was."

"He knows about those things." He withdrew one hand and crossed it over her shoulder and drew her nearer. "I said I was just thinking about getting married ——" and paused nervously. "You understand? You know what I mean?"

"Yes," she said softly, "I know."

"All right?" She put her arms around his neck. "He's right about that," he repeated, "but he's wrong about the other. That was a touch of appendicitis I had, and I could swear to it."

"Certainly it was appendicitis," she assured him sympathetically. "Certainly it was, dear. We know it, anyway."

He smiled proudly.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

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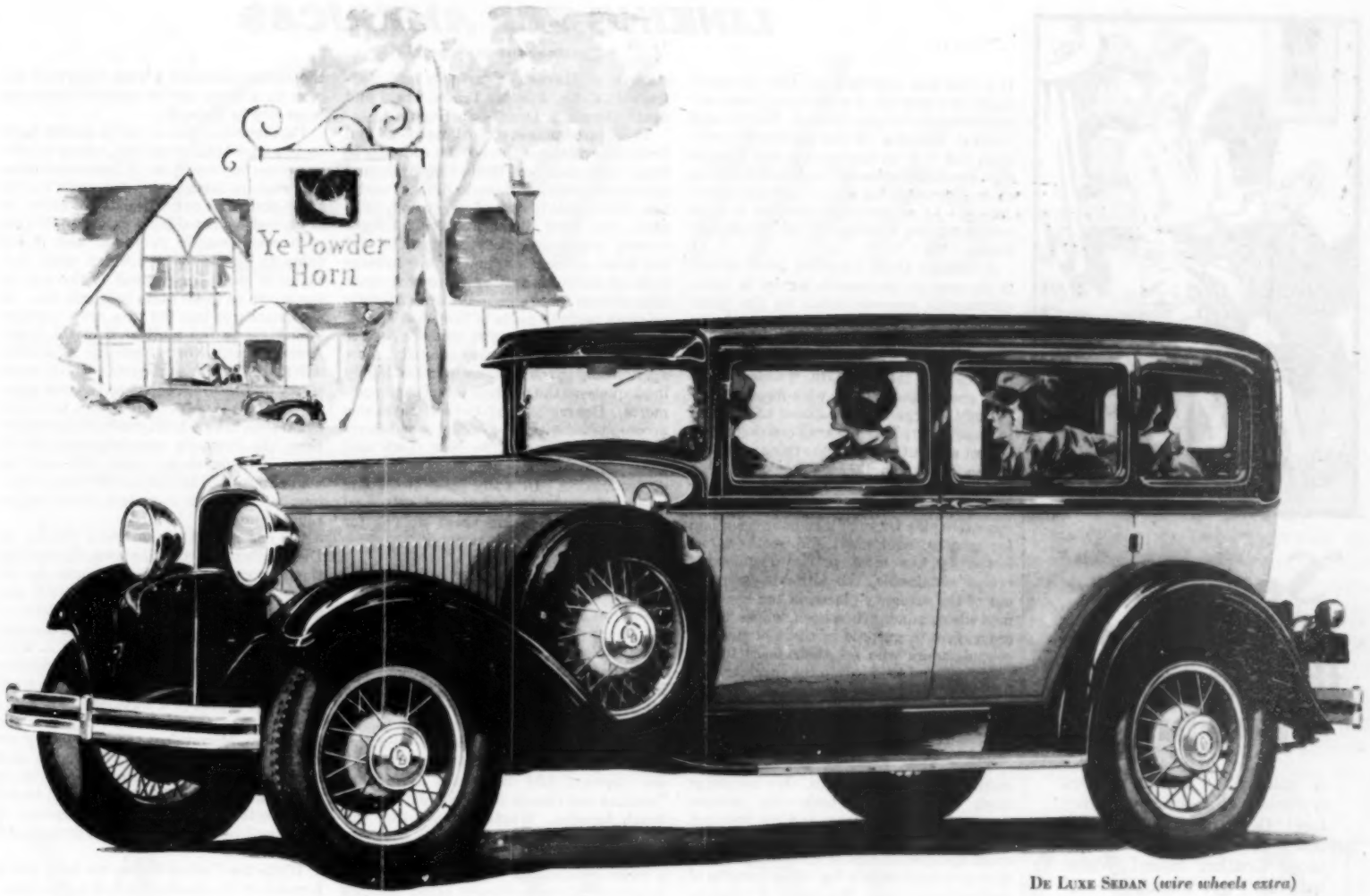

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WATER PROOF DRI-GUARD LEATHER SOLES

LINKING THE AMERICAS

(Continued from Page 7)

It is true that a project has been incepted lately to construct a motor road from our southwestern border through Mexico and Central America to the southern continent, but it is an engineering feat fraught with great difficulties of construction and an enterprise requiring expert political machination. As an accomplished fact it must necessarily be a thing of the far-distant future.

Seemingly these countries have offered in the past an impassable barrier to intercontinental communication by the sheer ruggedness of their topography, their instability of government, which has hindered the investment of adequate constructive capital, and their climate, which at best saps energy and saddles with disease.

But the urge and the desire to link the two continents have always been there, and almost without warning, the thing is done—not so fully as another six months will see it, but not, on the other hand, with merely the slapdash and impermanence of a mountebank's trick. Plans have been laid for months, equipment and methods selected by the most precise engineering brains obtainable, the ultimate carrying out of the actuality placed in the hands of men whose minds are as keen, whose hearts are as firm in purpose as those of the first conquistadors who set their faces to the westward and trudged up the coastal sands into the death-ridden jungles.

Air and Water

Times have changed, and with them methods of transportation. We no longer work with our old tools—the covered wagon, the pony express and the railroad. In two decades and a half the airplane has crept up upon us, first as a circus spectacle, then as a sportsman's toy and an engine of destruction in war. But today it takes its place as a common carrier, and if insurance rates are an index, it takes it permanently. In Europe it has had this place for ten years under government subsidy. The United States awoke more slowly. As a government we sponsored the airplane for mail carrying, but shied at it as individuals and refused it a position in private commercial enterprise. Suddenly a young man from St. Louis opened our eyes with a most spectacular drama of the ultimate possibilities of flying, and two years later we find the country netted with airways—airways safe, comfortable and reliable, slicing the hours of ground travel into minutes; attaining the impossible with a confidence-breeding matter-of-factness that has caught the man in the street and snared him almost before he realized what it was all about.

Within our own territorial limits results are before our eyes to be studied and compared as time goes on. Let us consider the changes air transport is bringing to the southward. The Indies first. For upward of five years a company known as the West Indies Aerial Express has been operating through the islands with inadequate equipment and insufficient capital; with nothing, in fact, save man power and the will to go onward; blazing the way in experience for a transportation system equal in equipment and resources to any of our great railroad systems. This company—Pan-American Airways, Inc.—the operating company for the Aviation Corporation of the Americas, opened, in February last, its full passenger service over the mail route it has operated for fifteen months between Miami and San Juan, Porto Rico, at the tip of the Indies, with regular intermediate stations at Havana, Camaguey and Santiago de Cuba, Port au Prince, Haiti and Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic.

Trimotored planes of the latest Ford and Fokker development cover the route three times outbound and three times inbound each week, with a maximum bracket variation of schedule to date of twenty-one minutes. The total distance covered by the system is approximately 1461 miles and the mean average air time for the mileage is fifteen hours, as against a former steamer time of from six to eight days from Atlantic seacoast ports to ports in the West Indies. West Indian port-to-port steamer service has always been a variable quantity, most aggravating to the business man and highly inadequate to the needs of interisland commerce. Generally, port-to-port travel was accomplished with the greatest speed, heretofore, by going first to New York and there taking a boat south again to the port of destination. In many cases two hours by air today save upward of ten days' actual steamer time plus time spent waiting for steamer arrivals and departures.

In the Language of Business

Besides aiding the individual, this service brings the three large islands of the West Indies closer to New York in point of mail time and passenger travel than San Francisco is from New York by rail at the present moment—a fact that will be of far-reaching future significance in island commerce. It may be that in time this service will find a logical extension through the Leeward and Windward Islands to Trinidad and thence down the east coast of South America. Whether or not that will be an alternative route to the southern continent is not our present concern, for a route established by the same Pan-American Airways already exists through those barrier countries of Central America, whose terrain has for so long resisted the efforts of the engineer.

This route, although newer than the route through the Indies and not open to passengers for another six months, is just as regular in service, just as soundly backed financially and just as adequately supplied with air equipment as any other aerial service in any part of the globe.

In the hands of veteran pilots who have spent months in surveying the country flown over, planes carrying United States mails under regular government contracts leave the Pan-American airport at Miami on the first and fifteenth of each month at 6:30 A.M. and arrive at France Field, Cristobal, Canal Zone, by four P.M. the third day. On the seventh and twenty-second of each month planes leave Cristobal and arrive at Miami by four P.M. the third day. On April first this becomes a weekly schedule and by midsummer will be operated daily. Intermediate stops include Havana, the clearing terminal for both routes, Le Fe, Cuba—a gas and oil station—San Miguel on Cozumel Island off the coast of Yucatan, Mexico—a fueling station for the up trip—Belize, British Honduras; Tela, Honduras; Managua, Nicaragua; Puntarenas, Costa Rica; David, Republic of Panama, and Cristobal.

The total air time for the trip is approximately nineteen hours, and the service, twice every month, brings South America closer to North America than Europe is by half a week. Concretely and in terms of the business man, by utilizing air mail throughout, a letter can leave any large city of the United States today and reach the northern cities of South America, be answered and the answer received a week before an answer to a letter can be received from any large city in Europe.

Furthermore, this is not a service built to do a trick that, once done, ceases to have any cause for repetition. It is a sound financial venture inaugurated for profit on the same basis that our railroads are built. It is backed by formidable capital, affiliated with seven coastal railroads, and it has come to stay and to develop until it is taken as much for granted by the man in the street as those same railroads are. In six months or less the man with business affiliations to the southward or the South American with North American affiliations will fly between his interests with the same safety and assurance that he has now when he takes his steamer, but with a saving of from seven to twenty days over that steamer time. In those six months ground facilities will be developed more fully and the whole route will be put on the same exactness of schedule that the West Indian route enjoys.

On one stretch alone, from Ciudad de David, Panama, to Managua, Nicaragua, three hours and fifty-five minutes by air takes the place of ten days' ground and water travel between the two points; a fact of vital significance on February twenty-third last, when Raymond J. Merritt, flying the second regular up-trip plane, brought scarlet-fever serum in from Cristobal to relieve a threatened epidemic in Managua. On another stretch over the Honduran Mountains, three hours by air obviates some fifteen days' ground and water travel plus the passing of three or four frontiers—conditions which, all travel costs included, will bring the expense of flying well below the expense of ground and water travel.

While the United States has been going forward in the development of aerial transport, South America has been keeping pace. In Chile a combined air-mail-passenger service from Santiago to Arica has been in full operation since February twenty-fifth of this year. Argentina has recently granted air-mail concessions between Buenos Aires and New York to the Trimotor Safety Airways, to start October next. The Brazilian Government has turned over the development of its air lines to the Aerial Transport Company of that country. Practically all the aerial transportation companies in South America operate directly or indirectly with European air lines that enjoy subsidies from European governments.

When Competition Looms

Until the latter part of February of this year the Panama Canal Zone's being closed to commercial air traffic has kept these European subsidized lines from direct competition with the nonsubsidized Pan-American Airways. Now that the Zone is open by the consent of the United States Government, we shall shortly see that phenomenon so common with the railroads in the last four decades—aerial freight and passenger wars. Pan-American has already advanced into enemy territory. The first American air line in South America was opened six months ago along the west coast of Peru. On March second the company, in connection with the Grace Steamship Company, was awarded the United States mail contract over the longest aerial route in the world—from Cristobal, Canal Zone, to Santiago de Chile. This route will cross territory in Colombia that has been for several years served by the German

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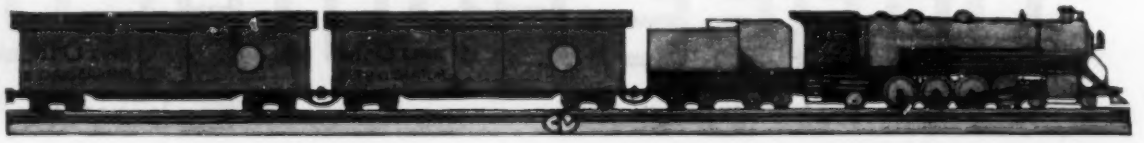

All this . . .

Individuality—Built for those who want beauty and style well away from the commonplace, bearing a name that is universally respected among all fine cars.

Straight-Eight Power—A genuine, Marmon-built straight-eight engine provides the power—smooth, effortless, abundant.

Remarkable Comfort—A quality of all Marmons that people never forget.

Performance in Town—Marmon straight-eight power reduces gear-shifting a full half. Never jumpy at low traffic speeds. The speedometer can drop to 3 or 4—press the throttle—no need to wait—no need to shift. Smooth, alert power is always there. Easy to steer. Easy to park.

Performance in the Country—Here's a car that doesn't require stiff-arm driving. Head a Marmon down the road, measure off the speed wanted, give the car its lead and the job of driving is no job at all.

Long-Lived—This Marmon is not a car to be "traded" every year or eighteen months. It's built for long life—the same period of service you would expect from the most expensive cars. Straight-eight power is easy power—easy on the bearings and all working parts.

Economical to Run—Some people consider the straight-eight a great car to drive but expensive to operate. Engineering facts and Marmon owner records prove this is not so. It's power delivered, not the number of cylinders, that regulates gas consumption.

Marmon Prices—The Marmon 68 (illustrated here) is only $1465. The Marmon 78 is $1965. (Prices at factory. Group equipment extra.) That these cars have had a real appeal is evidenced by the fact that Marmon's business last year was nearly double any previous volume.

Costs Nothing to Try—Many people go back year after year and buy the same make of car. Others try the whole field before deciding. To both classes we issue a friendly challenge to try a Marmon and let the car itself do the selling. All Marmon dealers are prepared to show you more automobile for the money than can be had anywhere else in the world. This we confidently believe.

MARMON MOTOR CAR CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

MARMON

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF G. M. WILLIAMS

. . . . . at $1465

If

Don't trust to

ANTIQUATED METHODS

to protect beautiful teeth and gums

TODAY WE KNOW THAT FIRST YOU MUST GUARD THE DANGER LINE FROM ACIDS

WOMEN who suffer from slow poisoning by decaying teeth and infected gums may not be actually ill. But they may find charm and beauty waning. For lack of vitality makes faces old. Pain and worry soon cause wrinkles.

Indeed, we know now that radiant health has no more treacherous enemy than tooth decay. Physicians and dentists tell us that thousands fall victims to heart and nervous disorders, rheumatism, premature old age through tooth decay and gum infection.

And so often these ills result not only from neglect, but from erroneous, old-fashioned methods of mouth hygiene. For we know now that just cleaning the exposed surfaces cannot bring you full protection . . . that correct mouth hygiene must be based on one fundamental fact . . .

It is recognized today that the most serious dental troubles begin at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. In the tiny V-shaped crevices there, acids attack the teeth and irritate the gums. And these crevices, particularly those between the teeth, are beyond the reach of any tooth-brush.

The Squibb Laboratories realized this several years ago. Upon the advice of dental authorities, they developed a dental cream that cleans perfectly . . . and also protects the teeth and gums against acids.

Physicians and dentists long have recognized that Milk of Magnesia is the most effective of all products for neutralizing those acids which attack the teeth and gums. Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of this safe, pleasant antacid—enough to neutralize the mouth acids at The Danger Line and give protection long after use.

Don't risk your health and charm another day. Consult your dentist regularly. Get a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream. It contains no astringents, no grit, no abrasives—nothing that can injure the most tender mouth. Use it on the gums. Then you may be sure that your teeth and gums are safeguarded.

At druggists'—40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is pure and pleasant to take because it has no earthy taste. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it also truly valuable in promoting alimentation.*

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER.

Listen in every Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 Eastern Standard Time over Stations WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW, *for the Priceless Ingredient Message by eminent authorities on the preservation of health. Broadcasting facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.*

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SQUIBB'S

Dental Cream

If

(Continued from Page 82)

Colombian Company—Scadta. Now that the Canal Zone is open to the planes of that company and others, the American company can expect stiff competition to the northward along its routes in Central America.

That, however, is a private matter of commercial competition, which is the governor on the machine of progress. We are interested here in the larger results of this linking of the two continents; for linked they are today in point of time more closely than either one is linked to any other continent or country. What will be the ultimate outcome of this linking?

For thirty years efforts have been made to draw the two continents together. Spanish has become a regular subject in our public high schools, Pan-American conferences have been held, commissions have investigated and reported; but the barrier of distance by sea and inaccessibility overland, coupled with mob misunderstanding of our political necessity in the barrier countries, has held up the greatest moral alliance for peace and prosperity that the world will ever know.

During those thirty years American armies and Marine landing parties have been a familiar spectacle at intervals, from our southwestern border to the Isthmus of Panama, from Havana and Santiago de Cuba to San Juan, Porto Rico. As these words shape themselves, Managua is still heavily garrisoned and the outlying territories of Nicaragua are still patrolled by United States Marines; there is a Marine administration in Haiti under a treaty which does not expire until 1936; Santo Domingo is only five years old in its post-occupational rebirth. Only fifteen years have elapsed since Vera Cruz was taken by force of arms, and only thirteen since a punitive column crossed the Mexican border.

Practicing Our Own Doctrine

Whatever indictments may be brought against us, whatever mistakes and accusations of mismanagement may be laid at our doorstep, two most significant points must be acknowledged in our favor. The first—that in spite of the past thirty years we own today only 553 square miles of the mainland of South and Central America, as against a total of approximately 180,000 square miles owned by three European powers; our ownership being on a lease basis and the land being the Zone through which the Panama Canal is cut—perhaps our greatest engineering feat as a nation and undoubtedly one of the greatest facilitations to trade that the world has had since the Isthmus of Suez was divided. And second—that although there has been bloodshed, seemingly needless at times, that bloodshed has been followed in the main by peace and its attendant blessings of sanitation, education, development and increased commercial activity.

It has been our history and the tradition of our imperialistic policy—if we have one—that the engineer follow the soldier, the bathtub the bayonet, and schools and hospitals the bivouac, but that the land revert to the hands of its people as soon as its people show an ability to control it with intelligence and foresight, and to keep it from menacing the enterprise of others.

Thirty years of practicing the doctrine we preach, and practicing it with a certain degree of success, has had its effect.

Between the ten independent countries of South America and the United States there exists a growing feeling of mutual respect and trust, solidified by a century of peace and the square dealing that is always attendant upon mutual endeavor. For mutual endeavor there has been. Side by side the two continents have worked at the same problems in the same way.

Proximity and Isolation

Our mutual and universal dissemination of manufactures and raw materials is a natural result of the stamina and intelligent experience that are the heritage of peoples who in one hundred and fifty years have taken wild, untrammeled land in their bare hands, broken it and molded it into vast countries in which livings may be earned for the price of work—livings which, standard for standard and dollar for dollar, are higher, more assured, and more physically and mentally beneficial to the individual than their counterpart on any other two continents of the world today. That is our joint accomplishment and tradition, and it is the lesson that we have to teach to others.

Today, in this new proximity which modern aerial transportation gives us—a proximity and at the same time a mutual isolation—misunderstandings will fade and the political necessity that causes them will cease to be.

Side by side we will stand, controlling in the interests of peace more than half of the world's supply of those materials without which modern warfare becomes an impossibility; building up jointly an economic health which, spreading throughout the world, will make future wars an absurdity. Civilization, in its march toward the setting sun, has begotten the people of these two continents as her heirs. For years we have stood apart through no fault of our own, working at our own jobs and building for that day when we would stand together, accepting the responsibility and administering our joint heritage. Suddenly the opportunity is at hand, through the genius of man, raised on the pinnacle of hard work, and that day dawns on the horizon—today!

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.

The Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.

WHY BANKS FAIL

(Continued from Page 39)

value; under the sheriff's hammer few of the stocks of merchandise or the warehoused goods involved would have paid out on the loans they were hypothecated to protect.

One of the new bank's most valued customers was a local capitalist who dealt largely in real estate and in speculative properties—a man reputed to have made plenty of money and known to be a plunger—whose account, West remembered, had previously been carried by one of the old and conservative institutions of the growing city. On the strength of a personal friendship the examiner went to the president of the older bank and asked a blunt question.

"Mr. Desmond," he said, "do you mind telling me how you came to lose the account of Mr. Blankenship, the real-estate speculator?"

"Didn't lose it," the president replied succinctly. "Wished it off."

"Why?"

"Better off without it. Blankenship is liable to blow up with a loud bang any day."

"I notice he is depositing now with the Neighborhood National."

"Yep. Sent him there myself."

West was surprised.

"Oh, you did? Are you interested, by any chance ——"

"I am not. Have interests enough here to keep me in hot water. But the fact is that the Neighborhood has ambitions to grow big. Big, bigger, biggest! I can't stop them from being ambitious, can I? No! I encourage 'em! I send them plenty of customers."

"I see. You send them, for instance, all your Blankenships."

The president chuckled.

"That's the size of it. They want to make a showing—want a long list of names on their books. For their purpose the name of Blankenship is as good as any. So I give them Blankenship."

"Do you suppose, Mr. Desmond, that the other older banks are encouraging the Neighborhood in its aspirations after size?"

"Encouraging it with Blankenships—yes. Good day!"

Too Many Eggs in One Basket

In a thoughtful frame of mind, Examiner West returned to the Neighborhood National. To the amazement of its directors and officials, he pronounced them unsound, catalogued most of their loans as risky and told them that they would have to reform immediately or face suit for the revocation of their charter pending a searching examination of their affairs. They tried argument, threats and prayers, but West was adamant. When, unconvinced and surly, the directors sought to meet the examiner's demands, they found themselves in deep waters. Eventually, to avoid a suspension, they were forced to consent to a consolidation with an older bank, their own identity being submerged and most of the individual officers and directors being dropped from the rolls. Had it not been for Examiner West's pertinacity and for his brief interview with President Desmond, the Neighborhood National Bank would have failed with a great commotion, and the whole financial pool of the region would have been considerably roiled.

Country banks and those in smaller cities have constantly to be warned by the bank examiners against a tendency particularly difficult for them to avoid and yet hazardous in the extreme—the tendency to put all their loan eggs in the home basket. Such banks are organized by local men with local money, usually; their special plea is that they are home-town affairs and it is properly represented that, as such, they are entitled to the business of the home folks. So far, good! But the direct corollary of the proposition is that they must take care of home borrowers.

If there is a diversified activity thereabouts, such as farming outside the town's limits and substantial industry inside, the chances of trouble are lessened, or if either the farming or the industry is diversified. But if a town's existence and prosperity depend on a single industry or one line of produce, there is danger when the test of a crop or market failure comes. Neighborhoods that manufacture a specialty such as cotton goods, or farm districts exclusively devoted, say, to the cultivation of early peaches, are so bound up financially with the market that what amounts to a mere flurry in Wall Street or the wheat pit or the fresh-fruit auction house may become a simoon or a blizzard when it reaches Grangeville or Meeker's Mills. The banker in Grangeville or the Mills is between the devil and the deep sea; he cannot refuse loans to his own people when he has the money, yet if he is sound he cannot tie up all his available cash in loans secured entirely by the home-grown or the home-made product.

Another Surplus Problem

In a small town in the central part of California it chanced that this very situation arose not long ago. The countryside was planted almost exclusively to raisin grapes and the raisin business was in difficulties that promised to increase. The sudden death of the principal banker in the vicinity catapulted into his chair a public-spirited and successful vineyardist wholly unfamiliar with banking except as he had observed its more obvious practices and policies as a director. President Eaton, thoroughly conversant with the raisin industry, was aware that the vineyardists were in for another bad time, and he was appalled to find out—what, as a director of the bank, he certainly should have known before—that the Producers' National had practically all its loans secured either by raisin-crop orders and vineyard properties or by business houses in the town that, if the raisin market failed, would automatically become extremely frozen assets.

Unable to see how his tardy knowledge of the fact would help him avoid its consequences, President Eaton sent for a bank examiner, and our friend West appeared. Eaton explained.

"You believe that there may be a bad raisin year?" the bank examiner inquired.

"I know there will be. I was a vineyardist long before I ever became a banker, and I recognize the signs."

"In that case you will have to bestir yourself," West said. "Have you, by chance, any good friends who are bankers in other parts of the state?"

"Several. A cousin over in the dairy section, for one. An old friend is president of a bank up in the rice country. And an acquaintance who owes me something is flourishing like the green bay tree in Long Beach, where real estate is booming."

"Then I would ask the directors for a week or two off and I would go visiting. I would take with me some of the bank's best paper, and I would try to exchange it with your friends for securities and mortgages they hold. If you can scatter your risks you will be distinctly better off in case of trouble here at home."

Banker Eaton grasped at this suggestion and carried it into effect. His friends came up to visit him, investigated for themselves, and agreed to accept some of his paper. A few months later, when raisin prices for the opening of the season were announced, there was considerable worry and some panic in the San Joaquin. Banker Eaton labored with his neighbors, worked night and day to help them, maintained equilibrium. The few notes he was compelled to call were finally liquidated without serious loss; meantime the paper he had received in exchange from his outside friends proved

(Continued on Page 89)

"Troubles people never talk about"

—*are often caused by harsh toilet paper*

OVER 65 per cent of all men and women past 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

Obviously you don't hear much about these ailments. But they exist. And are even common among younger people and children.

How are they caused?

In many cases inferior bathroom paper is directly responsible. The harsh, glazed papers so frequently sold for bathroom tissue may be severely injurious to sensitive membranes.

223 hospital superintendents and 580 doctors recently listed the three qualities a toilet tissue must have to be medically safe: *great absorbency—special softness—chemical purity.*

Millions of careful housewives today ask for two tissues they know are approved by medical authorities—ScotTissue and Waldorf.

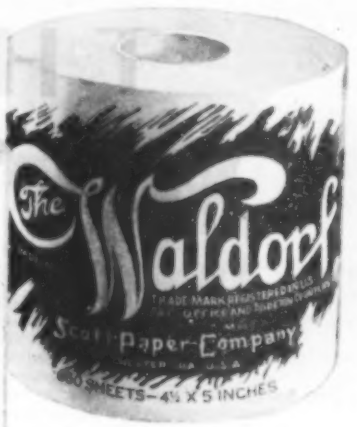
Scott tissues are made from specially processed fibres. Crumple a sheet in your hand. Note its unusual softness. Almost cloth-like in texture. Examine it closely. You see no harsh particles—no tiny splinters to injure the delicate skin.

You can prove the absorbency of ScotTissue or Waldorf by dropping a wadded ball in water. It sinks quickly. Ordinary toilet paper remains floating on top for several minutes.

These Tissues are Safe

Scott processed tissues are always chemically safe. Made from the finest fresh materials. They tear easily—squarely at the perforations.

Never again submit your children, your family, or your guests to the risk and discomfort of inferior bathroom paper. Always be sure of safety by asking for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



Waldorf—3 *for* 20¢
ScotTissue—2 *for* 25¢

These prices for United States only.
Fit all standard built-in fixtures.

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ESSEX THE CHALLENGER

THE BIG SWING

Take the Public's

The swing to Essex the Challenger is of such enormous proportions and spontaneous nature as to have the character of universal endorsement. Thousands—from every price and size field—are turning to it on the basis of values that rightfully challenge anything in motordom.

IN SPEED—anything the road offers up to 70 miles an hour. IN FAST GETAWAY—any car regardless of size, number of cylinders or price. IN RELIABILITY—60 miles an hour all day is well within its range. IN FINE APPEARANCE, upholstery, finish and detail—compare with cars in which high price is paid for just those things. IN ECONOMY—compare with cars best known for low operation cost.

GER

A WIDE CHOICE OF COLORS
AT NO EXTRA COST
The variety is so great as to give almost individual selection to buyers

$695
AND UP AT FACTORY

Standard Equipment includes: 4 hydraulic shock absorbers—New type double action 4-wheel brakes, uniformly effective in all weather—starter, electric gas and oil gauge on dash—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium-plated.

IS TO ESSEX

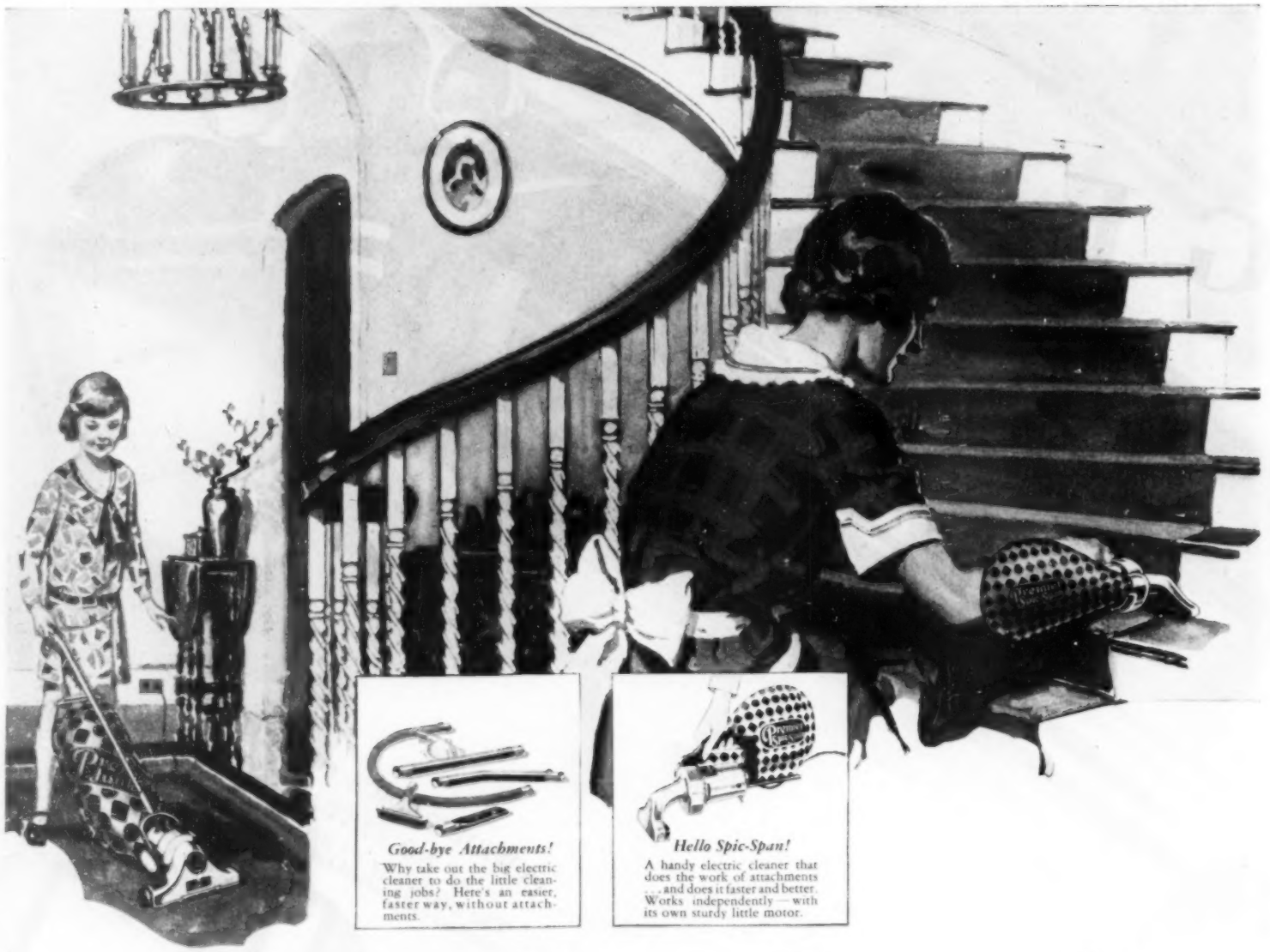
Word for it . . .

And with its superb chassis quality and fine, large bodies—Essex establishes also an outstanding leadership in obvious VALUE. It offers an ensemble of fine car equipment formerly identified only with costly cars, and available, when at all, only as "extras," at extra cost on cars of Essex price. In Essex the Challenger—a complete, fine big "Six"—these items of course are standard.

They enhance the fundamental and exclusive Super-Six qualities of smooth, quiet, lastingly reliable performance which sets Essex the Challenger brilliantly apart from all other sixes.

Among 76 Advanced Features

4 Hydraulic shock absorbers
New type double action 4-wheel brakes uniformly effective in all weather
Starter and electric gauge for fuel and oil on dash
Waterproof doors, rattle proof windows, silent body construction
Greater operation economy
Adjustable seats, front and rear
Radiator shutters for heat control
All bright parts chromium-plated
Patented Super-Six advantages eliminating vibration



Good-bye Attachments!

Why take out the big electric cleaner to do the little cleaning jobs? Here's an easier, faster way, without attachments.

Hello Spic-Span!

A handy electric cleaner that does the work of attachments ... and does it faster and better. Works independently — with its own sturdy little motor.

What . . . No attachments?

Women never dreamed that electric cleaning could be made so simple!

A new day! A new freedom! Now electric cleaning is made faster — easier. For Premier has found a way to banish attachments!

Instead, Premier gives you an additional electric cleaner, the Spic-Span . . . a handy 4-pound cleaner that can be whisked about from task to task without wasting time or steps!

The Spic-Span is a straight-suction cleaner . . . specially designed to get its nozzle deep into tuftings and hard-to-get-at places. Just plug it into any electric socket. It saves *hours* in cleaning draperies, mattresses, clothes, stairways, upholstery, nooks and corners everywhere.

By providing the Spic-Span in place of attachments, Premier gives you a complete cleaning unit consisting of *two* electric cleaners for the price of one . . . a big cleaner for the rugs and carpets and the handy Spic-Span for the smaller cleaning tasks . . . a combination that makes cleaning speedier and easier than ever before!

Free Demonstration! The Spic-Span may be purchased separately or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER CO.
(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.)
Dept. 504, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by ***The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company****, with branches in all leading cities. Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the* ***Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd.****, General Offices, Toronto. Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the* ***International General Electric Co., Inc.****, Schenectady, New York.*

Premier SPIC-SPAN

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER DUPLEX *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER JUNIOR *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN

(Continued from Page 85)

good, while only in one case did one of his good Samaritans net a loss, and that one was small. The sequel came a year later, when, with the raisin business stabilized and improved, the rice growers fell into difficulties and Eaton was able to render material assistance to his friend in the Sacramento Valley bank.

It is pertinent to observe here that the primary purpose of the Federal Reserve Bank program is to make possible the swift concentration of credit and cash in regions where an emergency requires them, also that it is generally agreed that the program is sound and its promise fulfilled. Nevertheless, one of the causes of individual bank failures is this dependence, which no national or other established agency can entirely relieve, of the bank on the fate of a single commodity or product representing the sole financial hope of the institution's customers. "Don't put all your eggs in one basket" is as good advice to the banker as to the investor, the farmer, the landowner or the merchant.

Lulled to Sleep

The astonishment of President Eaton, above referred to, when he discovered, as president, a condition in the bank which, as a director, he had been ignorant of—certainly unimpressed by—leads to another cause of bank failures: The casual attitude of the gentlemen of the board toward their responsibilities. There are plenty of institutions, as the bank examiner well knows, in which the directors are mere dummies, meeting on stated occasions to go perfunctorily through motions prescribed by law. If the president and other officers in such cases are entirely capable and honest men this may be well enough, for not all bank directors are financial geniuses by a considerable distance; if the active officials are conservative and the institution well-established, they and it may continue to follow the groove successfully. But, taken by and large, it may be accepted as a truism that a bank is just about as sound and solvent as its directors are intelligent, vigilant and faithful to the trust imposed upon them by the stockholders.

Numerous instances could be cited in support of this statement. One which carried with it a moral with a sting in it for the unworthy directors must suffice. A few years ago a Western bank failed disastrously and a sensation was created when it came out that the president had embezzled more than a hundred thousand dollars. No one was more surprised than the directors. The names of these gentlemen were names that stood high in the vicinity—high enough so that the public gave to their bank complete confidence. The president of the institution was a comparative newcomer with large ambitions, and it developed that his peculations had been employed in the secret purchase of a controlling interest in two smaller banks in neighboring towns which he induced the directors of the central bank to take on as branches.

It was not until the bank examiner brought these casual gentlemen to bar that their laxity was explained.

The president, a dominant and yet suave individual, had early established the rule that the directors were to receive $100 each for attending meetings of the board. Beginning with one gathering a month, the bank was presently holding three and, when the branch banks were added, four. The directors, lulled into somnolence by their fat fees, became mere automatons, moving and speaking and voting when the president pulled the strings. They did not know that he owned the branch banks, did not know that the branch banks were in difficulty, did not know the central bank was being bled. They knew that they were among the highest-salaried bank directors on earth and that was enough. Until the crash—when their bank stock became practically valueless and they began to hear in plain and unmistakable language on a good old Anglo-Saxon base what their neighbors, the stockholders and depositors, thought about them!

The disposition, temperament and habit of mind of the chief officer of a bank have a large influence on the destiny of the institution; hard as it may sound, generosity, open-handedness and an impulse to befriend the needy, admirable as they may be in a banker in his private or social capacity, are weaknesses in him in his business or banking capacity. It is possible to lean too far the other way in this connection, and many a cashier, president or chairman of the loan or discount committee has mistaken the limp hand, the cold eye and the blunt shake of the head for the outward symbols of inward banking grace. But the really easy-going banker is in for a tough time of it if he hearkens to the whispers of his heart instead of to the harsher dictums of the head.

President Hopkins, of a county-seat institution in the Middle West, was undoubtedly one of the most popular men in his end of the state and when, in a careless moment, he allowed himself to be dissuaded from running for the legislature and persuaded to take the mahogany chair in the Tri-County National his countless friends predicted for him and the bank a rosy and glowing future. The predictions seemed justified. The bank grew, Hopkins' friends and political associates brought their accounts in, two counties named the institution as their official depository and President Hopkins was able to handle, quite successfully, several issues of county and district bonds, to the immediate profit of the bank.

A Chance to Beat the Game

But this popularity carried its own punishment. The Tri-County loaned not wisely but very generously. Everyone knew that in a crisis Sam Hopkins could be relied on to give comfort, aid and succor to the crisee. Bank Examiner West, assigned to examination of the bank, watched developments anxiously and made it a point to labor with the good-humored president as far as he could properly do so. Hopkins was willing to learn, but his friendly disposition was always playing him tricks, and when his cashier—whom we may call Roberts in this place—was chosen city treasurer of the county seat the Hopkins disposition disported itself with unhappy consequences.

For Cashier and City Treasurer Roberts, depositing the city's funds in the Tri-County National, was, in his private capacity, a believer in the legend that a smart amateur can beat the stock-market professionals. He had toyed with this belief of his and tried it out in a small way; now he saw an opportunity to expand his activities and give Wall Street a real trouncing.

"Sam," he said to the president of the bank soon after his election, "the law requires that the bank put up securities sufficient to protect the city's deposits here. What do you think we'd better set aside?"

"It doesn't matter," President Hopkins said pleasantly. "The city's funds are safe with us, but if it's the law, why don't you take some of our Liberty bonds? I'll leave it to you, Bob."

Cashier and City Treasurer Roberts accepted the responsibility. President Hopkins forgot the matter. Several months later Bank Examiner West appeared to perform his usual function. At the end of half a day he called in the cashier.

"Mr. Roberts," he said, "I notice that you have some Liberty bonds and also some county highway bonds on deposit as security for city moneys intrusted to the Tri-County Bank. But I don't find the receipts for those bonds. Do you happen to know where they are?"

Roberts supposed, of course, that they were in their proper file, but could not find them. He promised to locate them in the afternoon, and went out to luncheon. An hour later a hysterical woman telephoned to President Hopkins to say that she was Mrs. Roberts and that her husband had come home, burned some papers, laid his will on a center table, and gone out into the yard and shot himself.

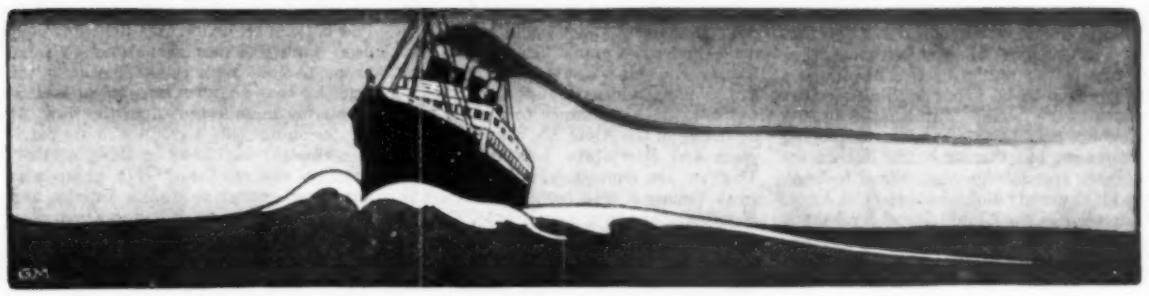
A Hard Product to Market

It soon developed that Roberts had played the market and lost; borrowed city money to recoup, and lost that; taken the Tri-County's Liberty bonds to a neighboring city and sold them and gambled away the cash; finally sacrificed a block of the bank's highway bonds, sold them, and sent that money after the rest. He was expecting this last venture to make all his previous losses good and put him straight once more; ironically, on the day of his funeral his final speculation did turn out profitably and the bank was able to reimburse itself, through amicable arrangement with the dead man's widow, for part of his thieveries. President Hopkins made good the deficit out of his own funds, took the bank examiner's strictures in good part, resigned from the presidency of the bank, and ran for and was elected to the legislature.

"No more banking for me," he said quizzically. "I'm going back where I can be just as kind-hearted as I please without any risk of causing a train wreck!"

There are numerous causes for the failure of banking institutions; a few of the more unusual and interesting have been cited. But in the end it comes to this: That banks fail because they are not operated on the simple business basis of taking in more than they pay out. For a bank is a money market, where cash and credit are bought and sold; long experience has taught that cash and credit are not so easy to buy and sell successfully as dry goods or gasoline or musical instruments, and that there are fewer who can show a profit from their transactions in money than men who can net something above expenses in peanuts or oil.

It is the aim of the bank examiner to observe these men and their institutions very closely, and it is for that reason that the bank examiner and the department under which he labors are able to render a vast, though seldom acknowledged, service to the community at large.



Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

3 Singers Who Sing Blues At Their Bluest

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Belle Baker

Belle Baker, one of the biggest names on the vaudeville and musical comedy stage, has just signed a contract to make a talking movie. The salary is said to be one of the largest ever paid a stage star. As a singer of blues, Belle Baker admittedly has no equal. Hear her Brunswick recording of "My Man" (theme song of the motion picture "Mon Homme") and "That's How I Feel About You," Brunswick Record No. 4086.

EDITH EVANS

Edith Evans

Edith Evans stopped the show at her recent appearance at the Palace, New York City. No mention of Miss Evans is complete without including Ray Mayer, her accompanist. Together this team is one of the headliners of the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit. "Ten Little Miles From Town" is one of Miss Evans' characteristic songs. No. 4089.

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June Pursell

All radio owners on the Pacific Coast know June Pursell. Her voice and personality won thousands of friends for her who had never seen her. Recently, appearances in vaudeville have brought her into contact with thousands more, and now with her new Brunswick recordings she is creating a sensation among record-buyers the country over. Miss Pursell is at her best in "If I Had You" and "That's The Good Old Sunny South," No. 4230. Also hear her "Happy Days And Lonely Nights" and "High Up On A Hill-Top." These records feature Roy Fox, the "whispering cornetist."

If there is no Brunswick dealer in your town, any of the above Brunswick Records will be sent you by mail on receipt of price, 75c each, plus 10c for postage. Address Dept. R-53, 623 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

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THE BETTER AMERICANS

(Continued from Page 29)

responsibility and the social institution of the political week-end; the French method of trying murder cases; the Scandinavian handling of the liquor problem; the German solution of the traffic problem; the Russian divorce by mutual consent; the metric system of the whole Continent.

But he never suggests that Great Britain adopt the right side of the road, or a decimal system of coinage instead of shillings and pence; or that French hotels learn from us to give free soap; or Germany abandon the Gothic letters in writing and printing; or Bukharest have more bathrooms. He is shocked at American ignorance of a Swiss or Polish winner of the Nobel prize in literature, but hardly thinks it worth mentioning that some American scientists and artists are doing respectable work. His whole assumption is that America is the only country which ought to abandon its own ways of living and adopt those of another—almost any other—country.

No experimental laboratory of nations exists in which this engaging theory can be tested. Only individuals have tried to uproot themselves, to change not only the garments of national loyalty but the spirit of nationalism as well. Sir Mark Sykes, the British traveler and political writer, once met a changed man, a native of Kurdistan, who had risen superior to his native allegiance.

"He said he was studying to be an ethnologist, psychologist, hypnotist and poet; he admired Renan, Kant, Herbert Spencer, Gladstone, Spurgeon, Nietzsche and Shakspere. It afterward appeared that his library consisted of an advertisement of a fruit salt, from which he quoted freely. He wept over what he called the 'punishment of our great nation,' and desired to be informed how, in existing circumstances, he could elevate himself to greatness and power."

The French have been exceptionally happy in their assimilation of foreigners. Poles, Greeks, Spaniards, Russians, Latin and North Americans have contributed to the glory of French art, composing or painting in the French idiom, writing the French language. Yet the French have a special term of contempt for the thousands of foreigners who come to Paris, shed their own character and flounder in the waters of a strange nationality, neither land nor water animals. They call them *métèques*, and it is infinitely contemptuous. The Frenchman has long been brought up to believe that whatever is French is civilized and whatever is civilized is French; it is only natural that others should come to France to learn how to live properly. But the French feeling for nationality is so strong that the idea of casting off national character offends as hybrids offend.

First Aid for America

But most of the hybrids, although they look back and sneer at the barbarous land of their birth, are content with leaving it alone. It is usually a small and unimportant country, anyhow, and no amount of culture applied from the outside will save it. America is different. In extent and wealth and population it ranks with the great countries, and its exported and refined citizens feel that something ought to be done about it. So, to an extent, do many who stay at home. They want to make America cosmopolitan and the first step, as always, is to de-Americanize it.

One of the results of this unconscious program is to be found in the American educational system. Mathematics and astronomy may be taught without national references, but literature and history are directly associated with national feelings; and in the study of these subjects, in American schools, the United States is relegated to the least important place. The history of this country is, usually, a grammar-school subject. Presumably the mind of the twelve-year-old cannot be interested in remote topics, such as ancient history, and it is necessary to implant true ideas of American history in early youth.

Consequently, only so much of American history as a twelve-year-old child can understand is studied. It is a history of heroes, wars and the names and dates of Presidents; the deep forces which created America, the ideals and the struggles between opposing ideals, the social and economic pressures, are all omitted—they have to be. In the four years of high school, when the child's mind is maturing, he studies Greek, Roman, English and medieval and general history; America is a finished subject. At college, history may not be required; those who take any courses in the field are likely to choose some special age in European history—at best a special generation in American history.

Judged by the Wrong Standards

Our conception of the history of America—which is infinitely more important than a course in American history—remains at the eighth-grade level. There are people who would like to have it remain there—jingoes on one side who want us to know nothing of America except that she is always right and always victorious, and better Americans who feel that the less time we spend on this insignificant subject the better.

The reality of American history, it happens, is profoundly interesting. It is part of the history of the world, and like that history, is a record of tremendous achievement and failure, of glorious things done and things a patriot would wish undone. It is altogether human and inspiring, not in the little sense of being heroic and magnificent, but in the strict sense of breathing a spirit into you, of making you feel that you are part of a long tradition of human endeavor, with a past to fall back on and a future to go on to. Take a history far removed from jingo heroics—Beard's story of American Civilization—and you find that America actually has a history at least as interesting as the record of wars and revolutions which make up high-school history studies, with plenty of material for national pride. Virtually none of this comes in the usual run of education, because the years in which it could be understood are devoted to other things.

A generation ago almost all the textbooks on American literature used in American schools began with the statement that American literature is a part of English literature. The truth of this has been disputed; in any case, it is not a part to which the English themselves attach supreme significance. American literature comes off a little better in the schools than American history does. It is usually a freshman subject in high schools, after which the student can go on to important matters—to English, French and German literatures.

In the opinion of most intelligent people, America has not yet produced a literature equal to that of these countries. In a Swedish university, for instance, the likelihood would be that American literature would occupy one-fifth the time given to English. But the chances are also that Swedish literature would occupy five times as much time as both put together. Purely as literature, the American product may not be important and it would be foolish to make immature pupils believe that Fitz-Greene Halleck was the equal of Byron. But as an American product, our literature has a special significance to us. In their unfolding of the American character, Emerson and Hawthorne and Melville and Thoreau are supremely important. To treat Emerson as a footnote to Carlyle, Hawthorne as a secondary Brontë, Thoreau as an imitator of the English hermits, and to neglect Melville altogether as he was neglected for half a century, is to give Americans a totally false impression of the meaning of these figures. The average high-school student learns that Whitman and Poe enjoy European reputations and *therefore* are our greatest writers; the standard of measurement is always outside the country.

Someone has recently taken the trouble to enumerate the subjects for theses offered for degrees in various American colleges. In the field of literature, only the tiniest percentage dealt with American subjects. The most obscure works of forgotten English writers, the most pedantic points in these works, are considered more fitting subjects for future doctors of literature than anything in the American field.

Convinced by his schooling that America does not matter, the citizen is prepared to learn that he would serve his country best by making it as much like other countries as possible, and by accepting as gospel the propaganda of foreign nations whenever it conflicts with the purposes of his own. There is a certain grandeur in the utterance of politics at the Quai d'Orsay or in Downing Street which does not surround the plain American words from the State, War and Navy Building, in Washington. Sandhurst produces soldiers superior to the graduates of West Point; the Oxford accent—something of a joke in England—is the one true English; women's clothes must come from the Rue de la Paix and men's from Sackville Street and Savile Row; the best ices are to be had on the Piazza San Marco, in Venice.

The desperate effort to create an idle class in America, coupled with an attempt to belittle small shopkeeping and trade in general, is another way of forcing upon America the standards of another country. They are both relics of the British structure of life in the counties—a structure based largely on hereditary noble classes. With the actual conditions of American life they have nothing to do. The British gentleman farmer may descend from generations of landowners fixed in a small estate two or three hours by rail from the metropolis.

No Place to Idle

America has no single metropolis; its farmers cultivated quarter sections in a wilderness and moved from these deeper into the West whenever they had the chance. Possession of land meant nothing in the way of hereditary social position. Except in the South, before the Civil War, estates were rare, and the old families of today are the descendants of three or four generations of ferrymen and traders and mechanics.

The natural aristocracy in America is the one it has created—an aristocracy based on wealth, for wealth signified success in pioneering, in exploiting virgin territory, in doing what America wanted done. It is an aristocracy which for the most part continues at work. There is no idleness, because there never was a court at which one could be idle. It is no doubt a terrible shame that America never had such a court, to teach us how to idle gracefully; but to attempt to make us idle, to make a virtue of idling, without the court which could give idleness a meaning, is a little silly.

All these ways of de-Americanizing America are based on the same principle. Few of them are deliberate. Belittling your own country comes as natural to some people as boosting it comes to others; the tradition that whatever is American is comparatively unimportant does the rest. It creates on one side a group who are patriotic enough, but know nothing of their country, and on the other a group who know just enough to dislike America and let the world know it. For some deep psychological reason it makes them feel more important if they can run down their

(Continued on Page 93)

"Most people sleep too little"

An Interview with

HARVEY S. FIRESTONE

by

Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

WHAT do business executives think about sleep? How do great industrial leaders restore physical energy . . . what new ideas could I get from the president of one of America's largest tire companies?

These were the questions that inspired an interview with Harvey S. Firestone.

A dynamic man . . . energetic, creative, healthy. "What are your ideas about sleep?" I asked him. "Three million readers of The Saturday Evening Post would like to know."

"My views on sleep," said Mr. Firestone, "coincide with the widely reported findings of Dr. Donald A. Laird of Colgate University, whose experiments in his 'sleep laboratory' have determined that most people sleep too little.

"It is during sleep that the body renews its vitality and prepares itself for another day.

"I think every man whose mind is active should try to get at least eight or nine hours' sleep in the twenty-four.

"I attribute my having been able to give constant attention to the affairs of the Firestone Company for the past twenty-eight years to my determination as a young man to have a good bed, and to stay in it at least eight or nine hours nightly."

Men who work with their brains as well as with their bodies know that relaxation has its place in modern life; Mr. Firestone certainly is an excellent example of this.

If these great business leaders, with their knowledge of the superabundant energy required by modern life, feel that sleep is the one great necessity of the human race, then surely the rest of us will agree and take their advice.

"Young men do their best work with nine hours of sleep behind them." That is sane advice to the young generation, many of whom seem to feel now-a-days that sleep is not quite as necessary as their parents once believed. "And men active in business should give more serious thought to the necessity of more time for sleeping."

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HARVEY S. FIRESTONE, *president of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, is one of the world's great industrial leaders. At present he is engaged in developing twenty plantations in Liberia for an extensive rubber production enterprise entailing an expense of $100,000,000.*

What this great industrial leader says about sleep is of enormous importance to us all. Sound sleep is the beginning of health, and Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs, and mattresses, have developed the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep. This extraordinary comfort embodied in their Beautyrest Mattresses and new Ace Box Springs, is within reach of every income. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50, Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50, Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

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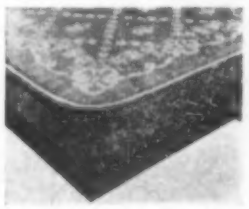

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The real significance is that only a certain type of institution takes root and prospers in such an environment. The ideal surroundings do not make idealism; it is idealism that wants them.

Nor is it necessarily absolute that better tires are built by men working in a great white plant where the Schuylkill River bends, and living as all workers wish they might.

What is absolutely true, however, is that far better tires do come from this environment and from these craftsmen.

They have everything in facilities and in experience and in spirit to make the best tires in the world . . . in *Conshohocken.*

LEE

of Conshohocken

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(Continued from Page 90)

sources; it shows how much they have progressed by their own efforts.

Merely as expatriates, these people are neither numerous nor influential. But they often mortify themselves and stay at home—a self-sacrifice we ought to be grateful for—and do their best to introduce foreign customs here and to avoid American ones. For the most part, they are Eastern—the Atlantic Seaboard, closest to Europe in the days before transcontinental trains, is the best place for oysters and for Euro-Americans. Unlike the oysters, the Euro-Americans are not silent. They are city people, rich people, people of some prestige; they have natural access to organs of publicity. They are vocal! Deeply as they admire the English, they have failed to import two qualities upon which England prides herself—the reticence and the loyalty of her people. From these people radiate the strange ideas of un-Americanism which offer themselves as the highest type of internationalism. From them never comes any suggestion that America is worth studying, observing and developing along its own natural lines.

Patriotic Citizens of the World

The fallacy in everything they say was noted a hundred years ago by Goethe. His experience of nationalism as we know it was limited; he had actually been near the Battle of Valmy, which historians mark as the beginning of the era of nationalism because in that battle a national army—the French—defeated the professional army of a state. Goethe remarked that night that it was the birth of a new era. A generation later, talking to Eckermann, he said:

"Nothing is good for a nation but that which arises from its own core and its own general wants, without apish imitation of another; since what to one race of people at a certain age is wholesome nutriment may prove a poison for another. All endeavors to introduce any foreign innovation, the necessity for which is not rooted in the core of the nation itself, are therefore foolish."

It was exactly in that vein that Napoleon laid down the maxim that a strong nationalism was the only foundation for a strong internationalism.

The kind of internationalism Napoleon meant was one in which the Poles were as Polish as possible, the Swedes as Swedish, the French as French; each was to develop its own character to the fullest extent, keeping alive its own traditions; and being strong in personal character, contribute all the more to the civilization of the world. He knew that the mixture of races in Great Britain had produced a nation different from that created by the mixture of Gaul and Latin in France; he knew that France gained in variety and strength because the man of Provence was not exactly like the Norman; and he suspected that Europe would be the gainer if the English kept on being English—with all their virtues and defects—and the French kept on being French. He did not mean that if the Danes found a superior way of making butter the French were not to adopt it; but he did mean that the French attitude toward the division of property by inheritance suited the circumstances of French life and was not to be thrown over in an effort to be like other countries.

Just before Napoleon's time, it was considered the smart thing to claim to be a citizen of the world. Particularly the Germans, living in a group of small states without the traditions of a great nation, prided themselves on being above provincial loyalty. "I write as a citizen of the world," said Schiller, whose plays were to become the center of German nationalism. Lessing, later an idol for Germans, disclaimed all patriotism which "would teach me to forget that I must be a citizen of the world." Before the Battle of Jena, Fichte told all Germans that the fatherland of the truly cultured European "is Europe, and more particularly that state which at any given time has reached the highest point of culture." But when the French occupied Berlin, Fichte, at the risk of his life, preached the gospel of a strong united Germany. The citizens of the world turned out to be patriots.

In experience, patriotism is opposed to the jingo spirit on one side and to the cosmopolitan spirit on the other. The cosmopolitanism of the better Americans—and the better English or Japanese or Swiss—is not a help to mutual understanding and friendship. During the war these betters did all in their power to prevent the English from knowing anything about America except the few things favorable to their cause. A sound internationalism can be based only on knowledge and understanding, and the cosmopolite hasn't the time. He is too busy snapping up the latest trick of speech, the newest way of carrying a stick; he is a cut flower and, like a cut flower, he has no capacity for growth.

Each to His Own Taste

Against the cosmopolite-internationalist is the patriot-internationalist—one is the better American, the other merely a good American. Carry the cosmopolite's ideal to its logical conclusion and all national prejudices—and with them all national virtues—would disappear. The whole world would turn into a dining car on the Calais-to-Constantinople express, with everyone talking an international dialect, lacking the raciness and freshness of a single language, but full of the latest slang from all languages; the food and the wine would be the same on the whole journey, without local dishes, without variations in style—everything neither good nor bad, but on a dead level of mediocrity—the kind of hotel food which you can now find in Paris and Barcelona and Chicago and London. All the passengers would talk about internationalism and secretly plan how to get the better of their fellows; and at night the same movie would be shown in all the cars and an English girl would do the black bottom to a tune written by a German-American living in Italy.

The passion for delocalizing operates all over the world. Peasant costumes are now worn only on gala days; local dialects vanish and standardized speech takes their place; the pressure of international commerce and finance and politics is too great for local habits. Yet national differences persist, and the good patriot, without prejudice against other countries, hates to see them go; not because they are picturesque, but because they are honest expressions of the way people want to live. A round-up on motorcycles is an absurdity; so is a cash register in Carcassonne and a top hat on a fishing vessel off Gloucester.

Yet these are no more absurd than the appearance of foreign ideas and institutions in any country. Some are appropriate, some easily adaptable. The sabot makes way for the leather shoe because the shoe is more comfortable, and monarchies fall before democracy because the people change. But the ordinary good American does not feel outraged because French peasants still wear sabots and because the British stick to their King. He assumes that the French may contribute their sense of simplicity and economy to the world and the British their sense of a commonwealth of nations, just as Americans contribute their experience of a federated state and an industrial country. What he resents is the suggestion that his entire contribution is worthless to the world and that everything which grows out of the experience of others is more valuable.

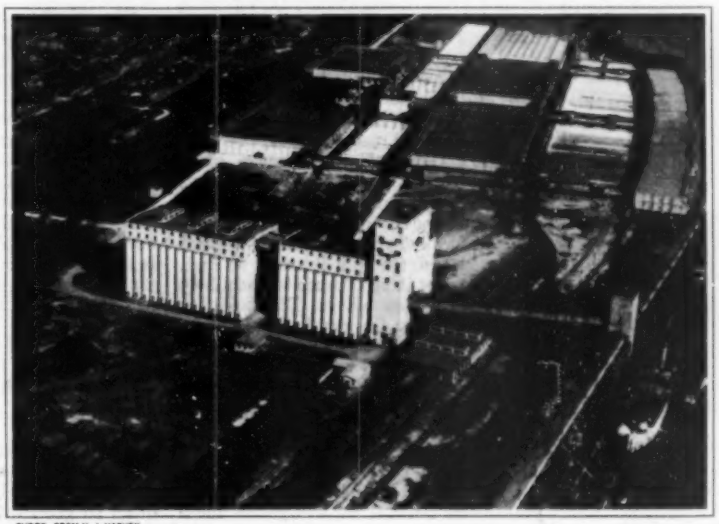
Contributions to Progress

If America takes Beethoven and jazzes it, Europe takes jazz and Europeanizes it. That is an interchange of qualities. If a Frenchman closes a letter with an appeal to his correspondent to accept, dear sir, his expression of his most profound feelings of amity, and we say "yours truly," that is a difference in ways of living which casts no reflection upon either. Our way sounds abrupt and discourteous to the French; theirs seems florid and hypocritical to us. But if they accepted ours or we theirs, neither of us would be honestly expressing ourselves, and the world in the end would lose both the French grace and the American brevity; someone would invent a symbol, meaning nothing to any of us, for ending letters.

On war debts and tariffs and the exportation of moving pictures and the advantages of aristocracy, the better American wants America to see the European point of view, disregarding the fact that we are standing at a point three thousand miles removed and must continue to stand there. His contact with Europe gives him a priceless opportunity for explaining what we see from where we stand, but he chooses to forget that. He believes that America has no contribution to make to the world's progress; that everything we do spoils something fine; that nothing we do is worth imitating. At the other extreme is the jingo, who believes that nothing is done right in this world unless an American does it. Obviously, the two types are related—one is the other turned inside out.

The good American stands between them, a little puzzled by their excessive emotions. It seems to him that in a small way America may offer something to the world—even if it is only the figure of a Lincoln or the model of a skyscraper.

It does not seem possible that a hundred million people are living in a vacuum.



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What man doesn't want to know what the well-dressed New Yorker is wearing? "The Man from Fifth Avenue" is a beautifully illustrated story of the latest and most authentic styles which will be seen on smartly dressed men this Spring and Summer. It points the way to better dressing. It tells you how the great HOMELAND tailoring organization, employing the unique selling method of "tailor-shops-to-you," duplicates expensive styles, and cuts the cost of custom tailoring.

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WANTED! A FEW MORE LIVE-WIRE REPRESENTATIVES! Write for our interesting, money-making proposition. Start in business for yourself without capital.

"Gee, man, you were lucky not to get hurt any worse! What happened—steering gear break?"

"No; my right front tire blew. I was off the road before I knew it."

"That's one reason why I always like to have Kelly-Springfields under me."

OUT-OF-DOORS

Them Pennsylvania Deer!

NIGHT has fallen and, the last customer gone, old Si Wendel trims the big oil lamp above the calico counter and takes his accustomed seat by the round stove. Outdoors, snow covers the ground. At the low moaning of the wind, old Si instinctively shivers a bit and draws his chair closer to the merry, crackling fire. Others are seated in favorite positions within range of that warm glow—familiar faces all. But there is a stranger in their midst, and when a stranger is present a story always hangs in the air. No one says a word until Sol Matthews, in a high-pitched, wheezy voice, breaks forth. The tension is relaxed.

"No sirree! Thirty or forty years ago there warn't enough deer in them mountains to make a dozen buckskin coats, and don't I know it too. Why, by gosh, fer years I used to run my trap line darn near over the whole place, and follered 'er up most every day, but I didn't hardly ever see a critter. An lookit today! Here the paper says over four hundred was killed by automobiles and trains last year. I don't believe there was four hundred deer in Pennsylvania thirty years ago.

"I recollect one day about the middle of April, a good many years back, I run acrost a spotted fawn not far from my old cabin up the ravine. You all know where it is! Wal, the critter was so young I managed to catch 'er and took 'er to the shack. I kept 'er about six months, feedin' 'er milk from a bottle; and you ought to seen the folks what came to see 'er durin' evenin's and Sundays. When she got big enough to care for herself I let 'er go, but she didn't go far—just hung around the cabin, comin' in nights. I'd been seein' a big buck around the cabin during the early fall, and one day durin' the last of September the doe left suddenlike, and I thought fer good; but, by gosh, durin' the first week of the followin' May she turned up in the clearin' near the cabin with two of the prettiest young 'uns you ever seen.

"You know I've been wonderin' a lot lately and am minded to believe what them game wardens say about seein' so many spotted critters in the fall. Ever since I remember, we've only seen 'em spotted up 'til late summer, and by fall the spots is all gone. There's sure somethin' wrong these days, and that's a fact."

More Gunners and More Deer

"I can mind in '96, when they got the first Game Commission, they started in right aways doin' good work. They cut out all the market huntin' what was takin' a big bunch of deer to market stalls in Philadelphia and New York in them days. They made the gunners stop usin' dogs to hunt deer, and they couldn't kill deer at salt licks any more. Then they made the first game-preserve law and this saved a lotta deer. By gosh, today they got thirty-eight what they call primary refuges and sixty-nine what they call auxiliary refuges. Danged if I know what they mean, but I know as long as they got 'em we'll always have deer, too, I guess.

"Along about 1907 they made the buck law. Most all of you remember when that happened and the fuss it made at first. They only got it by because it was a help toward savin' human lives. But lookit the good it done for the deer! The hunters are still a-cryin' about how great it come to be.

"Mind you, they was doin' all them good things without much money, too, and it was a darn good thing when they got the license law passed, or we'd 'a' never had any game. All them things helped give us a lotta deer, you bet. Lookit the kill each year! Just because we was gettin' more gunners every year one would 'ave thought the deer would soon all be killed, but they warn't. No sirree! Every year there was more hunters there was more deer killed. I mind back in '17 there was over three hundred thousand that got licenses, and durin' that season nigh onto eighteen hundred bucks was killed; an then lookit the season in '27, when more'n five hundred thousand got licenses and when close to fifteen thousand bucks was killed. A course not all of them what took out licenses went a-gunnin' for deer, but there was a big bunch of them what did, all right.

"You know, all the time the game department and the gunners was tryin' to save their bucks they warn't thinkin' so much about the does what was protected for more'n twenty years, 'til they was brought up short by a holler from the farmers and fruit growers, what said the deer were ruinin' all their crops and orchards. So the first thing them game commissioners know'd they had stopped tryin' to save all the deer and was tryin' to keep the critters back in the woods where they belonged."

Trouble Everywhere

"I mind when I used to think about them game commissioners as bein' a bunch of city office guys what didn't know what the dickens they was talkin' about, but I got over that notion one day when a bunch of them come up to look at some damaged trees. I guided the outfit to the place and talked with a couple of them, and believe me, they know'd what they was sayin' and then some. They know'd the woods, too, and don't you fergit it.

"There wasn't a whole lotta damage done in the beginnin', and it only happened here and there, but it warn't long afore a general fuss was made. Then the farmers got after the game department to do somethin' about it quick.

"And they tried all right, too—tried darn hard—but they didn't have much luck, and what with the farmers a-hollerin' and the gunners a-cryin', I guess they was pretty much put out.

"They got a law passed in '13 which gave 'em ten thousand dollars a year to put up deer-proof fences to keep the deer out, but this didn't work out so good, because the farmers was soaked with half the cost of puttin' up the fence. The game department paid for the other half. Then when some farmers did put up a fence they pushed a lot more deer over on their neighbor's land and give him more trouble. Again, in '13, I believe it was, the game department give the farmers and fruit raisers leave to kill all the critters what was caught doin' damage, and sometimes afterward they even let 'em keep the meat for food, but this way didn't work out so good neither.

"In '23 the game commissioners come nearer fixin' things up to suit everybody—leastways so I figured. They got a law passed what gave 'em the right to take away protection on the doe critters in counties and townships where there was damages bein' done, but they had to make a special season to do this and they charged an extra two dollars for a special license. Lots a gunners what didn't want the does killed bought a lotta these licenses an' then never used 'em, so's it didn't do much good in them sections. Where the gunners used the licenses they done some good, though, and fixed things up pretty good in them sections.

"Along in 1924 they started trappin' some of the deer, but this was so darn slow and took so much work that they quit it. A lotta deer got killed buttin' against the pens too.

"In '27 they hired some sharpshooters to go out and kill some of the old female critters what was barren, but this didn't go down so good with the hunters, as they figured they ought to have been let do this.

(Continued on Page 97)

Overlord of over 8,800 miles of main line ever laden with a speeding cargo of human lives and precious property . . . who should know more of time and its value than the Chairman of the Board of this great American railroad?

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Charles Henry Markham

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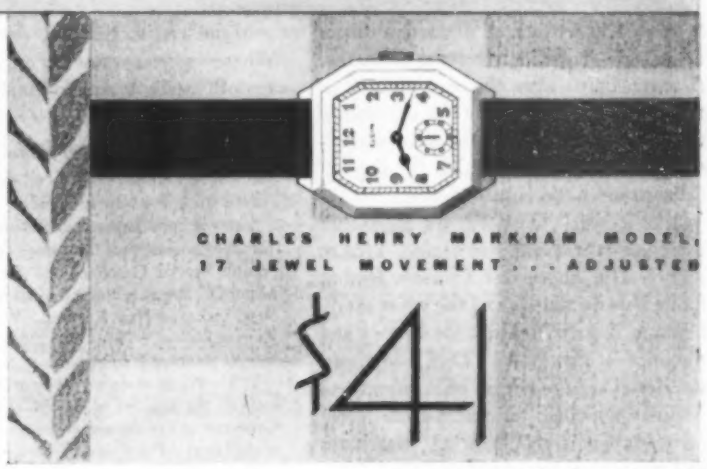

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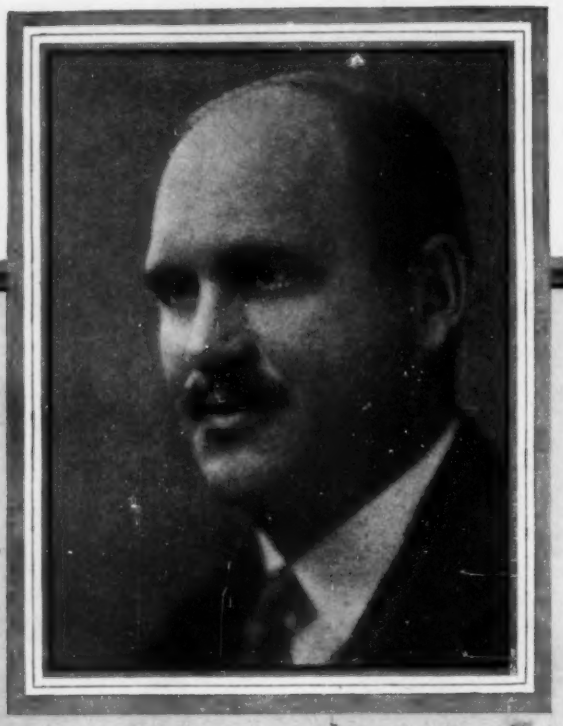
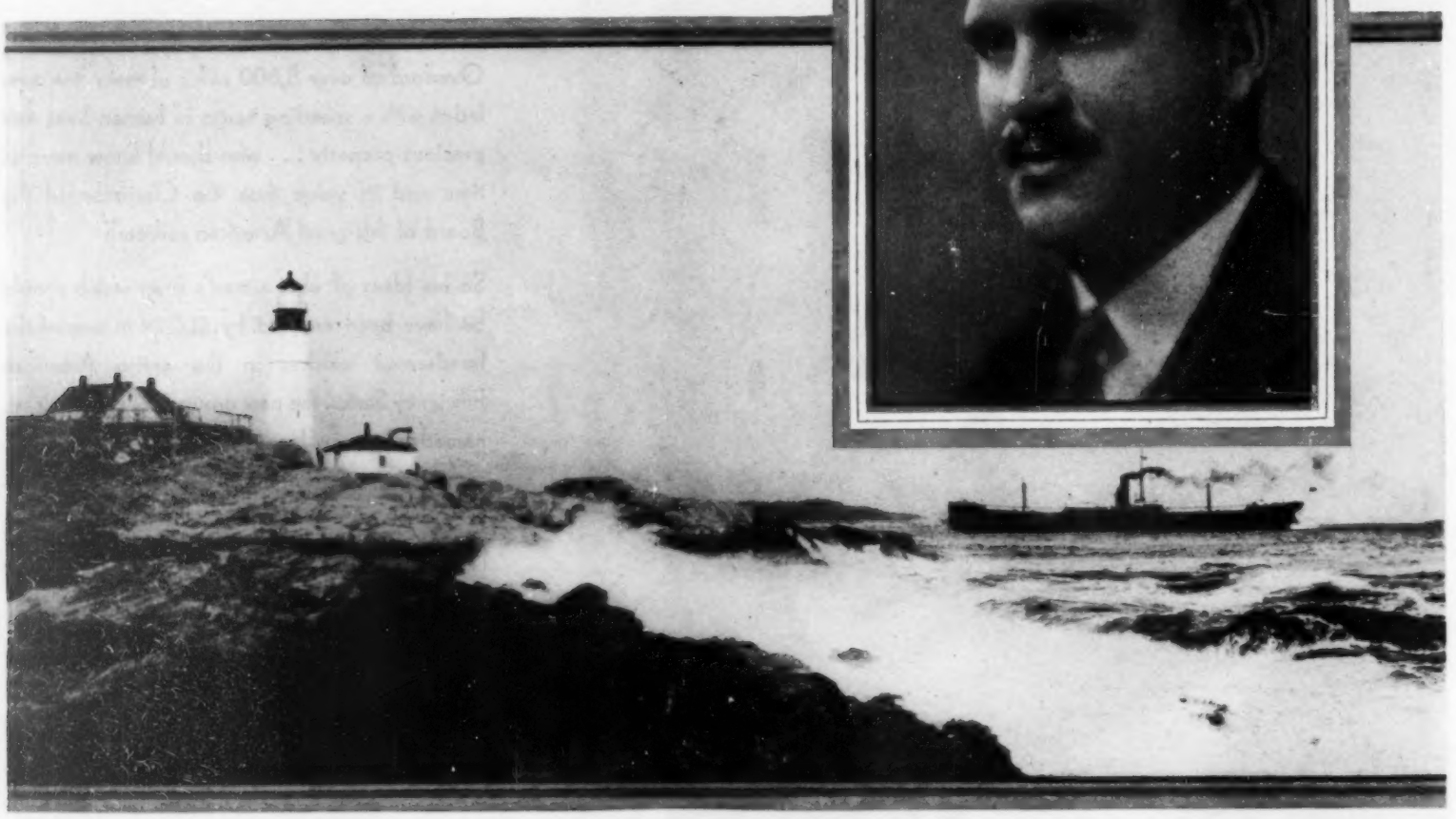
Wm Tudor Gardiner





Motor up to MAINE this Summer

Governor Wm. Tudor Gardiner invites you

MAINE! A state of attractive towns and villages with thriving industries. A state that offers the gay society of smart seacoast resorts or the solitude of the deep pine woods. A vast domain—old, yet young—over which the flags of three proud nations have flown.

Like to fish? Official maps show that there are 5151 streams in Maine. Like to swim? The seacoast of Maine is famous for its bold headlands and fine white sandy beaches. Like to dip into the history and romance of the past? Then come and wander along the streets of Portland and Augusta, among proud dignified old homes which bring back all the charm and quiet elegance of Colonial days.

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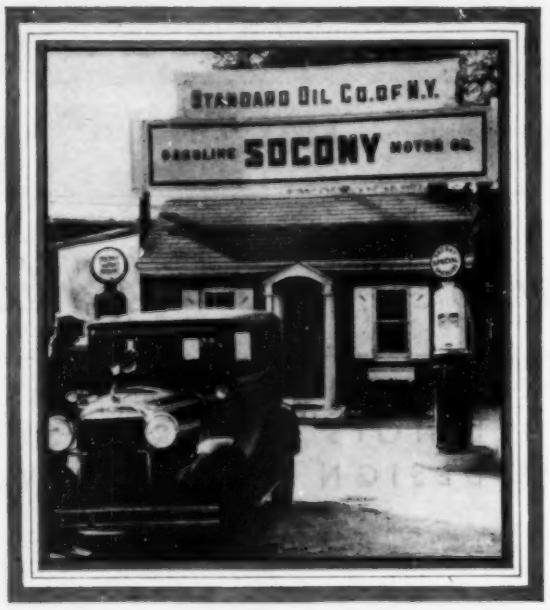

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 94)

"Around about the spring of '28 things was sure lookin' pretty bad and the farmers were doin' a lotta more hollerin', so the game commissioners goes and declares the whole darn state open to huntin' antlerless deer durin' the regular buck season and then closes the season on bucks. An then, my gosh, what a stink! If there'd been fussin' afore, there was a regular war when some of them gunners heard about the new season. Fact is, they made so darn much rumpus about the thing not bein' legal that the attorney-general, I think it was, jumped in an' said the game department couldn't do it that way. He said they'd have to make one of their special seasons again and charge two dollars for an extra license, which they did. This sorta quieted down the guys what first hollered, but it started another bunch howlin' about what a hardship it was gonna make for them gunners what couldn't pay for an extra license. If the gunners would 'ave let things alone in the beginnin' they all could 'a' killed a deer on their one regular license and there wouldn't 'a' been so darn much trouble. That's the way it goes, though. If nobody kicks, nothin' would be right, so it seems.

"After the game department turns around and makes the special season, then they gets a lotta kicks from some hunters what says they ain't got many deer and this way of doin' will wipe all of 'em out. Then the game commissioners got together an' scratched their heads and says, 'We'll set a limit on how many critters that dare be killed in each county.' So they makes a rulin' that for every buck what was killed in each county the year afore, eight antlerless deer could be killed in the new season. They figured this would keep too many from bein' killed in any one place and would help a lot to get the sexes even again.

"Boys, that's how the biggest deer-huntin' season we'd ever seen started, and I reckon none of us will ever fergit it. Why, the darn thing's been talked about all over the United States.

"Some of the gunners were so darn set on a-stoppin' the huntin' in their sections that they got these here what you call court injunctions started and, by gosh, eight counties was closed up. Then the game department got a-workin' again and was lucky enough to get 'em stopped in a couple a places afore the season was all gone. Them there court injunctions made a big stink, too; fer the gunners what was willin' to be sports and go hunt wasn't allowed to, and they kicked up a big fuss, and then the farmers hollered again because the gunners wasn't let come and kill some of the deer on their farms. Them court injunctions aren't liked none to well any more, either, and they oughta be stopped quick."

In the Winter Months

"You know, I've been figurin' over last season a lot an' I believe it helped some. But you know, by gosh, I'm still a-thinkin' there's a darn sight too many deer runnin' around in some places yet. Let's see! The papers say they killed somethin' over twenty-five thousand of the critters. That's not so darn many, figurin' what a big place Pennsylvania is. No sirree! An' I'll stake my hat there won't be so dang many poor critters found starved next spring as there was last. Poor little duffers! How's they expected to get along over the winter when they're not even born 'til the cold weather's on 'em? You all remember some of them little spotted fawns we seen early in November and how measly skinny they looked? And the bigger ones was so busy tryin' to get somethin' to eat themselves, grabbin' everything as high as they could reach, that it ain't no wonder the little fellers did without an' starved. Every little bush or tree what they could 'a' got somethin' off of was done eaten up afore they know'd it was there.

"We seen all these things and know'd, and what we should 'a' done was to got it into the paper and let them game commissioners know we was with them. Maybe, by gosh, if they'd 'a' had some help from a lotta guys like us they'd been able to stop some a those kickers what said these things warn't true and what laffed at those special men what the game department had come in from Washington and other places to study things. You all remember what that feller Vernon Bailey wrote about what he found, and what John M. Phillips said. We all read it here one night and argued about it, and agreed they was right. And when some of them big fellers, like Dr. William T. Hornaday, Dr. William T. Moore, Carlos Avery, Seth Gordon, John Burnham, T. Gilbert Pearson, and some more of 'em, said the thing was all right, who was them other guys, to be hollerin' about it bein' all wrong, anyhow? I'll bet some of 'em never even bought a huntin' license and didn't even know a fawn's got spots. They oughta get out in the woods oncet in a while and learn somethin'.

"An lookit the guys what used to come in here a-braggin' about all the deer what they was gonna kill and about the whole state gonna be a big slaughterhouse. I get a big laff outa thinkin' about 'em. Why, dog-gone it, some of 'em didn't even see a critter and some didn't even get to fire a shot. An' then there was that bunch of croakers what was always hollerin' about how many gunners was gonna be killed. 'Member one of 'em said, 'One gunner killed for every deer!' An' now here the game department says there weren't as many hurt or killed as last season."

Sportsmen Heard From

"These hunters what's always a-beefin' off should get to studyin' things a little more. They ain't such an awful bad bunch at that, and mostly they come around all right in the end.

"I guess I've been gettin' a little ahead of myself, talkin' about all this deer business. I don't recollect sayin' nothing about the experiments what the game department did when the season was goin' on. They had some of their men and some of these here men what study animal ailments out in the woods all the time lookin' over the deer what was killed. They took out all the breeding organs from the does and are gonna examine 'em all with these big microscopes to see if they're barren or not. I see by the paper that it'll be some while afore they can tell what they find, and I'm a-hankerin' to see it. I know darn well that a big bunch of them deer never would 'ave had any more fawns.

"Why, I seen a report in the paper the other day what says, out of forty-six freshly killed does, examinations with them big microscopes showed that twenty-three of 'em hadn't even been served, twenty of 'em were still 'in season,' waitin' for the bucks what never came, and only three of the critters had young 'uns inside 'em. Whadda ya thinka that? Why, by gosh, them things alone was enough to make all those kicking gunners sit up and do some figurin'. An' they did too. They studied all what the game department told them and they studied a little their own selves, and mostly all of 'em said they was wrong and the game commissioners was right. An' they proved it, too, by gosh!

"When the legislature met last January there was a darn big fuss started again by some of them what never knows when they're licked.

"But right then and there the real gunners showed what they was made of. They got together at a big meetin' in Harrisburg and they just knocked the daylights out of any laws what would take the powers away from their game department. An' what was more, didn't they go and stand up for the doe season what had just passed and what had caused so much trouble for so long? That's just what they done!

"Them's the kind of sportsmen we got in Pennsylvania. They kick and holler oncet in a while, but they made us the biggest huntin' state anywhere, and they're a-goin' to keep it thataway, too, by gosh!"

—Leo A. Luttringer, Jr.

"I found its flavor so much finer"*

*..and it brought him an unexpected reward...in *health*

"I was not run down, my nerves were not exhausted, my sleep was peaceful, and I took my caffein regularly. I was not aware that it was harming me. At the home of a friend one day, I was served Postum and found its flavor so much finer than that of caffein that it has been our regular mealtime drink ever since.

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"The result is that I have much more strength at the end of the day. When Postum can improve a healthy body, it is in Postum's favor that I must write."

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This very day, you may have told yourself, "I never felt better in my life." But how do you know you're at the peak of health? How can you be sure when your diet contains an artificial stimulant that, without ever warning you, is sapping your reserve of nervous energy, wearing you down?

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Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Your grocer has it. Or mail the coupon—we'll send you one week's supply free, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐
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FALL GUYS—By DICK GRACE

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Art and Daring Combined to Counterfeit This Fearsome Crack-Up

I TURNED to my mechanic and smiled. In return he came forward to shake my hand and wish me luck, but that was my one superstition—never to shake hands before a stunt. I turned the motor to its full revolutions, and for once in its life it did not talk back. It grabbed the gas like a race horse takes the bit.

A red flag! Johnson gave the P-1 the gun and was off in a cloud of dust. He made a beautiful climbing turn and verticaled back in my direction. I gave that old enemy of mine the works, and its tail spurted from the ground. Now was the time and place for our last struggle. Looking back, I could see the P-1 diving on me. Above the din of my motor I heard the roar of his machine guns. It was a signal. Now was the time. And the spot was there waiting for me. I smiled. Johnson and I had timed things nicely. That nose shot groundward, and as it did, the motor sputtered and missed. It would have its way, even on its last flight. But it did not matter now. It was going in. My speed was a hundred and ten miles an hour. I knew that it was pretty fast—maybe too fast. Still, I was anxious to see what kind of a crack-up such speed would make. Between the time I shoved that stick forward and dipped a wing, I paid it a lot of compliments. I could now. It would never miss or be missed again.

With a crash the wing tip went into the ground. The ailerons and the lower panel crumpled. The propeller split and shattered. Everything was as I had figured. I was distributing my forces and my speed nicely.

Then happened one of those little things of such inconsequence. The steel landing gear withstood the first terrific jolt and the solid beams of the wings did not break. With little of my speed slackened, the injured wing lifted from the ground. The cross wind caught me and I was in the air. My ailerons were useless—broken. I could not dig in a wing. If I traveled much farther the shot would be entirely useless. My motor was already out. I had cut it when the propeller had first hit the ground.

Out on His Feet

THERE remained but one course. I would have to nose the thing in. It meant that the full force of the crash would be transferred from the motor to the fuselage and to me. I pushed my chest against the belt so that there would be no snap as I hit; then I shoved the stick forward. The ground loomed up so quickly that I gasped. This was too much speed.

I hit, and knew that my chest belt had broken. Something in my brain recorded the fact that I bumped the padded instrument board and that my head broke through it. Then I thought of fire, of how once before I had been so terrifically burned.

I was still thinking and wondering when a curtain of darkness blotted out the daylight.

When I awoke I was lying flat on the ground with a group of my rescue squad around me.

"How did you get me out?" I asked.

"How did we get you out?" they inquired. "Why, you did the prettiest fall from that cockpit I've ever seen," said Ross Cook.

I was silent for a moment, trying to figure this out. The last I remembered was fearing fire, of being unconscious in a burning wreck. The truth dawned on me. So fearfully was this dread of fire impressed on my mind that when I hit and broke through the instrument board, I had unconsciously crawled back to the seat and had fallen over the side of the ship. More than that, I was told that I had crawled three feet away from it!

"The Buzzards" Tuning Up for Movie War Service

I was called to the front of the plane to be photographed with Lucian Hubbard and William Wellman. When they started setting up the still cameras I was standing between them, and when I saw the cameraman again he was just ready to pack up his stuff.

"Aren't you going to shoot the picture?" I asked. Everybody looked at me peculiarly.

"How many different poses do you want?" jeered the cameraman. He had already taken them—while I was out on my feet.

"Guess I'll go to the hotel and rest," I said.

"The hospital's much quieter," said Bill.

But I went to the hotel and flopped on the bed, boots and all. I attempted to find a position which would ease an almost overpowering pain in my neck, back and shoulders, but it couldn't be done. It was there, no matter how I lay. I got up, took off my shirt and found my neck was swollen. The next day I surmised that it might have been wrenched pretty badly and decided to go to see a doctor. First, however, I must see the location for my last stunt, so the greater part of the day was spent hiking over rough country. When I came in I started for my room, but only managed to get halfway down the hallway when I plopped to the floor.

After I was helped to my room I called the company executive offices, told them of my troubles and was ordered to the base hospital at Fort Sam Houston immediately.

There Maj. Norman T. Kirk looked me over. I told him that I was somewhat in a hurry, as I wanted to fly the other Fokker that evening. But he rushed me to Colonel Pillsbury and had X rays taken.

The two of them conferred for a few minutes when they saw the plates.

"Guess I'll be going," I said. "I'll be back tomorrow for treatment."

"You're not going any place, young fellow, except to bed!"

"Bed?"

"Right. It's a wonder you live at all. You've got what is ordinarily termed a broken neck. And your sixth cervical vertebra is dislocated—out of line an eighth of an inch. That's enough to kill almost anyone."

"How bad is—is it broken?" I said.

"Well, you've got only seven of them between your skull and your backbone, and you've got four of them broken, besides the dislocation."

"Guess I'll stay," I mumbled.

"Thanks," he said ironically.

What he didn't do to me when he took me to the operating room hasn't been performed yet by medical science. In the first place, he bound up my chest bone, which was cracked, and then he strapped a harness of gauze around my head. This tied into an arrangement of hooks and pulleys, and I was hung up with the tips of my toes touching the floor.

When I awakened hours later I was in a plaster cast, which covered me from ears to chest, flat on my back, and if my guess was right I'd be in just that position for some time.

Success

SOMETIME later it was decided that I was well enough to be moved to the Hollywood hospital, and so I was shipped back. But one thing Major Kirk told me: If I ever stunted again, if I ever crashed a ship or received a blow on the head, I could kiss this life good-by. I know he is a great doctor. Certainly he is a good friend. But the major forgot a stunt man's capacity for punishment when he made that statement.

Six weeks later I was legitimately released and left to my own resources. I wondered if Kirk was right. Perhaps I had better give it up—at least temporarily. I still had considerable pain. So I invested my savings in a little travel shop in Pasadena.

It was all right for a while. Then the boys began making over-ocean flights. If I could make just one long flight perhaps I might get some of this out of my system. Really there was not much more danger according to percentages than there was in crack-ups.

In brief, I sold my paying shop, got a manager and interested him in a Hawaii-California flight. With all he had and could get and what I had, we bought a thirty-six-foot monoplane and loaded it on a steamer for Honolulu. Unable to find a suitable field on the island of Oahu, we flew to Kauai and built a field with the aid of Lindsey Faye and his plantation force. Then, after days of waiting for a favorable wind, I took off with a capacity load of gasoline, got into immediate trouble and crashed the plane into an algaroba tree. If the flight was a failure, the crack-up was not. When you hit with a ship loaded with six and a half barrels of gas at a ground speed of about one hundred and twenty miles an hour and merely break one rib and a hand, you are a success, my boy—a success.

Everything I had was in the flight, so when I landed in Los Angeles again I was not surprised to find that my total capital was just what it had been years ago, when I first arrived in the city. I had twenty cents.

But now I was recognized as a stunt man, and knew that I would not be in Hollywood long before work of some kind would be thrown my way. Nor was I wrong. I entered into a managerial contract the next day with Edna Schley, who immediately signed me with First National Studios for Lilac Time.

I was told that I would be in complete charge of the aviation sequences of the picture, and that it would be up to me to organize a squadron which could do close and

probably very dangerous flying. As an added attraction, they made it plain that there were to be three airplanes crashed intentionally and hoped that I would undertake those with my other duties.

To do the crashes alone would have been a good job, but to find and build a squadron, to hunt up enough ships of one type and convert them to look like old wartime crates, and to locate a field in Southern California that would look like Northern France was a job that would more than keep me busy.

My first concern was the proper kind of a field for the take-off of seven planes in a line. If they had to be as close together as the director said, then I would have to have a field that faced into the prevailing wind, and one as smooth as it was possible to make it.

Putting Control in Crashes

FOR ten days Frank Ward, the studio location manager, and I looked for a stretch of ground that would suit the technical requirements of the picture and my practical requirements, but there seemed to be no such plot in California. Once again we talked of going to Texas as we had for Wings.

We had found but one field which I would O.K., and it was not suitable from a picture standpoint; the script called for a row of trees on one side and one end of the landing place.

We searched by airplane and by car, and finally, in the mountains between Los Angeles and San Diego, we came to a little plateau, the side and end of which were lined with giant eucalypti. It was fully two thousand feet long and almost half that in width. Yet, when we stepped out on the ground my spirits fell. The surface was so soft that my boots sank in to my ankles.

There were other drawbacks. Water would have to be piped for more than a mile and six miles of telephone line constructed to make a connection to the nearest ranger station.

A few days later that isolated spot in the mountains was a scene of activity. Men with shovels were filling in ruts, others cleaning out bog holes and refilling them with sand and railroad ties, and a steam roller crushing the dirt to the hardness and smoothness of a paved road.

Hangars, tents and war equipment had to be brought up the mountain grades and it was our luck to have a heavy rainstorm. Over the fourteen miles between our camp and the main road, trucks, wagons and automobiles were mired until pulled out by mule teams.

Another crew was converting my commercial ships. One mechanic was welding machine-gun mounts, others were making special cowlings, changing radiators, tuning motors and checking ships.

Then came the formation of a squadron. Naturally I scouted around for any old companions, but Frank Clark, Frank Tomick and Maurice Murphy were already engaged on Hell's Angels. Leo Nomes was busy on a Fox picture. Ross Cook was the first one engaged. He had been with me on Wings, not so much as a flyer, but as a technical man. However, I knew him to be good on the stick and so gave him Position No. 1 on the squadron. The others I chose were Charles Stoffer, Frank Baker, B. M. Spencer, Lonnie Hay, Clement Phillips and a youngster by the name of Baxter.

A few days' practice and I was satisfied. There was not one of them whom I could shake from me. If I looped they looped; if I spun, so did they; and as for straight flying, I knew that there would be no question of the company's being satisfied. So close did they fly in horizontal front-line formation that from the ground you'd swear that their wings were touching.

As an auxiliary force I had reserve pilots, race drivers, parachute jumpers, high divers and motorcycle specialists. Even Fred Osborne, who had jumped the motorcycle from the Palisades with a parachute which did not open, was among those technicians on the ground. Crippled as he was, he could produce magic around a motor. In charge of my mechanical shop was Garland Peed. Field mechanics and riggers were in charge of Lieut. H. Rouse and Sergeant Kostenbader.

Up to this time I had successfully survived twenty-six crack-ups, and that's a good many ships if you were to have them all assembled and then say, "Now, I'll crack this one up or smack that one down." Yet when George Fitzmaurice said, "Now, listen, Dick. In this first crash you must go over on your back; and remember, if you go over on your back in the second one, it's no good to us," I began to think that they were expecting just a little too much of an airplane out of control and from a pilot busy waving broken struts and leaping wings out of his way.

I got the first ship ready, preparing it much as I had for Wings. The rescue crews I put in charge of Ross Cook and Captain Campbell. Having been on this duty for me before, I had no worries on that score.

They had drawn a circle about ten feet in diameter, and they wanted the ship to land as near to it as possible. I looked them over quizzically. They weren't asking much—to crash an airplane at a speed of eighty-five or more, flop it on its back and in a ten-foot circle. On my birthday at that. Moreover, the way in which they expected me to land demanded that I come in with the wind on my tail, adding about twenty miles more speed.

I drew a handkerchief out of my pocket. "I'll go you one better," I said. "I'll bet, when the dust quiets down, some part of the ship will cover this." And I had a bet.

I did something which I always had wanted to do. I wished to perform a scientific test of myself for my own observation. At the emergency hospital I had a complete physical examination.

Meanwhile my motor was warmed. I got into it, made a final adjustment of the belts and taxied it over near the camera stands. I smiled at their drawn, worried faces. Colleen Moore stood by with a grim little expression. They say that some people cry out as I hit, others turn their backs, others get hysterical.

We were off. I glimpsed the circle of yellow dust and got a faint flash of the handkerchief in its center. The next time around was the designated time, so I cut the field short and headed back. Now once more I came low. I was skimming over the tops of the hills back of the field with excessive speed. When the trees at the end of the field loomed up I deliberately bit off about four feet of their foliage with the undercarriage, as a last floral offering to that nearly dead ship.

Then I dropped it down closer to the ground. The spot was approaching and it was time to dig the propeller into the ground. There was once more that dull thudlike sound as the stick splintered. A wing crumpled. The motor turned up in a last whine before I shut it off. I could see it bending out of its frame and back toward the front cockpit. Then it started up on its nose. For just one second we hung there, balanced at the top of that reverse ground loop, and I said, "Yes, it's going to! No, it's not! Yes, it is!"—and the yesses finally won. With a last dying quiver the ship turned over on its back. Yes, sir! It turned its belly to the sky and its back to the ground, and from where I was, bottom side up, I reached down and picked up the handkerchief.

When I got out of the ship the doctor counted my heart beats. There were exactly as many afterward as before. I hadn't lost a one, nor had I gained any. My blood pressure also checked with the figures before the flight.

I began to wonder if there was such a thing for me as a thrill, for I certainly had not had one; otherwise there would have been a variation in the two medical reports.

I had two other crashes to do; one a particularly hard one, since, if the ship turned over on its back, the shot was ruined; and incidentally, the third one was not so easy as it sounded; though the ship was not to leave the ground, I was to taxi it between two trees, ripping off the wings. False wings were already under construction—light and with no drift or antidrift wires in them.

Making it Tail-Heavy

FOR the present I had to think of that crack-up in which I dared not flop over on my back, and the more I figured the fewer conclusions I reached. Finally I thought of an angle which, though it did not insure the director's desired result, might aid in bringing it about. I went to the machine shop and unbolted the heavy anvil from the floor. Then I had my mechanics install it in the section directly in front of the tail skid. I figured that with such a weight hung in the back of the fuselage, it would make the ship slow to rise to the point past the vertical, for it shifted the center of gravity much farther back. But if that hunk of steel ever broke loose during the crash I certainly would receive a few scratches.

On Thursday, the twelfth, we rolled the ship out, warmed it up; I took my physical exam and last instructions and was off.

What a feeling! Though I compensated as much as possible with the variable angle of incidence on my stabilizer, still the ship was tail heavy. With difficulty I managed to fly it around the field and swoop low over the spot where I was to crash. On the second time around it was necessary for me to use both hands on the stick.

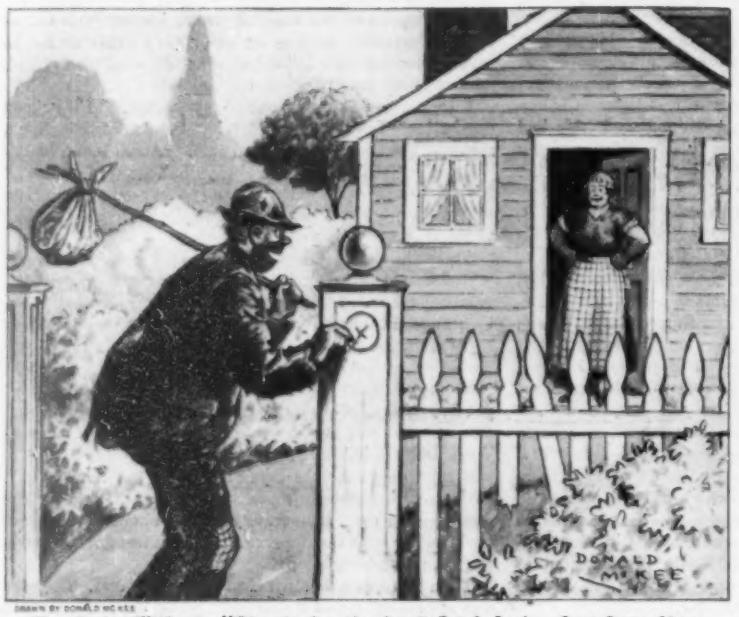
Once more I was coming in to crack up. The spot was but two hundred feet ahead of me. With a bad wind on my tail I could not see anything but failure for this stunt; it would be almost impossible to hit on a wing, landing carriage or nose and not turn over. However, I had no intention of striking on these points, because if I did a ship would not stay upright under any conditions with enough speed.

(Continued on Page 186)

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

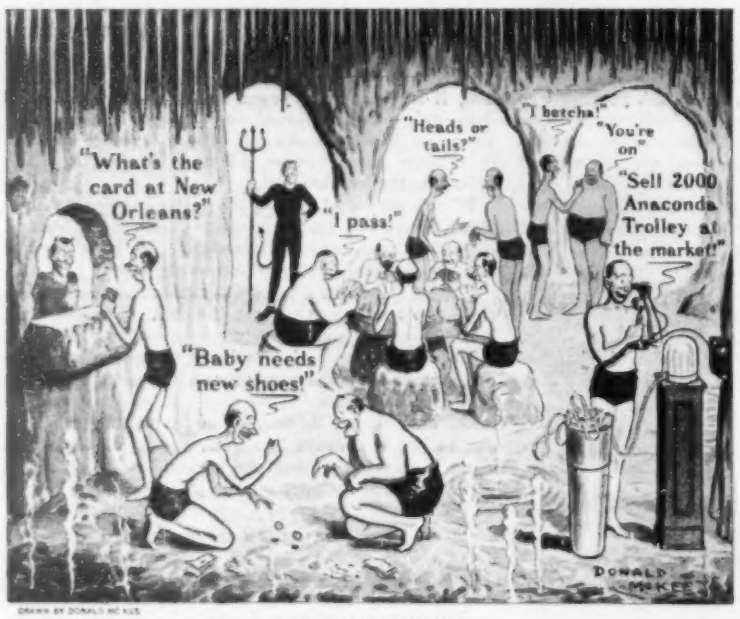
Four of This Grace Flying Squadron, "The Buzzards," Organized for "Lilac Time," Have Been Killed. In Oval—Dick Grace With His Broken Neck in a Cast

CARTOON AND COMEDY



Wandering Wilfred: "Thanks fer the Swell Feed, Lady. Just Outa Sheer Gratitude, I'm Markin' 'Hard-Hearted Bachelor, Fierce Dog,' on This Here Post So Ya Won't be Bothered With a Lot of Bums"

"Would Ye Mind Tellin' Me Who's Yere Barber? Ye Look Verra Weel, an' I Feegure it Must Cost Less Than Having it All Cut Off"



A Gambling Hell

Bill Poster: "Shall We Join the Ladies?"

THE RESCUED DAMSEL
Weary Horse: "Thank Heaven, Here Comes Another Ogre!"

TAKE ANY PROFESSION WELL LIKED BY MOST OF US---
--OR ANY GREAT NATIONAL HERO---
--OR ANY PHASE OF AMERICAN LIFE THE MOST OF US HAVE LIVED AND LOVED--
---OR ANY CHERISHED INSTITUTION — JUMP ON 'EM WITH BOTH FEET--- RIP 'EM TO SHREDS—---
BEST SELLER
--AND THERE YOU ARE!

Recipe for a Best Seller

SPRING SHOWING

GENERAL MOTORS CARS

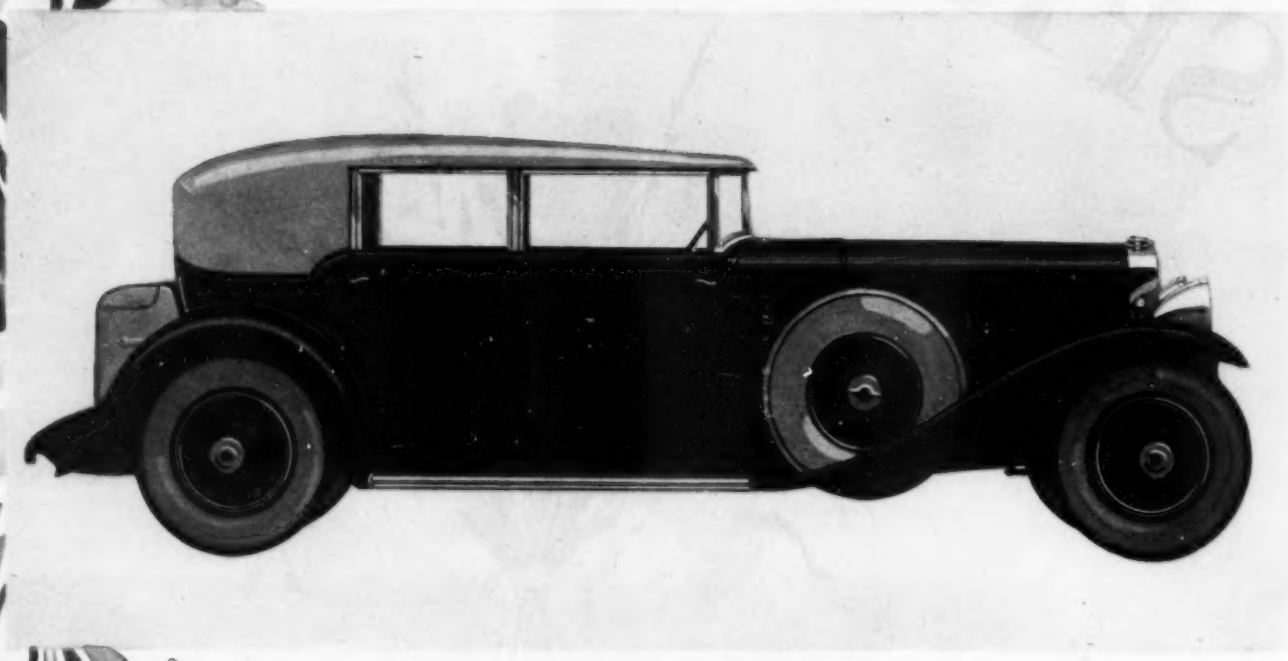
April 20th to 27th

Hundreds of thousands of people inspected General Motors cars when displayed together during the National Automobile Shows. Now for the benefit of the millions who did not have that opportunity, General Motors has arranged a special Spring Showing to be held individually in the display rooms of its dealers. On the following pages are illustrated the results of General Motors' policy of progress in the continuous development of better automobiles for every purse and purpose . . . a complete General Motors section made possible by concentrating in a single issue of this publication certain advertisements that would have otherwise appeared separately during the current month.

We urge you to study these pages carefully. Then, no matter which car you are most interested in, take this opportunity to view the entire General Motors' line—Cadillac, LaSalle, Buick, Viking, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet, all with Body by Fisher.

A car for every purse and purpose ~ ~ ~

CADILLAC



AMONG General Motors cars, Cadillac, with its famed 90° V-type eight-cylinder engine, offers the supreme combination of beauty, performance and appointment—the ultimate in fine car luxury at prices ranging from $3295 to $7000

The Cadillac of today is a consummate expression of fine car craftsmanship—modern in engineering and in its intimate harmony with present-day ideals of smartness and refinement.

Three epochal developments make it still more notable for performance, ease of operation and safety—the new Duplex-Mechanical four-wheel brakes that meet fully the requirements of modern high-speed motoring; the new Syncro-Mesh silent-shift transmission that renders gear shifting a well-nigh subconscious operation; and crystal-clear non-shatterable Security-Plate glass in all doors, windows and windshields. The engine is Cadillac's greatest single contribution to motoring—the famous ninety-degree V-type Eight. For the finest of fine motor cars this engine is without equal in performance, long life and economy of operation.

Coachwork is by Fisher and Fleetwood, interpreting in the modern vogue Cadillac's traditional beauty. Adjustable driver's seat in enclosed models, mohair or broadcloth upholsteries, oxidized silver hardware with escutcheon plates inset with Catalin stone, exquisite vanity cases and smoking sets, torchère type rear quarter lights—all contribute to the patrician richness and luxurious travel ease associated with the name . . . Cadillac.

2-Passenger Roadster	$3350
7-Passenger Touring Car	$3450
4-Passenger Phaeton	$3450
4-Passenger Sport Phaeton	$3950
2-Passenger Coupe	$3295
Convertible Coupe	$3595
5-Passenger Coupe	$3595
5-Passenger Sedan	$3695
5-Passenger Imperial	$3895
5-Passenger Town Sedan	$3495
7-Passenger Sedan	$3795
7-Passenger Imperial	$3995

Fleetwood custom body models on Cadillac chassis, $4195 to $7000. Cadillac-Fleetwood All-weather Phaeton illustrated above.

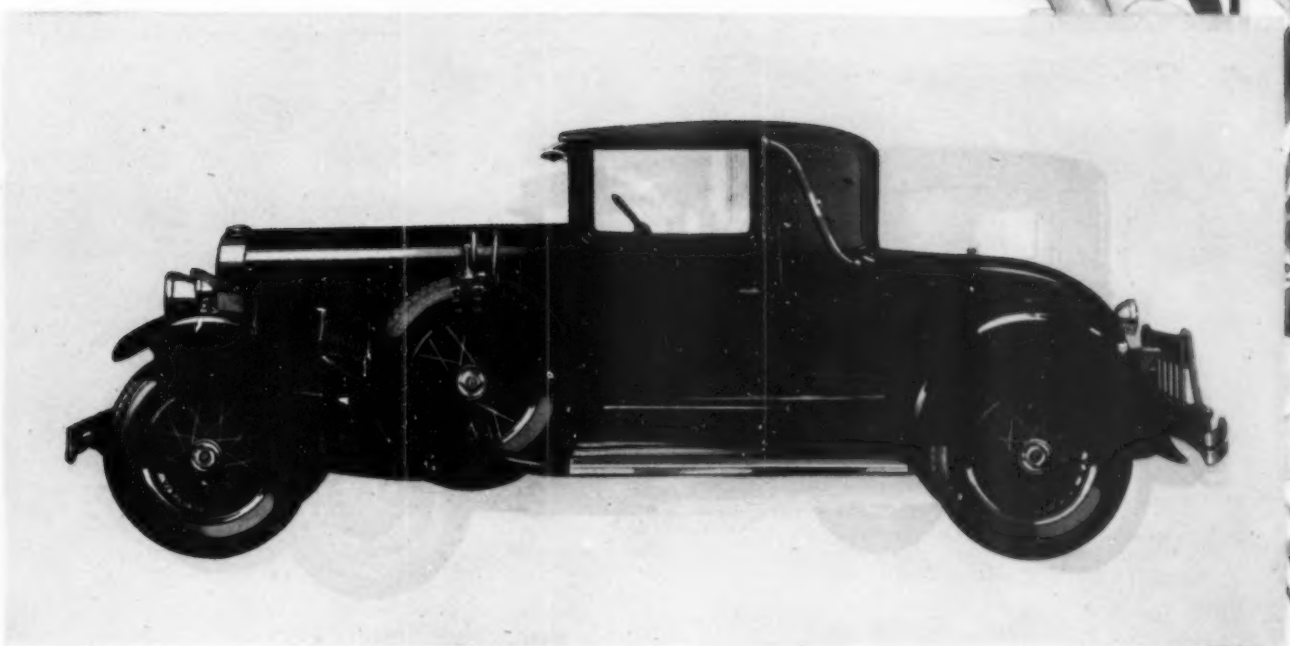
All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, Mich.

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS

SPRING SHOWING

LA SALLE



LA SALLE, companion car to the Cadillac, incorporates the celebrated 90° V-type principle and provides those qualities inherent in the traditional excellence of Cadillac craftsmanship at prices ranging from $2295 to $2875

Retaining all the elements of spirited style and modishness which the original La Salle introduced, the La Salle of today is larger and more luxurious, capable of even more satisfying performance, and reveals numerous basic Cadillac developments that contribute to ease of operation, comfort and travel security.

Companion car to Cadillac, it incorporates the most recent results of Cadillac's policy of continuous advancement—the Syncro-Mesh silent-shift transmission, Duplex-Mechanical effortless four-wheel brakes and Security-Plate glass. Enlarged and refined for greater operating efficiency and responsiveness, the ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine lifts to an even higher plane those attributes of performance which have contributed so notably to La Salle's success.

Bodies by Fisher are even smarter than in the past, the characteristic merits of La Salle appearance having been enhanced by numerous refinements. Interiors are more spacious and conform to the most critical conceptions of luxury, with their rich mohair upholsteries trimmed in broadlace, adjustable front seats, fitments of rich period design and tasteful appointments. Truly, in the new La Salle, there is still more commanding presence . . . still more impressive charm.

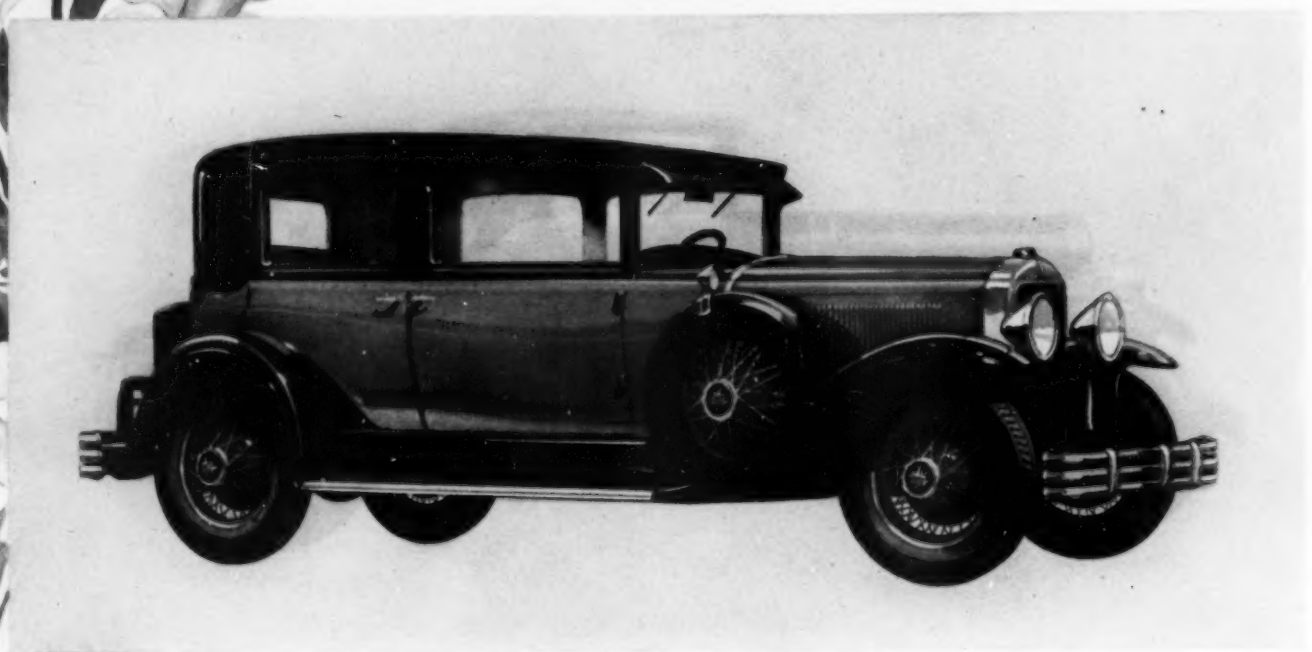
2-Passenger Roadster	$2345
4-Passenger Phaeton	$2295
4-Passenger Sport Phaeton	$2875
2-Passenger Coupe	$2495
Convertible Coupe (Illustrated above)	$2595
5-Passenger Coupe	$2625
5-Passenger Sedan	$2595
5-Passenger Family Sedan	$2450
5-Passenger Town Sedan	$2675
Imperial Town Sedan	$2825
7-Passenger Sedan	$2775
7-Passenger Imperial	$2875
5-Passenger Convertible Landau Cabriolet	$2725
Imperial Convertible Landau Cabriolet	$2875

All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, Mich.

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS SPRING SHOWING

BUICK



THE records of two million Buicks—and the fact that motorists buy more than twice as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200—reflect the policy of progress and permanence which has enabled Buick to lead year after year

SERIES 116

5-passenger 2-door Sedan	$1220
5-passenger Phaeton	$1225
2-passenger Business Coupe	$1195
5-passenger Special Coupe	$1250
5-passenger 4-door Sedan	$1320

SERIES 121

5-passenger 4-door Close-coupled Sedan	$1450
2-passenger Business Coupe	$1395
4-passenger Special Coupe	$1450
5-passenger 4-door Sedan	$1520
4-passenger Coupe	$1445

All prices f. o. b. Factory. Special equipment extra.

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

Dedicated from the dawn of the industry to a policy of progress—steadfastly adhering to those sound manufacturing practices which spell true goodness and reliability—Buick has enjoyed worldwide recognition as a builder of quality cars throughout a quarter of a century.

More than two million Buicks have been produced . . . the first million in twenty years, the second million in four years. More than 1,500,000 of this twenty-five year total are still serving their owners. More than 80% of Buick owners buy Buicks again. And, as a final proof of leadership, more than twice as many people purchase Buicks year after year as any other automobile listing above $1200.

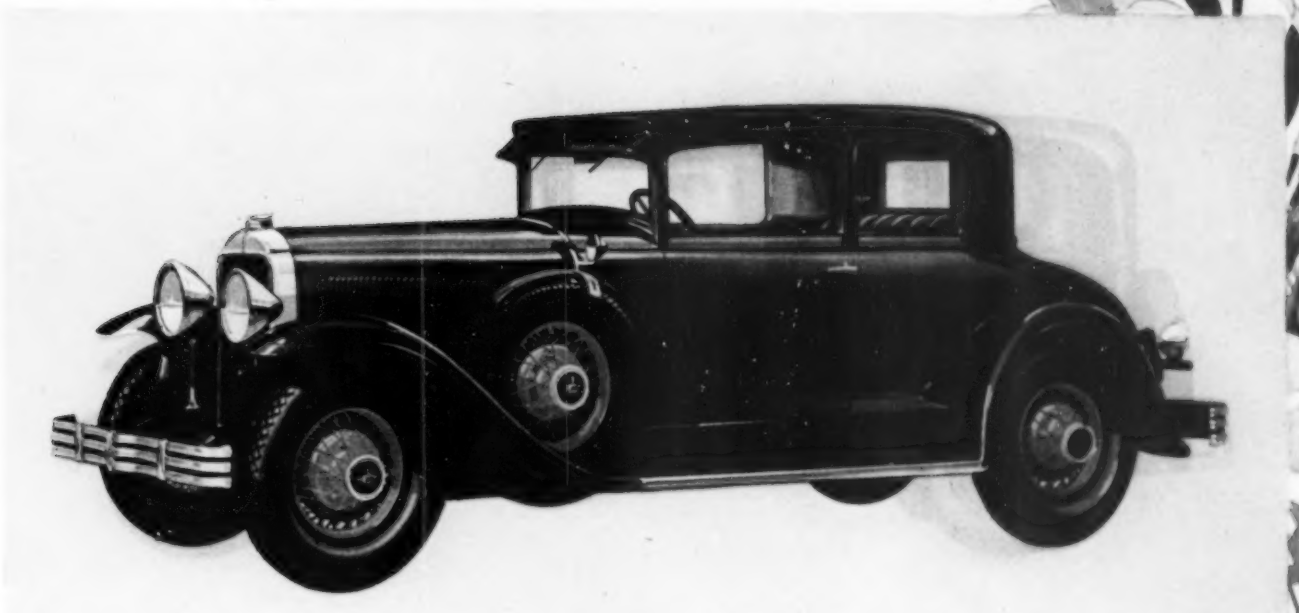
Buick ideals, Buick policies and principles have won steadily increasing confidence and good will, until today Buick is recognized as the standard of comparison by the millions of motor car buyers in the Buick market.

The builders of Buick will continue to hold true to their trust. They will tread their chosen path of progress and of sound manufacture in the future as they have in the past. The public may rely to the fullest degree upon the integrity of Buick ideals as well as upon the permanence of the Buick pledge, "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

GENERAL MOTORS

SPRING SHOWING

BUICK



TODAY'S Buick with Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher climaxes twenty-five years of fine car building and provides elements of design, engineering and construction which make it the greatest value in its price class—$1195 to $2145

Acclaimed in every section of the country as the master achievement of Buick's twenty-five years of fine car manufacture, today's Buick embodies outstanding advantages in every phase of motor car performance, appearance and value—advantages which lend new emphasis to Buick leadership in its price division.

Increased bore and stroke—improved carburetion—new positive-pressure gas pump and other advancements in the Buick six-cylinder valve-in-head engine—impart an entirely new measure of performance, a new order of power, acceleration, swiftness, smoothness and stamina which win the enthusiastic praise of all who drive.

Modish lines, sparkling colors, luxurious upholsteries and appointments endow Buick's Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher with surpassing beauty. And a host of special features, including Buick's sealed chassis—torque tube drive—cantilever springs—adjustable steering column—adjustable front seat and extra-width rear seat—adds to the lasting satisfaction of Buick ownership.

Buick offers nineteen magnificent body-types ranging in price from $1195 to $2145 f. o. b. factory—each a true Buick—each endowed with that full quota of outstanding quality features which makes Buick the greatest value in its price class.

SERIES 129

7-passenger Touring	$1550
7-passenger 4-door Sedan	$2045
7-passenger Limousine	$2145
5-passenger 4-door Close-coupled Sedan (Illustrated on opposite page)	$1875
4-passenger Convertible Coupe	$1875
5-passenger Phaeton	$1525
5-passenger 4-door Sedan	$1935
5-passenger Coupe (Illustrated above)	$1865

All prices f. o. b. Factory. Special equipment extra.

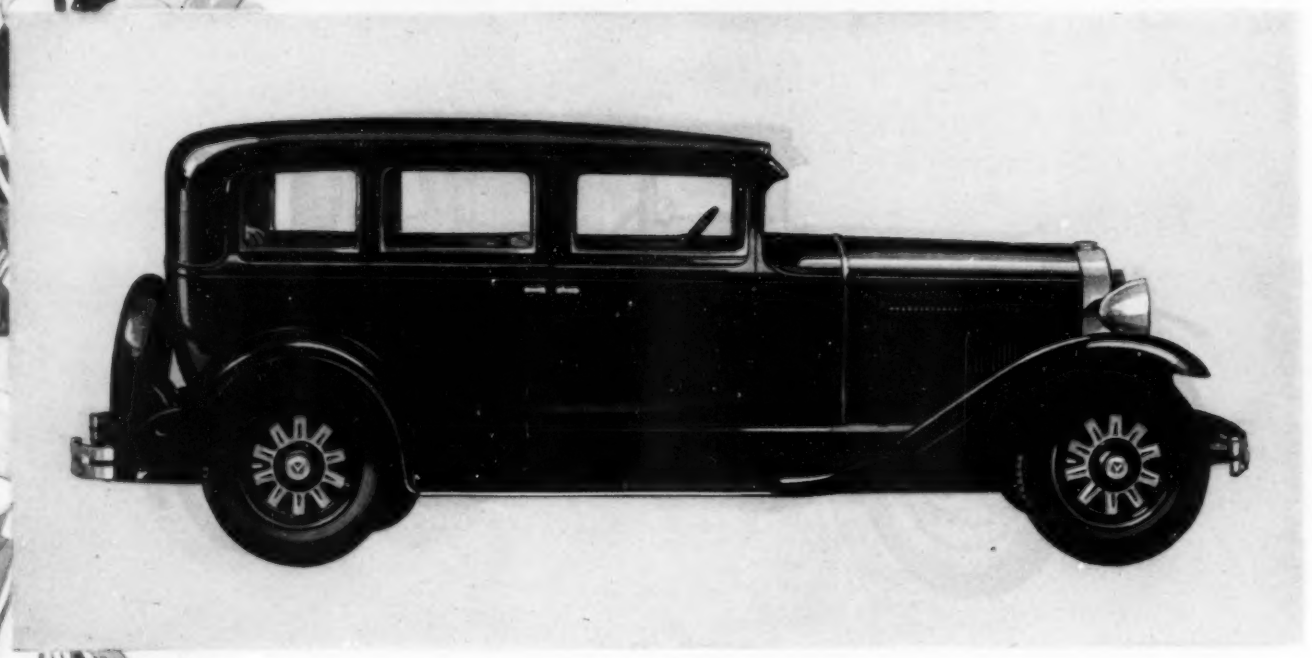
Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS

Buick MOTOR CARS

SPRING SHOWING

VIKING



THE new Viking, now on display by Oldsmobile dealers, is the only car in the medium-price field that offers the advantages of the ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine . . . three body styles . . . each priced at $1595

The Viking is far more than just a new car . . . it is a ninety-degree V-type eight, providing qualities of advanced design, beauty, luxury and performance never before offered in any but costly cars.

The Viking introduces new beauty and tailored smartness—the latest creations of Fisher artist-engineers. It sets a new standard of interior luxury and comfort. It embodies desirable new principles of design based on well-established, time-proven fundamentals. The new Viking ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine delivers 81 horsepower, with exceptional smoothness throughout its entire speed range. Its response to the throttle is remarkable. Restful riding ease is provided by its 125-inch wheelbase, with specially designed springs controlled by four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers. And full assurance of its soundness and its dependability lies in the fact that it was engineered by the designers of the present fine Oldsmobile Six—that it is backed by the vast resources of General Motors—and that it has been proved on the great General Motors Proving Ground.

The Viking ninety-degree V-type eight meets ideally the most exacting requirements of modern motoring—as you will instantly recognize when you inspect it at the nearest Oldsmobile-Viking showroom.

4-Door Sedan. . . $1595
(Illustrated above)
Convertible
Coupe $1595
Close-coupled
4-Door Sedan. . . $1595

Prices f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Michigan. Spare tire and bumpers extra.

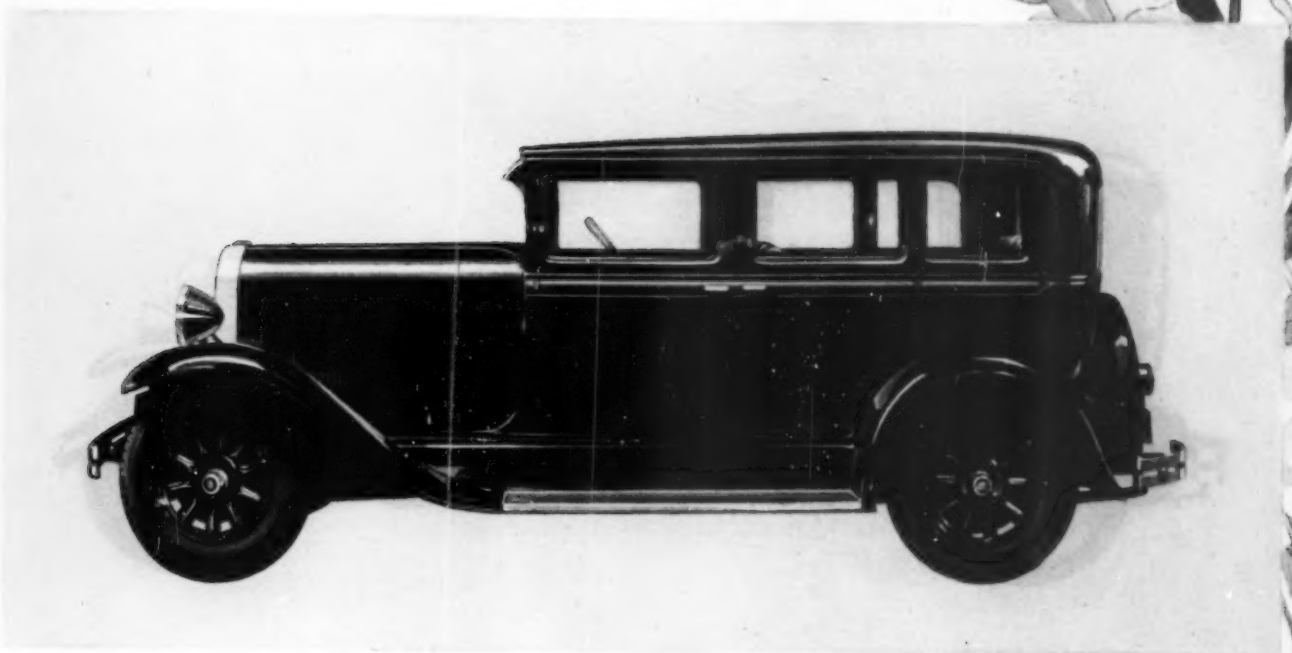
De Luxe equipment—consisting of six wire wheels, two spare wheels and tires locked in fender wells, trunk rack, and bumpers, $160 extra.

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS

SPRING SHOWING

OLDSMOBILE



THE 1929 Oldsmobile, more than ever before, achieves Oldsmobile's aim to build a car for the American family that, at moderate price, gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need . . . $875 to $1035

Oldsmobile has scored impressive gains in public acceptance, month after month, because of its decided supremacy in appearance, performance and value over other cars in its field. Desirable improvements have been added to the fine car that has won enthusiastic praise from thousands of owners. And at the same time, prices have been reduced.

The 1929 Oldsmobile, with its beautiful bodies by Fisher, presents new style and smartness—the result of new exterior refinements. The 1929 Oldsmobile is more luxurious than ever in appointment. The interiors are both roomy and comfortable. Upholsteries are richer and more costly. Seats have deeper cushions. The new Fisher adjustable front seat, combined with Oldsmobile's adjustable steering wheel, makes the driving position a matter of individual choice. And Oldsmobile has complete fine car equipment, including four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers to assure restful riding comfort.

The 1929 Oldsmobile provides even more gratifying and dependable performance. Its big high-compression engine now develops 62 horsepower. Piston pins are now pressure-lubricated, a feature formerly associated with high-priced cars. And this is typical of the fine car standards maintained throughout its manufacture.

2-Door Sedan . . .	$875
Coupe	$875
Roadster	$945
Phaeton	$945
Sport Coupe . . .	$945
4-Door Sedan . . . (Illustrated above)	$975
Landau	$1035

Prices f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich. Spare tire and bumpers extra.

Special equipment—including two spare tires, tubes and rims locked in fender wells, trunk rack, and bumpers—$60 extra.

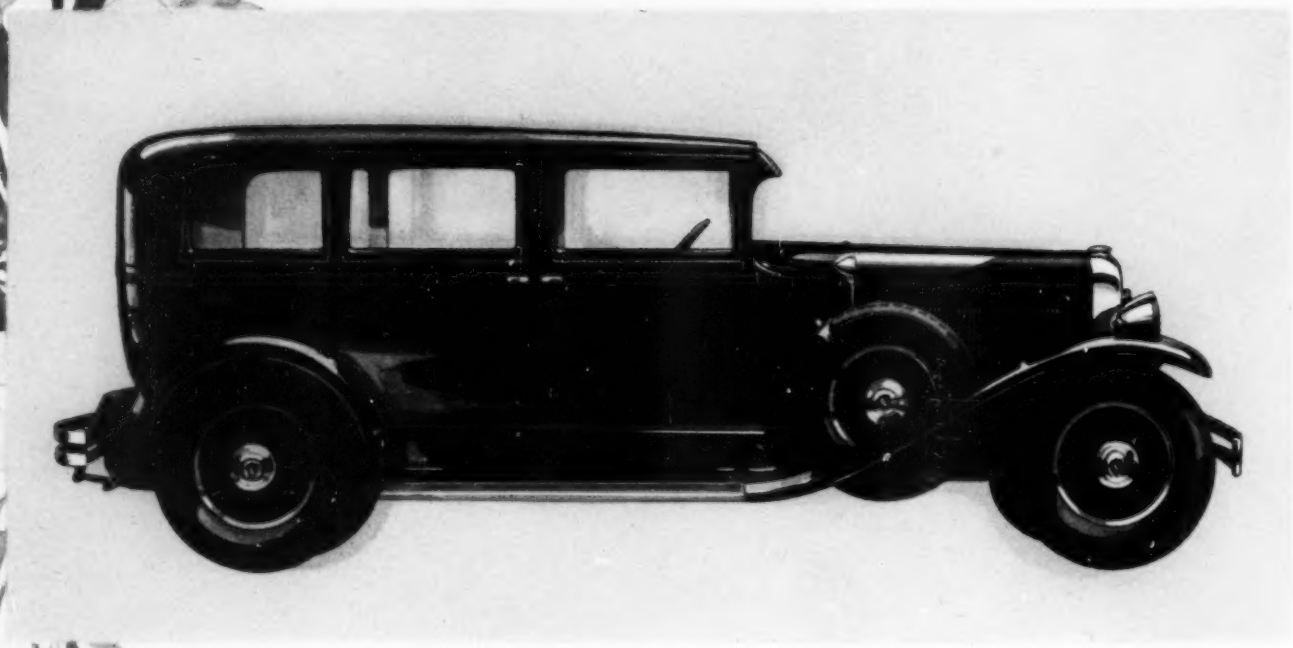
De Luxe equipment—including six wire wheels, two spare wheels and tires locked in fender wells, chromium-plated headlamps, trunk rack, and bumpers—$130 extra.

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS

SPRING SHOWING

OAKLAND



REALIZING the need for a car of unusual quality, style, distinction and performance capabilities at prices ranging from $1145 to $1375, General Motors, through its Oakland Division, offers the New All-American Six

Original in style and beauty and offering exceptional performance ability, the New Oakland All-American Six represents a distinct innovation in its price field.

From its radiator grill to the extreme rear of the car, a striking originality is the keynote of its attractive beauty. This is apparent in the graceful proportions of its Fisher bodies, in the flaring contours of one-piece fenders, even in the smart simplicity of its rear view. Its interiors reveal the luxury which results from charming appointments, rich upholstery and deep, inviting seats. Drivers' seats are adjustable, of course.

In performance, the New All-American is notable for the power, speed and acceleration provided by its big, L-head engine equipped with a large, highly perfected carburetor. Unbroken smoothness and silence are assured by the G-M-R cylinder head, Harmonic Balancer, counter-weighted crankshaft and accurately balanced rotating parts. Noiseless, dirt-and-weather-proof internal four-wheel brakes and a new type steering mechanism account for its safety and ease of control.

Arresting in appearance, the New All-American is even more impressive in performance. But most gratifying of all to owners are its quality of construction and its characteristic length of life.

2-Door Sedan	$1145
Coupe	1145
Roadster	1145
Phaeton	1145
4-Door Sedan	1245
(Shown above—wire wheels extra)	
Convertible Cabriolet	1265
Special 4-Door Sedan	1320
Landaulet Sedan	1375

All prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges.

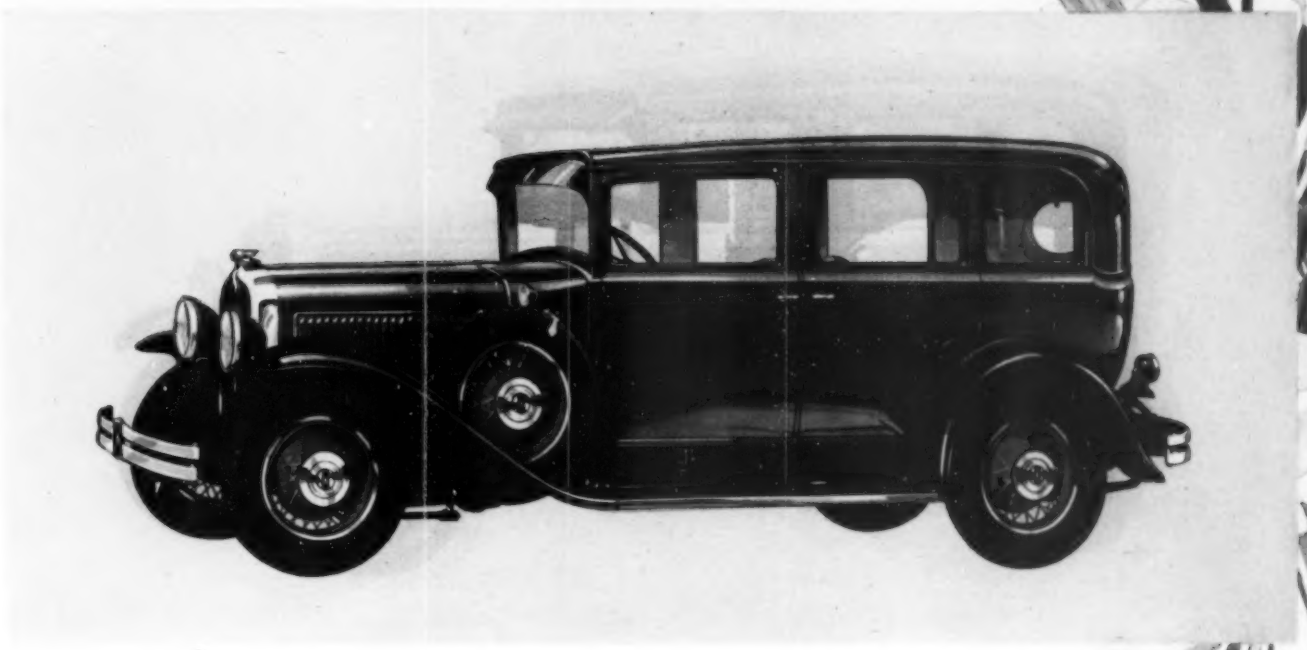
Spring covers and Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers included in list prices. Bumper and rear fender guards extra.

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS

SPRING SHOWING

PONTIAC



THE New Pontiac Big Six, built by Oakland, exemplifies the value offered in General Motors products—providing a car of exceptional beauty, performance, comfort and size at prices ranging from $745 to $895

The New Pontiac Big Six is built to appeal to those progressive people who want to step up the quality of their automobiles without stepping out of the low-price field.

Its big car performance is achieved through the use of numerous engineering advancements typified by a larger L-head engine with the G-M-R cylinder head, counter-weighted crankshaft, Harmonic Balancer and adjustable full-pressure oiling system; the cross-flow radiator; a balanced line of drive; and noiseless, dirt-and-weather-proof internal four-wheel brakes. Additional features include gasoline pump, larger carburetor, rattle-proof spring shackles—and Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers at slight extra cost.

Combined with this mechanical excellence is the big car beauty resulting from an overall length of 167 inches and new bodies by Fisher introducing the distinctive concave belt moulding. Fisher contributions to Pontiac's comfort, luxury and value also include adjustable drivers' seats, Ternstedt period appointments and upholsteries of special weave.

The New Pontiac Big Six is clearly something new and different—a car offering every quality desired by that great group of progressive people who have been seeking a finer, low-priced automobile.

2-Door Sedan	$745
Coupe	745
Roadster	775
Phaeton	825
Convertible Cabriolet	845
4-Door Sedan (Shown above—wire wheels extra)	845
Landaulet Sedan	895

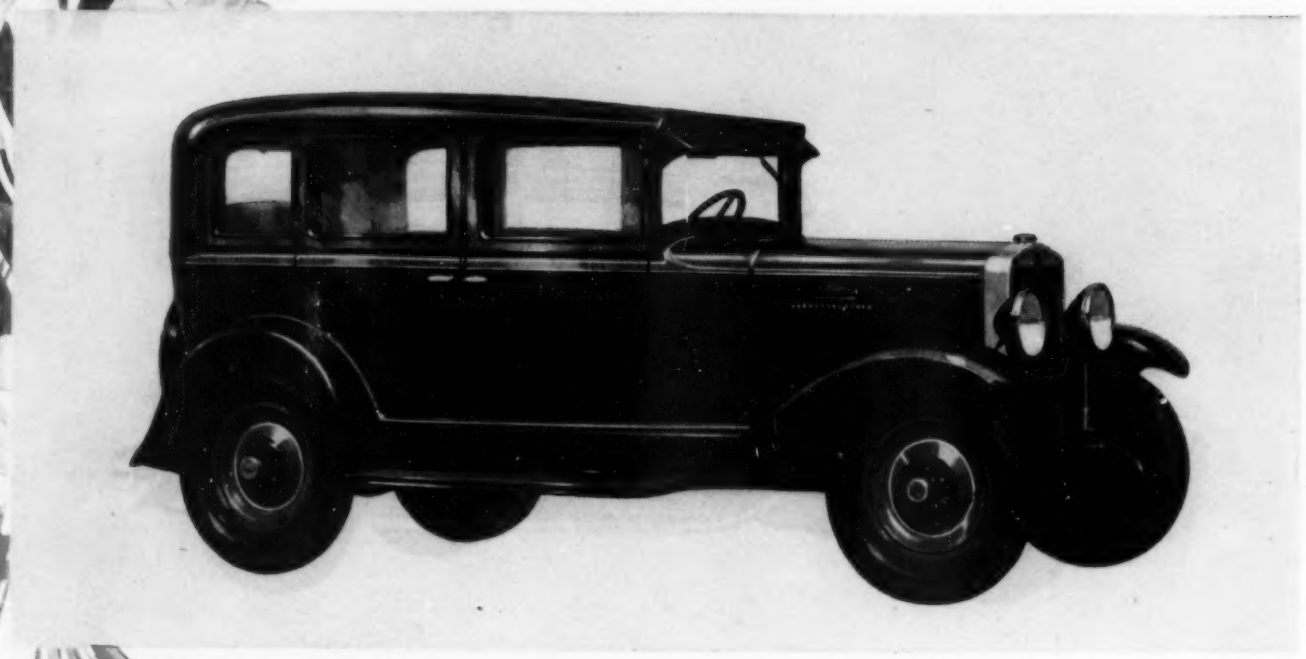
All prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges.

Spring covers, bumper and rear fender guards regular equipment at slight extra cost.

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS SPRING SHOWING

CHEVROLET



THROUGH Chevrolet, the world's largest builder of automobiles, General Motors offers both economical transportation and quality at low cost—a six in the price range of the four . . . from $525 to $725

The New Chevrolet represents four years of research and development. Its new six-cylinder valve-in-head engine incorporates such features of advanced design as high-compression non-detonating cylinder head, automatically lubricated rocker arm mechanism, acceleration pump, hot-spot manifold and gasoline pump with filter. As a result, it combines six-cylinder smoothness and power, faster acceleration and higher speed—with unusual economy of operation.

The beautiful new Fisher bodies are longer, lower, roomier, and are finished in striking new colors. Body equipment features contributing to comfort and convenience include adjustable driver's seat, Ternstedt fitments throughout, the Fisher VV one-piece windshield, full-cushioned seat backs, rear vision mirror and automatic windshield wiper.

Other examples of the high quality of the new Chevrolet Six are full ball bearing steering mechanism with slender rim steering wheel; complete instrument panel which includes electric temperature indicator and theft-proof electric ignition lock; two-beam headlamps with foot control switch; semi-elliptic shock absorber springs set parallel to the frame; and newly designed, quiet, non-locking four-wheel brakes with separate emergency brakes.

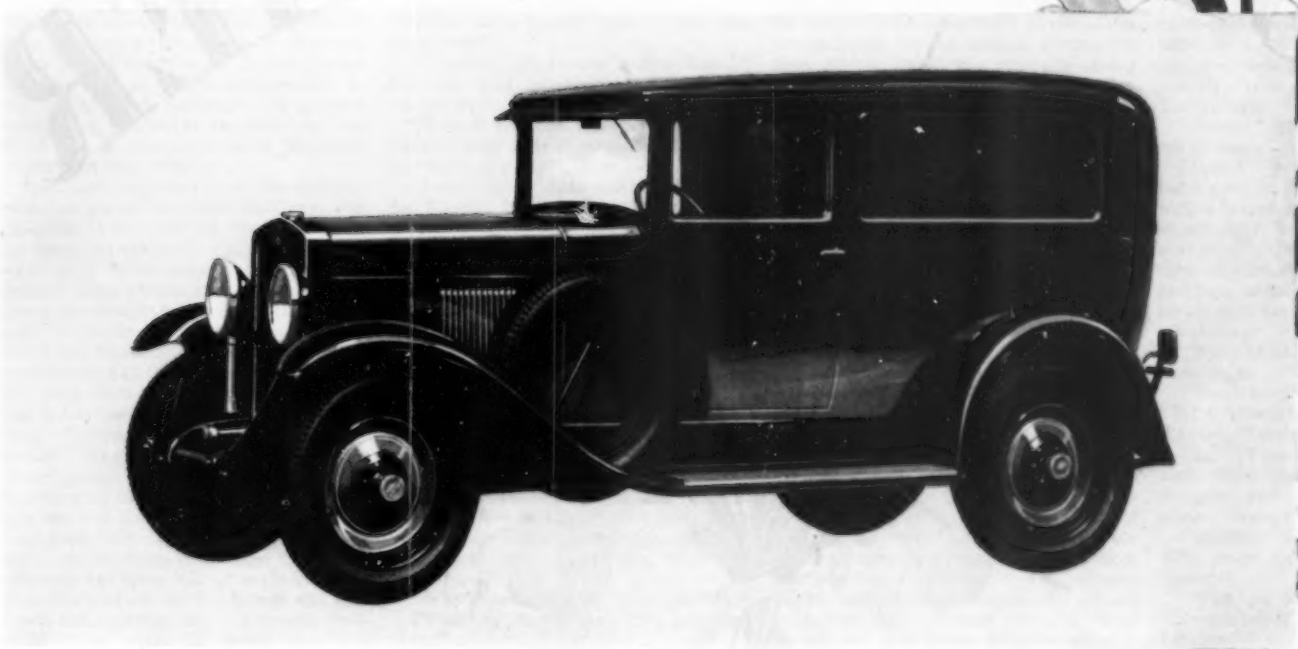
The Roadster $525
The Phaeton $525
The Coach $595
The Coupe $595
The Sedan $675
(Illustrated above)
The Sport Cabriolet $695
The Convertible Landau $725

All prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS CHEVROLET SPRING SHOWING

CHEVROLET



CHEVROLET, also the world's largest truck builder, offers a complete line of six-cylinder trucks, including the Light Delivery chassis, the 1½-ton Utility Truck chassis and the Sedan Delivery at prices ranging from $400 to $650

The Sedan Delivery illustrated is a recent addition to Chevrolet's line of commercial cars. Adapted from passenger car design, it combines dependable, economical transportation with smart passenger car appearance and driver comfort. Built on the rugged Chevrolet six-cylinder chassis and offering the many advantages of a Body by Fisher, it represents a distinct innovation in the truck field.

To meet the requirements of widely diversified businesses, Chevrolet also builds the six-cylinder Light Delivery chassis—on which may be mounted the type of body best suited for practically every delivery need. Its outstanding features are six-cylinder performance with unusual economy; quiet, non-locking four-wheel brakes with separate emergency brakes; ball-bearing steering mechanism; four semi-elliptic shock absorber springs, integral cowl and dash equipment; and others of comparable importance.

For users who require a larger load capacity, the new six-cylinder 1½-ton Utility Truck is ideal. It has a 131-inch wheelbase, 32% more power, 50% more capacity and mounts any body with a load space up to 9 feet. Exactly the right power application for every road and load condition is assured by a four-speed transmission with power take-off opening.

Light Delivery Chassis	$400
Sedan Delivery (Illustrated above—spare tire extra)	$595
1½-ton Chassis	$545
1½-ton Chassis with Cab	$650

All prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan

Purchases may be arranged on the convenient G. M. A. C. Purchase Plan.

GENERAL MOTORS CHEVROLET SPRING SHOWING

BODY BY FISHER

ON ALL GENERAL MOTORS CARS

Purchasers of General Motors cars enjoy a fundamental advantage over purchasers of other cars in that they secure the style, comfort, richness and permanence of a Body by Fisher.

Since the very beginning of the automotive industry, Fisher has been the outstanding leader in automobile coachcraft. This is vividly exemplified in the development of the closed body and of other advancements, such as the VV (vision and ventilation) windshield, harmonizing interior appointments, comfortable and luxurious upholstering, the easily adjustable driver's seat and composite hardwood and steel construction. In itself, this pioneering spirit would bring to Fisher undisputed leadership in the body-building field.

Yet, in addition, Fisher enjoys basic manufacturing advantages unapproached by any other body builder. Fisher logs and mills its own lumber from 200,000 acres of Fisher-owned timberland—makes its own body hardware and fittings—produces its own plate glass—and builds, in 48 separate plants, upward of 1,250,000 bodies a year.

Naturally, these great basic advantages enable Fisher to confer on General Motors cars in every price class, excess value to an almost sensational degree: style that is more distinctive, comfort that is more pronounced, upholsteries that are richer, appointments that are finer, and construction that is more enduring. Consequently, every purchaser of an automobile will find it to his distinct advantage to be sure that the car he selects carries the emblem—Body by Fisher.

GENERAL MOTORS SPRING SHOWING

BODY BY FISHER

APRIL 20TH TO 27TH

ONE OF THE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 25)

she had to introduce him to everyone, because she married him.

It was a strange wedding. Rose, unthinking and striving only to keep the number within bounds, had eight bridesmaids. Warren produced three old friends—a best man and two ushers; Hugh Graham, Rose's cousin, was, by courtesy, a third. There was a crowded, noisy reception in Mrs. Graham's apartment. Warren's father looked bewildered. It had pleased him, learning of Rose's employment, to refer to her as a working girl. As he stood beside Mrs. Graham in the receiving line, ill at ease in a strange world, the term seemed not quite fitting.

Rose had suggested that the wedding breakfast should be slightly enlarged. She explained that a wedding was a party and the breakfast the heart of it, and she knew what eight bridesmaids and four young men—Warren's three friends were fine, but strangers—would mean. Four other young men, evidently among the bridesmaids' oldest and dearest friends, sitting at regular intervals around the table, at once took the ball away from the Carter group and carried it hilariously and at will over the goal line. Conversation became local and louder. Warren's heart went out to his three friends; they were good fellows, they had come all the way to New York to help him out, and he saw they weren't having a very good time. He felt himself, passionately, one of them—a stranger too. And suddenly the scene lost all reality. What were Freddy Ives and Jim Hewitt and Bob Lewis and he doing here? A dream, obviously, from which he would presently awake. That he, Warren Carter, had just been married was absurd. This girl, sitting beside him, whom he scarcely knew ——

Hugh Graham was standing up, reading telegrams of congratulation: "Congratulations and best wishes"; "May all happiness be yours"; "Love and best wishes." Mostly names that Warren did not know. "Long life and happiness." One from Jim Hurley.

Hugh Graham paused. He was reading one over to himself, frowning. Then he said portentously:

"I don't know whether I ought to read this one. It's addressed to Miss Rose Deming."

The low hum of conversation ceased.

He read slowly, tuning his voice to an appropriate sadness:

"THINK ONCE FOR ME OF RIMINI WHERE ROSES WERE. THAT WAS YESTERDAY OR A THOUSAND YEARS AGO. DO YOU REMEMBER—BELOW US, OUR ROAD OF HAWTHORN TO THE SEA, THE BLUE SEA, AND FAR OUT, FIRED BY THE RISING SUN, A CRIMSON SAIL? MOI, JE N'OUBLIERAI JAMAIS.

RAOUL."

There was a moment's stricken silence and then a shout of laughter.

"Read it again!"

"Raoul! My Lord, who's Raoul? . . . Who's Raoul, Rose?" one of the new young men cried, leaning forward and grinning at her. Rose was looking at Hugh with a faint, puzzled smile.

"Read it again!" someone cried.

Hugh began: "'Think once for me of Rimi——'" The rest was drowned in laughter. Warren felt the blood flooding his cheeks. He fixed his mouth in a set smile.

"It's poetry," Peggy Aldrich announced gravely.

"Where's it from?"

"It's from Paris," Hugh said, looking at it.

"Hugh wrote it!"

"I did not," Hugh said. "Here it is if you want to see it."

It floated down the table. One of the fillers-in picked it up.

"'. . . our road of hawthorn to the sea,'" he read. "Lordy! . . . 'fired by the rising sun ——'"

"The rising sun"—a bridesmaid stressed it gently.

More laughter. Warren joined in, but it sounded hollow, forced.

"It's from George Moore," Hugh said. "He calls himself 'Raoul' in France."

"Rimini's in Italy, you goat."

"Where's Rimini, Rose?"

"I don't know," Rose said, laughing. "I've never been there."

"Then who's Raoul?" one of the bridesmaids asked.

"I don't know anyone named Raoul." She was still laughing. "I've always wanted to."

"It must be from someone. It's from Paris," Peggy Aldrich persisted. "Who do you know in Paris?"

"I can't think," Rose said. "Honestly, I don't know. It's some joke."

Presently they subsided. Hugh Graham went on reading the other messages.

Suddenly one of the bridesmaids cried, "Of course! It's Tommy Starke!"

"What?" Hugh stopped reading.

"It's Tommy Starke," the girl repeated—"the cablegram. It's from Tommy Starke. He's living in Paris."

Warren glanced involuntarily at Rose. He saw, or thought he saw, the faintest flush on her cheek.

"I thought he was in the diplomatic service," someone said.

"That was several years ago," the girl interrupted scornfully. "He's been living in Paris for at least two years. Sue and Fred Proctor saw a lot of him when they were there."

"Who's Tommy Starke?" someone asked.

"Well—ask Rose. He's from her home town."

"An old friend," Rose said, smiling.

VI

THE wedding trip was a present from Warren's father. Rose knew the Continent as well as, if not better than, she did her own country, but Warren had never been abroad before. Mr. Carter's idea was that they should do Europe in a month. Thus, they were to spend four days in Paris and then go straight to Rome; four days in Rome, then Perugia, Assisi, and three days in Florence. Thence to Milan, from Milan to Vienna, from Vienna to Berlin, then Antwerp, Brussels and back to Paris—ending up, as Rose said when she first heard about it, in the American Hospital. But they saw none of these places save Paris.

On the morning of their second day in Paris, as they walked slowly along, lingering at shop windows, Warren heard Rose, who was behind him, cry out:

"Tommy!"

A man's voice said loudly, incredulously, "Rose! My dear! But, Rose!"

Warren turned and saw Rose almost in the embrace of a rather fat, smooth-faced young man of about his own age. He had a distinct feeling that if they had been in any less public place the embrace would certainly have been completed, and warmly. The strange young man—strange to Warren—was holding Rose's hand and crying at intervals in an extravagant voice, "Rose! Rose!"

Rose was laughing. She said, "I don't think you know my husband. His name is Carter. . . . This is Tommy Starke, Warren."

Mr. Starke, his eyes still on Rose, took Warren's hand negligently.

Rose said, smiling, "You didn't know I'd been married."

"But I *did*," Tommy said, faintly indignant. "I sent you a cable—a funny one. Signed 'Pierre' or something."

"That!" Rose said. "Signed 'Raoul.'"

"'Raoul'—that was it. Wasn't it funny?"

"Not very," Rose laughed. "You remember it, Warren."

Warren forced a smile.

"Dicky Eldridge and I composed it," Tommy went on, "late one night. It should have been funny."

"It was most embarrassing." Rose smiled.

At the wedding breakfast, after the incident of the cablegram, Warren had asked a few questions, affectedly casual. Tommy Starke, he learned, once comparatively obscure, had become an almost international figure by reason of the shortness of his career in the diplomatic service. The causes given for his sudden withdrawal were diverse, but it was generally agreed that his official life had endured no longer than a month. Thus, it was variously reported that, having prepared himself too well for his first formal dinner in a South American capital, he had acted unbecomingly with the aunt of the Swedish minister; that he had affronted the French ambassador through an error in syntax; that, intrusted with important papers for Budapest, he had arrived in Bukharest, and without the papers; that he had appeared at a levee in a light-green uniform of his own design.

When Rose and Warren met him he had transferred his capacity for badinage to a less sensitive subject. To Rose's statement that she had heard he was living in Paris he added, "I'm painting, you know."

"Studying art!" Rose exclaimed. "Thrilling!"

"No," Tommy Starke smiled. "Not studying. We've thrown all that sort of thing over. It's freshness we want—untainted, uncorrupt expression, free from the old-line formalism." The phrases slipped glibly from his tongue. His appearance in no way suggested his most recent avocation. His derby hat, his shapely, double-breasted overcoat, his tightly rolled umbrella, his neat black shoes, would have passed unnoticed on Bond Street; on the Rue de Rivoli—even there—his merciless conservatism cried aloud.

"You'll have to show us some of your things," Rose said.

"I haven't finished anything yet." He winked, and added in a solemn voice, "One of the masters has said: 'Show me the man whose genius is consummate before he is forty, and you show me mediocrity.' . . . No, sir," he said, shaking his head, "I've still got four years to go, and I'm not taking any chances. . . . Dine with me tonight. . . . Where are you staying?" Rose told him. "Don't dress. I'll stop by at eight."

"We'd love to," Rose said. He bowed, held his hat aloft for an instant, and went on his way.

They dined in a very small, very special restaurant such as only the initiate can produce. Rose and Tommy sat beside each other against the wall. Warren faced them across the table.

"Jack and Lydia Page were here last month," Tommy began, turning to Rose.

Rose hadn't seen the Pages for a long time. Tommy told her all about them. He analyzed, dissected and indexed the Pages, husband and wife. He was, Warren soon realized, a great talker. No pause ever grew to awkwardness. Such silences as he allowed were timed to lend flavor to his last utterance or to afford, as it seemed to Warren, a fleeting interval in which he—Tommy—and Rose, perhaps, could muse gently on old times. During the early part of dinner Warren made several heavy-handed attempts to enter the conversation, but his contributions received scant attention from his host, and as the meal progressed all thoughts of speech curled up dryly under the searing breath of Tommy's monologue. Like so many other men in situations of which this was the miniature, Warren turned to the bottle for consolation. As the line of rich old Burgundy fell, his silence grew heavier. Rose scarcely touched her wine, and as Tommy, perforce, neglected his for the clearer flow of soul, Warren finished the bottle unaided. Tommy was talking about the old days at Lake Forest, reaching back into the misty realms of childhood to recall scenes in which—as it seemed to Warren, now in a faint haze—the principal parts were invariably played by Rose and Tommy. He began his sentences: "Do you remember the time?" and this phrase, constantly recurring, evoked for Warren a past through which Rose and Tommy moved always more glamorously, until by the end of the meal Warren had taken on the rôle of an involuntary and unhappy eavesdropper.

After dinner, as they waited for a taxi, Tommy said, "Where to now?"

"Home?" Rose said—doubtfully, Warren thought.

"Home!" Tommy cried in horror. "At ten o'clock in Paris!" He surveyed Rose with a bright smile. "You're not feeling ill, are you? You're not going home mad, are you?" Both these questions were directed exclusively at Rose. If Warren had been included in the inquiry, he could, for himself, have answered each by a short affirmative.

"If you've got work to do tomorrow ——" Rose began.

"Tomorrow," Tommy repeated vaguely. "When's tomorrow?" A taxi drew up beside the curb. Tommy gave directions and they got in. "Tomorrow," he continued as he sank down beside Rose, while Warren struggled with one of the small collapsible seats—"tomorrow I'm going to London."

"London!" Rose cried. "In February! Why go to London? Come with us to Rome."

"Why go to Rome?" Tommy said. "Rome's full of Italians. Come with me to London."

"All right," Rose laughed. "Let's. Shall we, Warren?"

"Let's," Warren said mechanically. "Let's," he repeated, with an excess of warmth. Any place. . . .

VII

WHEN he awoke the next morning Rose was standing at the foot of his bed, dressed and with her hat on, gazing at him solicitously.

"What's the matter?" he said after a moment. "What is it?"

"It's eleven o'clock." She smiled.

"Eleven o'clock," Warren repeated hoarsely. He sat up, and then sank back slowly, gently. A dull beating commenced inside his head.

"I guess I've overslept," he said with a light laugh which ended suddenly in a cackle. "Eleven o'clock!" he exclaimed again. "That's pretty late. I must have overslept," he finished lamely.

"I'll order you some breakfast," Rose said, moving toward the telephone.

"Never mind about breakfast," he said. "I won't bother about breakfast," he went on with affected carelessness. "It's pretty late. I might as well wait for lunch now."

"We're not lunching till 1:30, you know," Rose reminded him.

"That's right." But he hadn't known.

"I'm going out now," she continued. "Don't forget and go to sleep again. We're to meet Tommy at half-past one."

So that was it. They were lunching with Tommy—Tommy what's-his-name—or perhaps he was lunching with them. And where?

"I thought we could leave one trunk here," Rose said. "If you'll pick out the things you won't need in London and put them together, I'll pack them this afternoon."

Warren stared at her blankly. London! They were going to London, it seemed. Not Rome at all.

He turned his mind back to the night before. After dinner they had gone to some Russian place. They had had a bottle of champagne. Then they had gone on—another Russian place, very much the same. They had had another bottle—he and Tommy—Tommy—Starke, that was it—Tommy Starke, Rose's friend—the painter,

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Tommy Starke. Tommy had explained that champagne was obligatory. Then they had gone on somewhere else. They were always moving on, he remembered. After that, the night was shadowy. But everything was Russian. He had a confused memory of enormous men in fur hats, with rows of small cylinders extending fanlike across their chests, of dim blue lights and the smoke from a thousand cigarettes, of strange, surging music, of much stamping.

And now, apparently, they were going to London; giving up Rome and Florence and Vienna and everything—all that trip which Mr. Carter had so carefully planned.

"You really want to go to London?" he said, feeling his way carefully.

Rose looked at him in surprise. "Why, of course," she said. "Don't you?"

"Well ——" he began.

"I don't see how you can change back now, dear," she said. "After Tommy has put off going till tomorrow and is getting our tickets and everything."

"That's right," Warren said. So Tommy was going with them. They were all going together. That would be fun.

"And it'll be nice to see Louise and Gil and the Cranes," she said finally.

"Yes," he said. He didn't know Louise and Gil and the Cranes.

"After all," Rose said, "you were the one who decided. You remember, I left it to you and you said you'd much rather go to London. You must admit that, Warren."

"That's right," he said again. After a moment he added, "But what's-his-name was going today."

"I don't believe it makes any difference when Tommy gets there. He's just going to look at some pictures. And you insisted so that he wait over till tomorrow and go with us. . . . I've got to go, Warren," she went on. "It's after eleven, and everything closes at twelve. Don't forget, you invited Tommy for 1:30." She came from the foot of the bed and kissed him. "You're tired. We stayed up much too late."

"I'm all right," he said. "One-thirty," he repeated. He frowned at the ceiling. "Oh, where was it I said?"

"Larue's. You insisted on Larue's, although Tommy kept telling you it was the most expensive place in Paris."

Warren turned over and closed his eyes. After Rose had gone he got up and drank two glasses of water. In the street below automobile horns honked incessantly. He felt awful—awful. He must try to get a little more sleep—lunch at Larue's, 1:30.

When he arrived at Larue's neither Rose nor Tommy was there. It was almost two o'clock when they came in together.

Rose said, "Isn't that funny? I ran into Tommy again on the street. That's twice in two days."

Warren glanced at her. A wild, crazy thought flashed in his mind: She and Tommy had arranged to meet earlier that morning.

At luncheon Tommy told them that he had secured their tickets to London and had cabled for rooms at the hotel which they had agreed upon, apparently, the night before; so, in the afternoon, Warren, with a heavy heart, gave up the reservations on the Paris-Rome express and sent off a number of telegrams to Italy.

At Tommy's suggestion, they met again at six o'clock.

They had tea, and Rose said to Tommy, "If you're not doing anything tonight, why don't you dine with us? We're going to the Casino de Paris. I suppose you've seen it."

Yes, Tommy had seen it, but he'd like to see it again. He said, "That's awfully good of you. I had a blank evening on my hands."

After tea they wandered along one of the boulevards. Paris was cold and wet and dismal. The familiar haunts, Tommy said, were all empty. Rose mourned; everyone was away.

Warren had not thought much about the society of other people in connection with their wedding trip. If he had had his own private way, they would have gone to a village not far from his home, where there was a good inn, with wood fires in the evening, and, at this time of year, snow probably, and good skiing. He was old-fashioned enough—he supposed now it must be an old fashion—to think of the solitude and silence of New England winter as particularly appropriate to that special time of their life together; the only time, probably, in which the world would not intrude. That Rose could welcome the coming of Tommy Starke, who, in Warren's mind, was now definitely fixed as an old admirer, that London could draw her because it held Gil and somebody and the somebodies, was strange and disquieting. It was more than that; it was the seed of a belief that she had found his own company deficient and was already reaching out for the diversion that others could afford.

They dined and went to the theater together. Warren felt better and prepared grimly to go on somewhere. But when Tommy suggested it, Rose said no, firmly; for tomorrow they had to travel.

VIII

THEY crossed the next day from Calais to Dover and reached London in the late afternoon. London was colder than Paris, Warren thought, and more depressing. The hotel was gloomy and evidently without heat. The manager went up with them to show the rooms.

"This is a double room, sir," he said to Tommy, opening a door on to a small hallway, "with a sitting room and bath. For the other gentleman"—he indicated Warren—"I have a single room on the same floor."

Rose burst out laughing. "Perfect!" She looked at Tommy. "I suppose it's all right," she said doubtfully.

"Great!" Tommy said, grinning.

"Ha-ha!" Warren's laugh was hollow, mirthless.

The manager glanced from one to the other, puzzled.

"This is Mr. and Mrs. Carter," Tommy explained, smiling.

"I beg your pardon," the manager murmured. Embarrassed, he said to Tommy, "I'll show you the other room, sir." He moved away down the hall.

"I'll telephone Louise," Rose said to Tommy. "Come back here when you're ready."

Warren went into the bathroom to remove some of the coal dust. He heard Rose at the telephone in the next room. When he came out he saw Rose's two bags, and beside them Tommy Starke's large black suitcase. He pulled open the door and looked down the corridor.

Rose came out of the sitting room behind him and said, "The Frosts have gone to Sicily."

"What? Who?" he asked vaguely. The corridor was empty.

"Gil and Louise are in Sicily," she said mournfully. She saw Tommy's bag beside hers and laughed.

Tommy came down the hall carrying Warren's bag.

"Thanks," Warren said shortly. "They left yours here."

"They won't believe I'm not Mrs. Starke," Rose said, smiling.

Tommy laughed and picked up his bag.

Warren went suddenly blind. He heard himself say in a strange voice: "I don't know as I blame them." Instantly he sought to change it to a jest. "Tommy looks much more the married man, don't you think?" He forced a laugh.

Tommy looked at him quickly. There was a moment's silence. Then Tommy said, "I do, do I?" He managed a strained note of levity. He turned and went down the corridor, carrying his bag.

Rose turned to Warren and started to speak.

He said quickly, "I'd better do some unpacking."

He went into the bedroom. Presently he heard Rose at the telephone again. He heard her ask for Mrs. Crane. After a moment she exclaimed, "They've sailed!" She was silent then, listening to details.

A few minutes later there was a knock on the outer door. Warren went into the hallway and opened it. Tommy stood on the threshold.

"How about some dinner?" he asked in a cheerful voice.

"In a minute." Warren went back into the bedroom.

He heard Rose say, "I've been telephoning. Gil and Louise are in Sicily and the Cranes sailed the day before yesterday for America."

"What foul luck!" Tommy said. "I persuaded you to come all the way to London and now they're not here."

Rose was laughing. "I think it's very funny," Warren heard her say. "Warren and I gave up the grand tour—no, the grandest tour—and here we are in London—the three of us—and we don't know a soul!"

"Well," Tommy said, "you and Warren can go back to Paris and still get in most of the trip. There's no reason for you to stay on here now."

Warren counted the days that were left. They could still do it—or most of it.

"But we don't want to desert you," he heard Rose say. "What would you do all alone in London?"

"I should die of despair, probably," Tommy said sadly.

"Well, we can't have that. How long do you have to stay here?" she asked.

"I'm not sure," Tommy said. "I'll telephone tonight. If the man's in London, I can see the pictures in a day at the most. You'd probably want to spend a day or so, anyway, now that you're here?"

"Oh, yes."

"How about dinner?" he asked.

"I'm ready. . . . Warren! Time to eat."

They dined and went to bed early.

The next morning Tommy told them he had telephoned and that the man whose pictures he had come to see was away and wouldn't be back until the end of the week.

"So I'll have to wait over until Monday anyway," he explained.

"What's the matter with London, I wonder?" Rose said. "Everybody's gone. Is there going to be a flood or something?"

"The thing for you to do," Tommy went on, without much enthusiasm, "is to go back on Thursday or Friday and get in as much of the trip as you can."

"If we left Thursday ——" Warren began.

"And leave Tommy here to die of loneliness?" Rose said in mock horror. "I couldn't do such a thing, could you?" The question did not require an answer and Warren said nothing. He thought, grimly, that the manner of Tommy Starke's taking off interested him not at all, so long as it was complete.

"It would be great if you did stay," Tommy said. "I can't tell you how much it means to me. There're some pretty good plays on now, I believe," he added hopefully.

"Why, there's lots to do in London," Rose said in a cheerful voice.

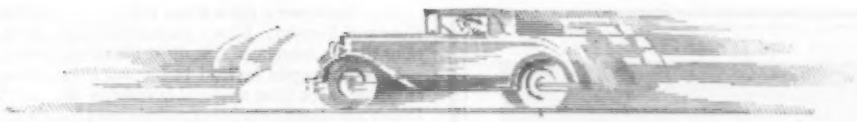
"I can't tell you how I appreciate it," Tommy murmured.

In the face of Rose's magnanimity and Tommy's gratitude Warren found nothing to say. They would stay on in London. He was standing by the window and he looked down at the wet, cheerless street. In his heart he said now a last good-by to Rome and Florence and all the other lovely places.

IX

DURING the next few days Warren's mind turned again and again to the astounding fact that their wedding trip had been adjusted to suit the activities of Tommy Starke. The situation might have struck him as slightly humorous had it not been for one element that destroyed any suggestion of comedy. This was his conception of the feeling that existed between

(Continued on Page 116)



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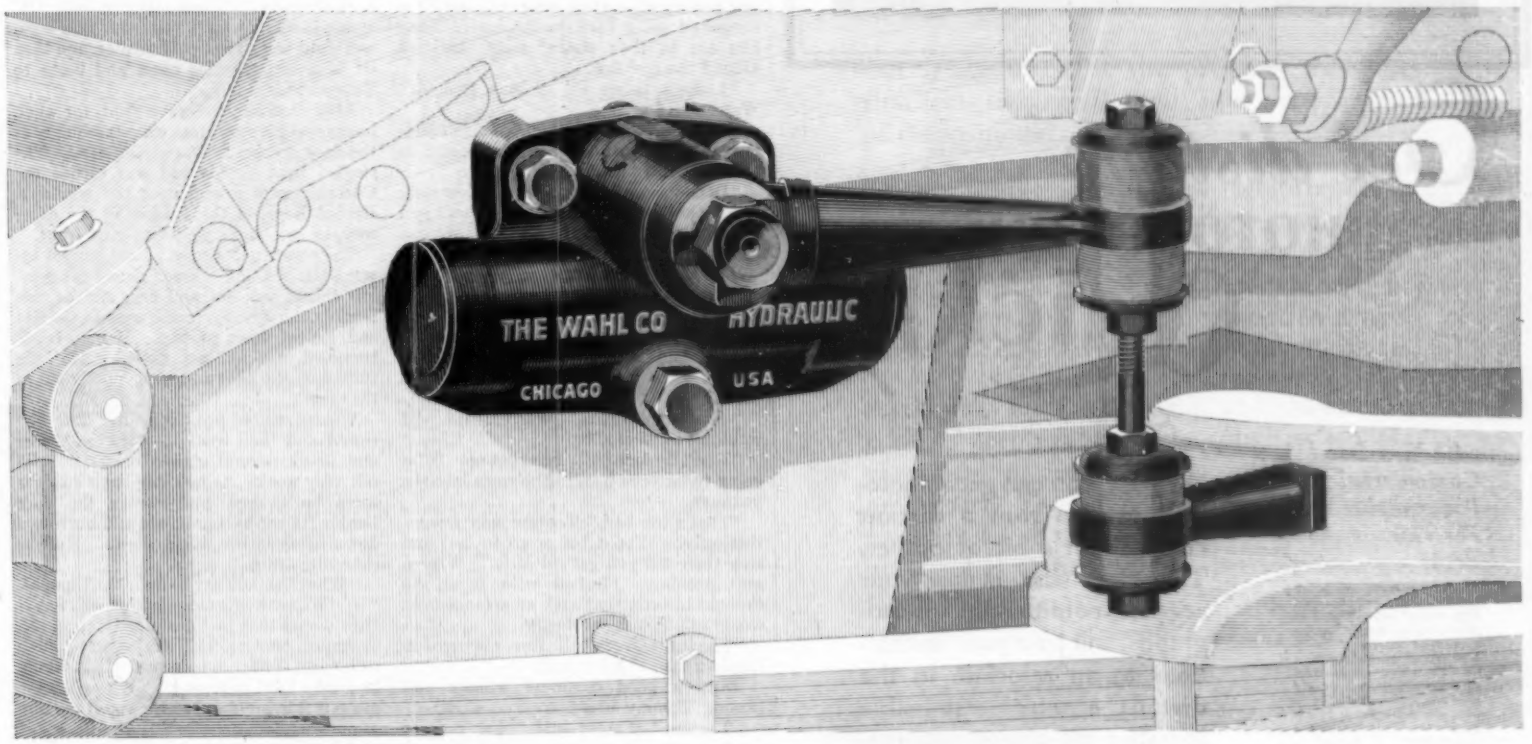

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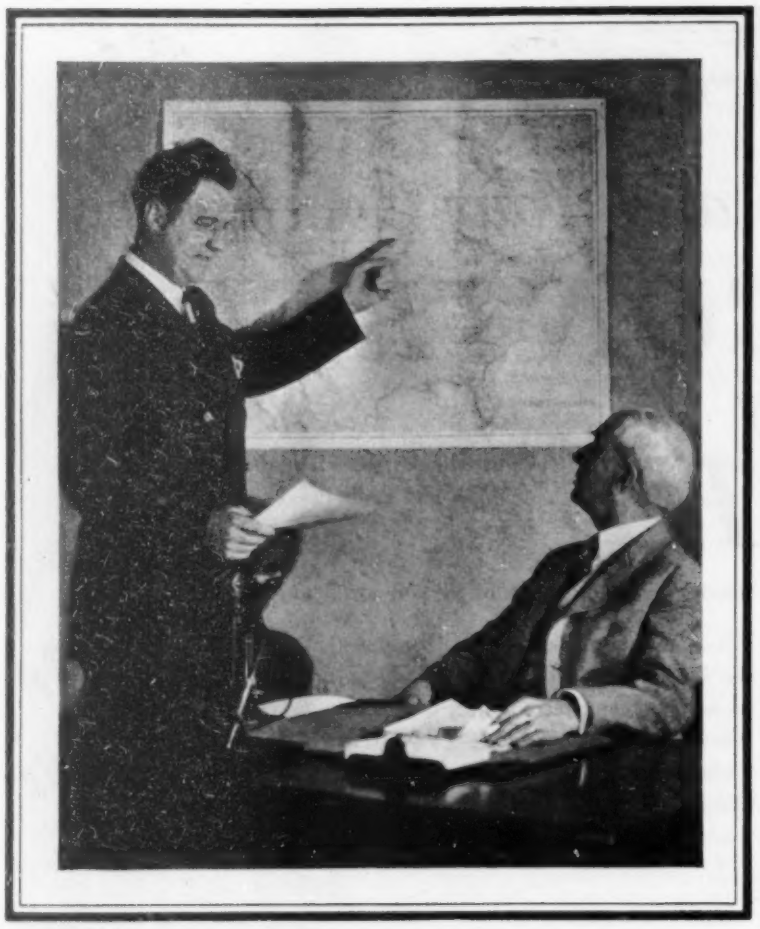

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PHOTOGRAPHS Sell the Truth

(Continued from Page 114)

Rose and Tommy. Like a germ of corruption, slowly, mercilessly, it filled his mind.

Time and again he said to himself that anything more than a casual friendship on Rose's part lived only in his jealous imaginings. When he and Rose were alone together there was nothing to indicate the slightest change in her love. When she talked about Tommy it was with a careless indifference, as if his life and hopes scarcely touched her heart. At such times the dreadful suspicion of an earlier hour was a sacrilege.

But these times were few, for Rose and Warren were alone together hardly at all. Shortly after breakfast Tommy would knock on their door and report himself ready for the day, and from then on they were never without him. They went to the National Gallery and the British Museum and the theater together. They went on to night clubs. Together they planned the next day—what shall we do tomorrow? And when the time came to say good-night and Tommy took his lingering and reluctant departure down the dark corridor, the accomplished fact of even so temporary a separation was, to Warren, never quite credible.

On the morning of their fifth day in London, Warren woke with all his bones aching. He was not surprised—chills and fever seemed entirely fitting to that climate. He said nothing about it and managed to drag himself out to luncheon. In the afternoon they went again to the National Gallery. Shivering, he followed them through the cold halls and stood by, inarticulate and miserable, while Tommy explained what was wrong with this picture and that. It was raining when they came out, and Rose suggested going back to the hotel. They had tea in their sitting room, huddled around the coal fire.

"I don't think I'll go out tonight," Warren said.

Rose asked him quickly if he wasn't feeling well, as if she had already suspected it.

"I've got a bit of a cold."

"Of course we won't go, then," Rose said, looking at him anxiously. "Why don't you get into bed right away, Warren? We can have supper up here."

"You and Tommy can go," Warren said. "There's no reason why you should stay home."

"Of course I won't go," Rose said. Tommy said nothing. He was engrossed in placing some jam carefully on a piece of toast.

"That's ridiculous," Warren said. "I wouldn't think of it."

"Don't be foolish." Rose got up. "I'm going to fix your bed." She went into the bedroom.

"That's too bad," Tommy said sympathetically. "You'd better go to bed and stay there till you get rid of it." Warren said nothing. Flushed with fever, he thought bitterly that such an arrangement would suit Tommy perfectly.

"The bed's all ready." Rose appeared in the doorway. "A hot bath ——"

"And a good drink of whisky and lemon," Tommy added.

"Thanks," Warren said, "but I don't want it. I'm all right and I'm going out after all."

"You're certainly not going to do any such thing," Rose said.

Warren got up from his chair. Standing, he felt less like a small and naughty boy.

"Tommy can get rid of the tickets," Rose began.

"Of course," Tommy murmured.

Warren said to Rose, "I'll go to bed on condition that you go to the theater."

Rose stared at him in silence. She felt that they were very close to a scene.

"Anything to get you to bed," she said with forced cheerfulness. "And let Tommy order you the drink, Warren, please."

Warren went into the bedroom and began to undress. He heard Tommy giving orders over the telephone. Perhaps the drink would do him good. He would drink it and take a hot bath, he thought; shaking with another chill. He didn't want to fall ill in London. Water began to run into the tub. Presently Rose came in and closed the door.

"Warren," she said earnestly, "I don't want to go out tonight. You know I'd much rather stay home. Please."

"It's all settled," he said stubbornly.

"Please, Warren," Rose began. He went by her and opened the door.

"About supper, then," she said in despair.

"I don't think I'll eat anything, thanks."

"I'm sorry," Rose said in a low voice. "We should never have come to London."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, raging at himself. "I'll be all right tomorrow." He said coldly, "It was my choice anyway, wasn't it?"

"No," Rose said sadly, looking at him. "We should never have come."

He went into the bathroom and closed the door. He lay for a long time in the hot bath, listening to their muffled voices in the next room.

When he got back to the bedroom he found a tray beside the bed with a glass of whisky and one of lemon juice, and a teakettle. He got into bed. He was still hot from the bath. He felt a little better, but not much.

Rose came in and fixed the drink for him. Warren drank it slowly. He gasped as the hot liquor burned his throat. He finished the glass and lay down on his back. Rose tucked the blankets around him. She bent over as if to kiss him. He turned his head quickly to one side.

"Don't you catch it," he said. She laughed and kissed his cheek. He felt drowsy and happy—happier than he had been for days. He was safely in bed. Oh, thank God, he wasn't going out that cold, wet night and sit in a cold theater, and then sit in a hot, crowded room and listen to Tommy Starke talk.

After that he must have slept, for when he opened his eyes Rose was standing near the door dressed in an evening dress. The shaded light by his bed was turned on. Curtains were drawn over the windows. Behind Rose, in the shadow of the doorway, he saw Tommy's white shirt front.

They were going now. Rose turned toward the bed and Warren closed his eyes. His throat was hot and dry, and he was terribly thirsty. She came over to the bed and looked down at him. If his eyelids trembled, she did not notice it, for she turned off the light and went quietly out of the room.

Warren waited until the outer door had closed and then went into the bathroom and drank several glasses of water. He felt very weak. As he came back into the room he swayed and struck the door jamb. He got back into bed and burrowed down between the warm sheets. He was shivering again.

"What I should say to him," he thought, "is: 'Whose honeymoon is this, anyway?' How would that be for a nice thing to ask at dinner some night?" He began to laugh to himself, under the covers. That would be pretty hard to answer. "Whose honeymoon is this, anyway?" He would ask him tomorrow; jocularly, perhaps; with a sort of faint irony: "Oh, by the way, whose honeymoon ——"

Lucky the apartment they had taken in New York had a guest room. Tommy could have the guest room—not that he was a guest, not in any sense of the word. "I hope you won't consider yourself a guest, Tommy," he would say—"just one of the family."

It would be nice for Rose. She liked sightseeing, and there were lots of things to see in New York.

"Have you taken Rose to the Aquarium yet?" he would suggest some morning at breakfast, for in New York there would be no reason why the three of them should not breakfast together.

Presently, he—Warren—would step out. Gracefully, he hoped, he would step out of the picture, with a sort of tragic dignity. Or he might die. This chill, this fever, this

aching in the bones might well be the beginning of the end. If he were going to lose Rose, he thought—and something stabbed at his heart—then he would not mind dying; except that it must be so lonely a proceeding. As he lay on his bier, composed in the tranquillity of death, Rose bent over him for a long time. Then she kissed him lightly on the lips and went away.

This time, when he awoke, the room was in darkness. He lay still, listening, and he knew there was no one else in the room. Rose had not yet come home. Long years had passed since she and Tommy had tiptoed out. He felt for the light next to his bed and switched it on. He sat up and looked at his watch, which lay on the table. It was half-past three.

Half-past three. He got out of bed, went over to the window and pulled the curtain aside. It was dark outside. The lamps were still lighted in the street, but beyond the roof tops opposite he thought he saw the first faint signs of dawn. He switched out the light and got back into bed.

Where were they at half-past three in the morning? Where could they be? He closed his eyes. In the dark recess of a cab he saw them, moving slowly through London until dawn came; alone together for a few short hours before another day. Or they were walking the dark streets, endlessly, talking it out: "What can we do?" When she did come in, what would she say? And what had he—Warren—to say?

Time went on. Soon she must come. Or she might never come at all. He switched on the light again and looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes to four. He had just lived through ten minutes.

Every few minutes thereafter he turned on the light and looked at his watch. Slowly, interminably, half an hour passed. Still she did not come. "What I should do," he thought, "is to go to sleep, and when I wake up she will be here." But he could not sleep.

And he had thought that she would come directly back to the hotel after the theater. Something might have happened—— He heard a key turn in the lock of the outside door, voices whispering. He turned over on his side and closed his eyes. The door of the bedroom opened slowly, softly. He kept his eyes tightly closed, waiting for the light to be switched on. Better to pretend to be asleep. Quietly she came over to his bed, stood beside it for a moment, motionless. Presently he heard her moving about the room, the other bed gave a faint creak, and then, after a long time, when gray light began to show around the curtains, he slept.

x

WHEN he awoke it was morning—late, he thought. The bed next to his was empty. He turned and saw Rose standing by the door, fully dressed.

"How do you feel, Warren?"

"All right."

"You've had a good sleep," she said. "I'll order you some breakfast."

"I couldn't eat anything," he said slowly. It was true. His head was heavy and hot, and he wasn't hungry.

Rose came over to the bed and put her hand on his forehead. "I think you've got a fever." She looked at him anxiously.

"I'm all right," he said again. After a moment he asked, "Have a good time?"

"What?"

"Last night."

"Oh! We met the Lanes at the theater—Phil and Betty Lane." She paused.

"Who?"

"Philip Lane. They asked us to go to the Embassy Club," Rose went on. "We stopped here at the hotel after the theater and you were asleep." In his dream, he remembered, Rose had bent over him. "I didn't want to go," she was saying, "but Phil kept insisting. Then they wanted us to go on to some other night club." She broke off.

Warren was silent. "They wanted me to go," she had said, as if she could not bear to disappoint her friends. Warren could hear Tommy putting in his word. Would it always be like that? Would anyone who came along, promising some excitement—— There was an old story his father had told him, about a bandbox. Something about a young nobleman starting off on his wedding trip, and after all the bags had been sent to the train, the bride appearing at the last moment with a bandbox which she had forgotten.

"My Lord can carry the bandbox," she said, handing it to him. And then My Lord's cynical old valet sidling up and whispering in his master's ear, "If you carry the bandbox now, M'Lord, you will carry it all the rest of your life." A story with a moral. Once a bandbox carrier, always a bandbox carrier. The time had come, Warren thought, to act. He must do something, and he felt like doing nothing except to lie on his back and let things go as they might. He sat up in bed.

"You were right," he said. "We shouldn't have come to London. What we'll do now is to leave this afternoon, get to Paris tonight and go on to Rome tomorrow."

Rose stared at him. "I'm afraid it's too late now," she began.

"No," Warren said. "I've never been to Rome or Florence or those other places, and I want to see them. I've seen all I want to see of London. If necessary, we'll give up our sailing and take a later boat."

"Your father wanted you back by the twentieth."

"Well, the worst he can do is to fire me," Warren said. "There're other jobs to be had—better ones, as a matter of fact. I know of a good job I can get in Holyoke," he added.

"Holyoke?" Rose said doubtfully.

"You'd like Holyoke." He threw off the covers and reached one leg to the floor. "I'll telephone about the tickets to Paris."

"You'll do no such thing!" Half laughing, she pushed him back into bed. "You couldn't go in this condition anyway." She smoothed the blanket over him. He lay still, looking up at her.

"I mean it, Rose," he said slowly. "I'm going to Paris—today." He paused. He realized that his voice was shaking. "Do you want to come or not?"

"Do I ——" she began indignantly. She smiled, humoring him. "You must be crazy to think of such a thing." She put her cool hand on his forehead again. "You've got a fever." Her voice was worried. "I'm going to get a doctor."

"And I'm going to Paris," he said. "Will you come to Paris with me?"

"Don't, Warren!"

"Why do you want to stay in London, Rose?"

"I don't!" she burst out suddenly. "Why should I?" She said again, "I don't," as if to assure herself, he thought, that London was wholly distasteful.

There was a knock on the outer door. Rose did not move.

She repeated: "I'm going to get a doctor."

"Someone knocked," Warren said. Rose went into the hall. He heard the door open, a low murmur of voices. Rose came back into the bedroom.

"Here's Tommy."

Tommy stood in the doorway. "But it's a shame!" he exclaimed, looking at Warren, extravagantly solicitous. "We hoped you'd be all right this morning. Rotten luck." He paused. After a moment he turned to Rose. "Phil phoned. We're to dine with them. I've got the seats." His gaze swept to Warren.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Rose said. She spoke quickly. "Warren couldn't—we couldn't possibly go. I'll explain to Betty." She broke off. "I want to get a doctor for Warren. I thought you might know of one."

"I'm sorry," Tommy frowned thoughtfully. "Suppose I telephone the American Embassy. I don't know anyone there now, but they'll be able to recommend one."

"Of course," Rose said.

"Or better still," Tommy went on, taking command of the situation; "I'll dash

(Continued on Page 120)

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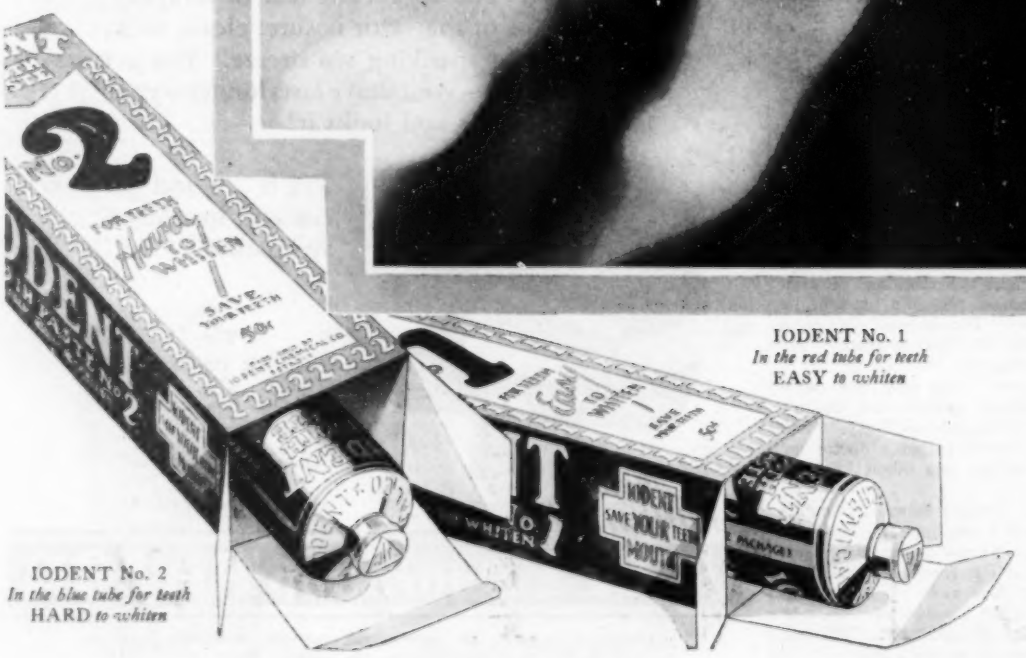

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(Continued from Page 117)

around to the Embassy and then go and collect the doctor and bring him back with me."

"Yes," Rose said. "I'll go with you." She looked at her wrist watch. "I was to meet Betty. I can stop on the way and tell her."

Warren lay with his eyes closed. Things were being arranged—a doctor, to keep him in London.

"We're going to get a doctor, Warren," Rose said.

"I don't want a doctor," he said shortly.

"Well, you're going to have one, anyway," Rose said.

The door in the hall closed. They had gone out together. Warren lay still, waiting. He must wait until they had left the hotel. . . .

He got out of bed and went into the sitting room. There was a fire burning in the grate. The room was warm, suggestive of quiet and repose. They had sat in it once, to have tea—the three of them—when there was nothing better to do. He picked up the telephone and took the receiver from the hook.

"Paris, sir?" Yes, there was a boat train for Dover in half an hour. It was about ten minutes to the station.

A sudden chill shook him. He went over and crouched before the fire. Coal took a long time to burn, turned so slowly, almost imperceptibly, to ash. How quick the thing he had done! A receiver lifted from the hook, a clear question, a decision made. He must hurry.

He went back to the bedroom. Mechanically, he began to dress. He swayed a little as he moved about the room. Once he fell awkwardly against the bed. He wouldn't need a bag; they had left a trunk in Paris.

When he was dressed he found a piece of paper and wrote a note. He must hurry. They might be back any minute. He read the note over. It was curt, bitter. Well, there was no time to write anything except that he was going to Paris, as he had said he would; that he was going on to Rome; that evidently she preferred London—no, he rubbed that out, tearing a hole in the paper—that if she wanted to come, too, he would wait in Paris a day.

He folded the note, wrote on it "Rose" and placed it conspicuously on the mantel. Below it he put the letter of credit, which was made out in both their names. He still had some traveler's checks and English money. He got his passport out of the trunk.

As he went by the desk downstairs one of the boys came up to him, staring, open-mouthed.

"Taxi, sir?"

Warren brushed by. "Never mind. I'll pick one up." He must get out, safe into the street.

"It's raining, sir." The boy followed him to the door.

"That's all right."

The boy held the door open, still staring. Warren turned his coat collar up and went out. Halfway down the street he saw an empty taxi. He wrenched at the door handle. The man behind the wheel touched his cap.

"Paris," Warren said. "Dover—the train for Dover."

The rest of the journey was a vague, confused dream. At the station he hurried aimlessly through crowds of people. A porter took him in charge, counted money out of Warren's cupped hands as they stood before a window.

Later he was on a boat. He went along narrow corridors, down steep stairs, through more corridors. He was sitting on a bench against a wall. The room rose and fell, creaking. Along the bench were bodies, prone, supine, motionless. At a table some men were silently drinking. There was a strangling, suffocating smell of steam.

He would go up on deck. He was lost again in a maze of pitching, rolling corridors. He went through an open door and found himself in a stateroom. An elderly woman, wholly clothed, was lying on the berth. She regarded him miserably, without sound. Aghast, he backed out, into a steward who swept aloft a tray loaded with drinks and went swiftly on.

He found a stairs. Clinging to the hand rail, he climbed slowly upward. He pushed against a door. The wind held it. A man beside him was helping. Together they put their shoulders to it and plunged suddenly onto the deck.

The wind whipped at him. He went down across the deck in short running steps and clung to the rail, drawing in deep drafts of air. Strangely, he felt better. A new way to cure a fever; the wind had blown it away. Ahead, the French shore drew swiftly more near. Behind, between them, lay the gray wastes of the Channel. Suddenly his mind cleared and he saw the enormity of the thing he had done. He had left her in London, sneaked away. Something lay between them now, wider than the Channel, deeper; something that might never be crossed. He had left her with Tommy. But that was where she had wanted to be.

He stared down at the hissing, spreading foam. Wonderfully cool it looked. To plunge deep down into the dark coolness of the sea; to go deep down into nothingness; to quench forever his unhappy, desperate heart.

The ship steadied, ran smoothly into the quiet waters of the harbor. Behind him the deck filled with returning life.

XI

HE WAS back in the same room in the hotel in Paris. He had sat for a long time turning the pages of some magazines which they had left when they went to London, and which the valet had meticulously guarded and returned. The room grew darker and he went over and stood by the window for a while, looking down into the street. The lights were lit now, and the clamor of the automobile horns increased. Ho-o-onk! Honk!—very short—Ho-onk! That would always mean Paris to him.

He switched on a light and picked up another magazine. Unseeing, he turned page after page. He felt weak, hungry; he had eaten nothing since yesterday's luncheon.

Well, he might as well eat something. He went downstairs. A clerk was asleep behind the desk. The dining room was empty except for one waiter, also sleeping, who woke suddenly and stared at Warren in surprise; no one dined in Paris at this hour. Warren explained that he had been ill, that he wanted something light—soup, eggs. He ate quickly, to get it over with.

When he got up from the table he felt much better. It even occurred to him that he might go out and sit in front of a café and watch the people go by. He couldn't sit in a bedroom and pretend to read old magazines.

As he came out of the dining room he saw a man sitting at the other end of the hall, near the desk. Warren walked along the hall. The man was deep in an armchair, his head bowed, as if in thought. He held an umbrella between his knees, a black derby hat rested on the handle of the umbrella. Warren stopped short.

"Hullo," he said in a queer voice. The man raised his head. "Where's Rose?" Warren asked harshly. The clerk behind the desk looked up, startled.

Tommy Starke got slowly to his feet.

"It's all right," he said in a low voice, glancing at the clerk. He touched Warren's arm and moved toward the door of a sitting room. "Let's go in here." Warren followed him. Inside the door Tommy turned. "Rose went up to the room. The man at the desk said you were upstairs. We crossed on the next boat." They stood in silence, facing each other.

"Well, you got here all right," Tommy said, as if relieved.

"What are you talking about?"

Tommy put his hat carefully on a table, leaned his umbrella against it and sat down on a chair.

"I explained to Rose," he said slowly, looking up at Warren, "that you must have been out of your head this morning. We didn't realize it, of course; otherwise one of us would have stayed with you while the other went for the doctor." He paused. "It doesn't take much fever to set a fellow off. I knew a chap in the war ——"

Warren gave a short laugh. "Does Rose believe that?"

"She couldn't believe ——"

"I knew perfectly what I was doing," Warren said.

"It seemed to me ——" Tommy began quietly.

"That it would be a nice way out for me," Warren interrupted. "A palpable, childish lie that no fool would believe. Thanks."

Tommy looked up at him. "Very well. It was a rotten thing to do then."

His voice was low, decorous, perfectly controlled. It seemed best, however, that he should be standing, and he stood up. Anyone looking in at the door would have seen simply two young men talking earnestly together—rather more earnestly, perhaps, than is usual.

"That's my affair," Warren said.

"And Rose's," Tommy suggested gently.

To Warren, the room was suddenly black. By a violent effort he held his right arm stiffly by his side. He stepped back, away, lest he should smash his fist in the other's face.

"We'll leave Rose out of it," he said. The words came in a whisper, cold as ice.

"Out of it?" Tommy said. "It seems to me ——"

"Whose—whose wedding trip is this?" The words were out before Warren knew it—the childish, incredibly vulgar, wholly satisfying words.

"What do you mean?" Tommy said.

"You know what I mean!" The bars were down now. "The first time I met Rose—at that dance, two years ago, when you and she came in just as the party was over ——" He paused. "I'd always heard your name coupled with Rose's. That fool cable you sent when we were married! Then, meeting you here, and you going with us to London ——"

"I ——" Tommy broke in.

"Rose ——" Warren stopped. Rose stood in the doorway. He went on, as if he had not seen her, keeping his eyes on Tommy. "Rose, then, wanting to go to London, and last night not coming home till four. . . . Wanting to stay in London. What do you think I thought? And you tell me it was a rotten thing to do! What do you think *you've* been doing? On the contrary, I think it was a damned thoughtful thing to do!"

"Warren!" Rose said. She came a few steps into the room, and then, as Warren made no move, stopped short, a little way from them. "You must be mad," she said in a low voice. "It couldn't be because you thought—because you were jealous." She glanced at Tommy. "I said it might be that—on the boat, do you remember, Tommy? We both laughed at the idea. I never thought ——"

She paused. Tommy did not speak.

"There's—there's never been anyone but you, Warren," she said. Her clear eyes looked straight into his. "Why, Tommy was simply an old friend—one of my oldest friends. If you knew him better you'd know that one can't ever be jealous of Tommy. He's perfectly hopeless, aren't you, Tommy?" She smiled at him.

"Absolutely," Tommy said. He had picked up his hat from the table and was holding it in both hands, staring into the crown, smiling slightly, as if he found something amusing there.

"It was all my fault," Rose went on. "I acted like a child."

"Don't, Rose!" Warren said suddenly.

"Yes," she said. "I want you to understand. It was meeting an old friend, that was all. And hearing about a lot of foolish people, and what they had been doing and saying—as if I had been away for a long time, instead of a week or so. And then, seeing Betty and Phil in London and arranging parties—it was so natural; the sort of thing I'd always done." She paused and then went on: "And my wanting to go to London, and Tommy being with us all the time—well, he seemed lonely. I felt sorry. Living away from home, in a foreign country ——"

Tommy's face was a mask. Slightly smiling, his hat under his arm, he was smoothing carefully, methodically, the folds of his perfectly rolled umbrella.

"He seemed to enjoy being with us," Rose said.

Warren moved suddenly and Rose stopped. None of them spoke for a moment.

Then Warren said: "I'm sorry. I ——" He looked at Tommy. He wanted to say many things, to tell him that everything was all right, but no words came.

"Well, I'll be running along," Tommy said. He held out his hand. Warren shook it.

"It's all right," Warren said, and then: "We'll see you in a day or two."

"I'm thinking of going to Biarritz," Tommy said. "Tomorrow, perhaps." He paused. "With Alice and Morton Clyde."

"But they sailed for America last week," Rose said. "It was in the paper."

"Did they?" Tommy said. "Well ——" He made a vague gesture with his hat. "Good-by, Rose."

"Good night, Tommy," she corrected him gravely. He held her hand for an instant, his eyes fixed on her face. Then he turned and left her. Warren went with him to the door of the sitting room and stood for a moment, watching him as he went along the hall.

Tommy swung his umbrella once, in a circle, jauntily. He put his hat on, fitting it slightly on one side; and then, as two women came through the door into the hotel, quickly took it off.

Warren turned and went back into the sitting room. He went quickly to Rose and put his arms around her. He found nothing to say. The women who had just come in passed by the door, hesitated an instant. Warren heard them laugh. One of them said, "So this is Paris!"

Let them laugh! He drew Rose closer.

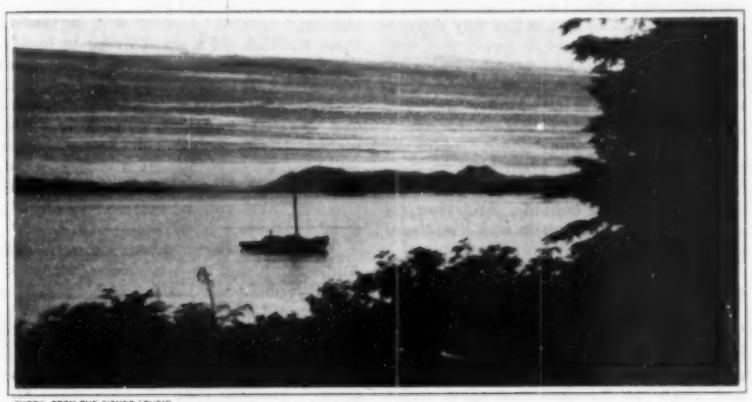


PHOTO. FROM THE FISHER STUDIO

Evening Glow, Alaska

The full, tangy flavor of fresh tobacco—

"A sweet smoke through a dry pipe"

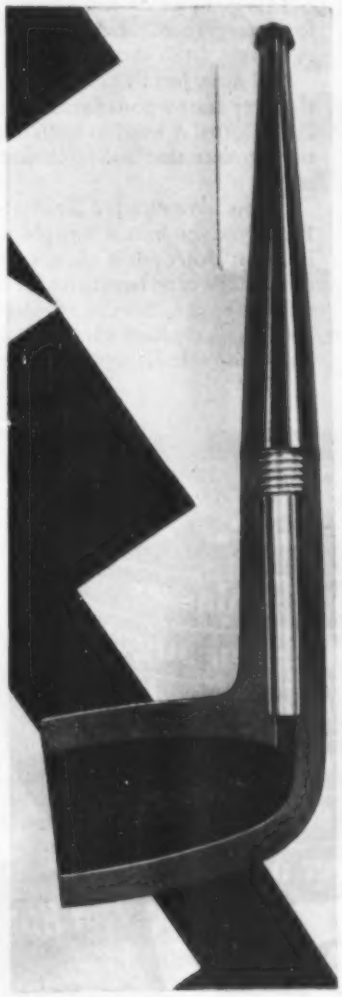
TO GET the greatest smoking pleasures your tobacco must be fresh, moist and aromatic, and your pipe must be clean and dry. Have you noticed the great care that has been taken to bring your tobacco to you in perfect condition? And now—here is a pipe that is constructed scientifically to stay dry and clean and sweet, and to let you enjoy the full fragrance of your favorite tobacco.

The mellowness of even the finest tobacco is lost if the pipe is rank or stale. Real fragrance never reaches you through a dirty shank. But the Hesson Guard*—exclusive Demuth feature—keeps Milanos sweet. The shank stays dry and clean. Cool smoke passes fresh and untainted to the mouthpiece. A smoking treat awaits you with a Demuth Milano with the Hesson Guard. Wm. Demuth & Company. Est. 1862. New York, London, Chicago, San Francisco.

Demuth Milano

with the Hesson Guard $3.50

*Patented 12-22-25

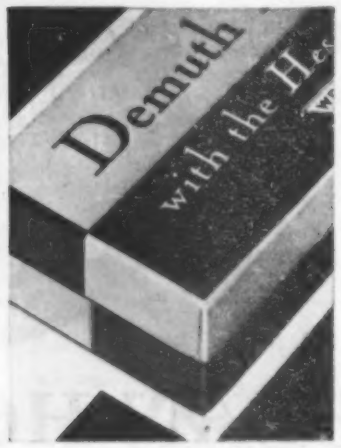


This Pipe Stays *Sweet*

The Hesson Guard is constructed to fit with perfect accuracy against the shoulder of the bowl. Condensation is prevented, and the shank stays absolutely dry and clean. There is nothing to foul the fragrance of the fresh tobacco smoke.

Sweet from the Start

Every Demuth Milano with the Hesson Guard is already caked—smoked mechanically with real tobacco by the special Demuth process. No more distasteful, tongue-burning breaking-in of a new pipe. Even the first smoke is sweet.



Smooth or Ripple Finish

Demuth Milanos are made in many shapes and sizes in either the highly polished, smooth finish, or in the individually distinctive ripple finish. All these pipes are expertly made throughout of choice, age-mellowed briar roots.

Named for the Maine woods way of baking beans in an oven in the ground called the "*bean hole*"

Bean Hole Beans! Doesn't the very name make you hungry? And the beans—one taste, and you'll say you've never tasted beans like them!

They are like the beans baked in the Maine woods. Up there, you know, they bake them in an oven in the ground called the "bean hole."

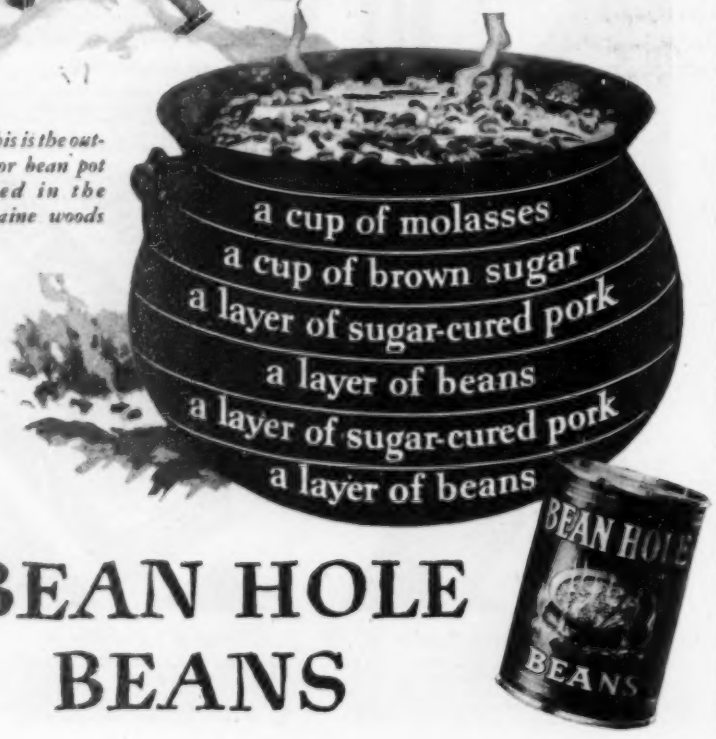
The big-bellied iron bean pot is filled to the brim with layer upon layer of flavor-rich ingredients—beans, sugar-cured pork, molasses and brown sugar.

Then it is buried deep in the hot earthen oven—the bean hole. It is covered with embers of fragrant pine wood and left to bake all night.

This gives a wonderful flavor . . . forest fragrance . . . camp fire smoke . . . sweet, fresh earth.

And now, just think, you can get that very same woods flavor in Bean Hole Beans! A way has been found to reproduce that "baked-outdoors" taste.

If you haven't tried Bean Hole Beans yet, you have a new pleasure in store. Don't put it off; get a can or two today and have them for dinner or supper. *They're wonderful!* Two sizes, medium 15c; large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.



This is the outdoor bean pot used in the Maine woods

BEAN HOLE BEANS

RESPECT

(Continued from Page 9)

"May I smoke?"

"Certainly."

How extraordinary to be treated once more like a young girl—at least, as young girls are treated by older men. A very cool, safe sort of feeling.

He bent over his flaming match. Audrey, sitting back in her chair, her arms spread out, regarded his bowed head speculatively. At the corners of her eyes were little wrinkles, half kindly, half malevolent.

He raised his head.

"Where's your mother—your aunt, I mean?"

"She's in Italy. She'll be gone a month or so. I'm sorry. I'm afraid I'll have to be her substitute. Do you mind?"

"Not in the least, but ——" He smiled hesitatingly.

Audrey laughed.

"Oh, it's quite all right. Despite my convent training I'm a very modern young woman, as everyone is nowadays, even in France, and especially in Biarritz. You needn't worry. We can play about as much as we want. Audrey wouldn't mind." She looked at the sea reflectively and then back with a quick smile. "I should love to show you this country if you'd like me to. Would you? Biarritz you can discover for yourself—the actual town, that is."

"But you're sure it's all right?"

"Quite. I'm not so young after all—I'm twenty, and then"—Audrey rolled her eyes and stammered a little—"I'm properly chaperoned. There's an old governess in the house with me. Audrey always gets her to come and stay when she goes away . . . a Miss—er—Mims. A—an Englishwoman."

"Twenty?" he interjected. "Mrs. Cowan said you were only seventeen."

"Mrs. Cowan doesn't know much about me," Audrey observed primly. "I'm nineteen. I'll be twenty in a month. You can even come to dinner. Would you like to come tomorrow night? I've an engagement, but I'll break it."

He was embarrassed but eager. Modern young girls were terribly direct. Obviously this young girl liked him. Well, he liked her too. An odd combination of ingenuousness and maturity. But then, that was the way girls were nowadays.

"I'd love to," he said. "May I bring my small daughter, Margaret? She's not a bit of trouble."

"Of course."

She should have told him the next night; she had every intention of doing so. His mistake would then still have been a good joke, to be laughed over in common. But somehow the next night had proved difficult for the telling of the truth. The dinner was too small and friendly and pleasant—one did not like to break the spell—and afterward, out on the veranda, the night had been too soft and starlit and pleasant, the conversation too grave and casual and spaced. Suddenly the whole thing had seemed a little vulgar on her part—the taking advantage of a thoroughly nice and kindly person. Besides, there were other reasons. For one thing, immediately after dinner he had begun to ask questions about Audrey, and suddenly, in the way conversations do between people newly met who like each other, it had become intimate. Hilaire exhibited an almost unnatural interest in Audrey's personality and her doings.

"I always like to know about people," he explained, "especially when I am in their houses and they are away. They leave a lot of their auras behind. And then, of course, Audrey is a cousin and I've heard so much about her."

Audrey had laughed shortly. "Yes, I suppose one does hear a lot about Audrey."

His voice had been gently reproving. "Oh, I've heard a lot of nice things too. As for disagreeable things about people, I seldom believe more than a quarter of them, and those are the ones that most critics never have the brains to discover. You can look at people two ways, you know—you can either be astonished how dreadful they are, considering how fine they could be, or you can be astonished how nice they are, considering how dreadful they could be. I prefer the second; it's more interesting. I think I'd like Audrey if I met her. I like her house. A little reckless and extravagant, but pretty solid underneath."

Audrey had laughed in a more leisurely fashion.

"Solid! I'm not sure Audrey would like that." She became grave. "Please don't misunderstand me. I love Audrey. I couldn't help myself. I love Audrey better than anyone else in the world, but I suppose she is one of those women of whom other people say that she 'mismanages her life.' She doesn't care, however; she enjoys herself."

"You have a singularly objective point of view—but then, that is modern as well. Also, you are a trifle cruel, as all young people are. I'm beginning to understand Audrey better, having met Mrs. Cowan and having since then reflected on Audrey's history. Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps Audrey is paying the world back for the dirty tricks it played on her when she was young? I think I'd be pretty reckless myself if I'd married Henry Strange or Carol Williamson."

In the shadows, Audrey stirred uneasily. "You know them?"

"I've met Henry Strange once or twice and I know all about Carol Williamson. They would be bad for a young woman, even a sophisticated product like you, but fourteen years ago girls were still unsophisticated in a way you can't imagine."

"Audrey didn't have to marry them; especially Carol."

"No? You've met Mrs. Cowan, haven't you? You say she doesn't know much about you, but you've met her?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Well, I think it's very understandable." He laughed. "First marriages are often made through ignorance; second marriages through exasperation. It's the third marriage that counts. Have you met your uncle too?"

"My uncle?"

"Yes, isn't Henry Strange your uncle?"

Audrey drew in her breath. "Oh, yes, of course." She felt a quite unexplainable desire to laugh and weep at the same time.

"Well, then, put Mrs. Cowan, Henry Strange, and a young girl of fourteen years ago together and think a bit. It'll do your 1929 brain some good." He went to the balustrade, threw away his cigarette and came back. "But on the other hand," he resumed, "Audrey is stupid, not for what she did then but for what she is doing now. I'd like to meet her some day and tell her so, but I can tell you more easily than I can tell her."

"Why is she stupid?"

"Because she could have just as much fun, perhaps more, and not lay up for herself such a dreary future. You must never try to take out your hurts on the world in general—that doesn't pay. Eventually, if she isn't careful, Audrey will be one of these raddled old women living in hotels. She has the power of her youth and good looks now, but when those go she'll have only hot meals to offer people. Cannes and and Biarritz and Deauville aren't real places to live. As you get older you must build up an environment about yourself, and part of that environment is a person or two who loves you, no matter how old you are."

"I told you that I loved Audrey," said Audrey in a slightly bitter voice.

"Oh, but you don't count. After a while you'll marry and go away."

Audrey drew her shawl closer about her shoulders.

"Br-r! This is too gloomy. Let's talk about something else."

(Continued on Page 124)

Free To Car Owners

These New Tire Pressure Discs

What they are and how they can save motorists everywhere as much as $30 a year

To Get Them Free, Use Coupon

A totally new idea to combat improper tire inflation. These Pressure Discs are sponsored by A. Schrader's Son, Inc., world's largest manufacturer of tire valves.

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A *free* offer which brings you vastly increased tire mileage at a saving often as high as $30 a year.

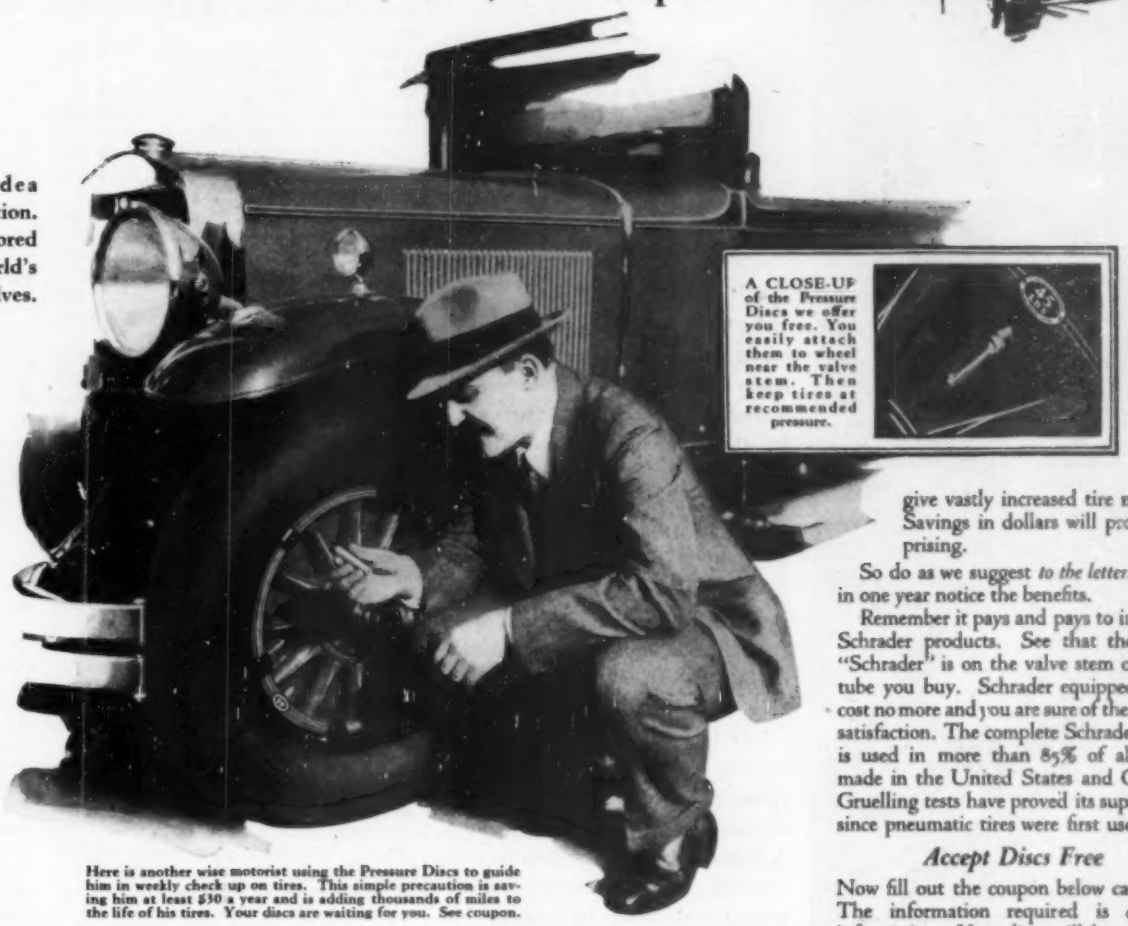
It's these new Schrader Pressure Discs so many car-owners are adopting. Four simple discs stamped with the exact pressure each of your tires should carry. You get them free by sending us the coupon.

They are easy to attach. Place one on every wheel near the valve stem. Then when inflating, you simply follow the recommended pressure shown on disc. You avoid all guessing.

To follow these recommendations faithfully is to avoid improper inflation utterly, thus eliminating the cause of 80% of premature tire failures. According to the leading tire companies *five pounds* too little air cuts balloon tire mileage 20 to 30 per cent.

Just consider what that means!

So make use of the coupon at once, first reading below how authorities urge you to KEEP tires properly inflated.



A CLOSE-UP of the Pressure Discs we offer you free. You easily attach them to wheel near the valve stem. Then keep tires at recommended pressure.

Here is another wise motorist using the Pressure Discs to guide him in weekly check up on tires. This simple precaution is saving him at least $30 a year and is adding thousands of miles to the life of his tires. Your discs are waiting for you. See coupon.

Three Rules to Follow

Three basic rules of tire care are recommended for longer tire life. Leading tire companies heartily advocate them.

First. Buy a Schrader Gauge and use it regularly once a week. To experiment with other gauges is unwise. This gauge operates on the famous "direct action" principle. It is dependably accurate and durable.

Second. Look to your Valve Insides. See that you have the genuine Schrader, recognized by impartial authorities as the scientifically correct mechanism for holding air in tires.

Your valve insides should be replaced frequently. Efficient as they are they will not last forever. Their cost is insignificant.

Third. Watch valve caps. When you ride without valve caps, the valve insides may clog with dust and dirt. Better replace valve insides with new ones. Then restore Schrader Valve Caps.

The three products mentioned above are, as you see, SCHRADER products. *Improved* Schrader products kept constantly up to date by scientific experiment and study. They are sold by more than 110,000 dealers throughout the world.

With the Pressure Discs offered, they give vastly increased tire mileage. Savings in dollars will prove surprising.

So do as we suggest *to the letter.* Then in one year notice the benefits.

Remember it pays and pays to insist on Schrader products. See that the name "Schrader" is on the valve stem of every tube you buy. Schrader equipped tubes cost no more and you are sure of the utmost satisfaction. The complete Schrader Valve is used in more than 85% of all tubes made in the United States and Canada. Gruelling tests have proved its superiority since pneumatic tires were first used.

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Now fill out the coupon below carefully. The information required is *essential* information. Your discs will be specially selected for *your specific car.*

With the discs comes also our free booklet telling you how to get increased mileage from any tires you use.

1. **The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure tires are holding the inflation recommended by experts.**
2. **Make sure you have the genuine Schrader Valve Insides. They come in boxes of five.**
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The latch bolt clicks as the door is closed and you can feel certain that your home is securely guarded against the intruder, for the Yale 44 Automatic Deadlatch has automatically locked your door—securely, positively.

When the door is closed, the ingenious mechanism within this unique lock automatically throws the heavy latch bolt forward into the jamb, almost double the usual distance, and deadlocks it there. The bolt cannot be forced back—only the right Yale Key will unlock the door.

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(Continued from Page 122)

He laughed and lit another cigarette.

"Yes, it is. I'm sorry. I suppose partly it's being a widower." His sentences became gentle and reflective. "You see, if you've ever loved a woman very much and then lost her, you have a sort of uncanny tenderness for all the rest of the tribe. You feel—although, naturally, you're quite wrong—clairvoyant about them. You understand?"

So this was the dull cousin from Chicago! And he had married an estimable, dull young woman! Audrey felt the shadow of this young woman near.

It was impossible, of course, directly after talk like this, to tell him the truth. He had a gift for friendliness. Once he trusted you, he gave himself away. But people who did that resented the manhandling of their trust.

Moreover, there was always the small Margaret—an added factor in the difficulty. Margaret would resent unforgivingly any joke played upon her father, even if in the beginning it had been his own fault. Certainly she would resent any joke that had gone as far as this, that had been so elaborately played up.

Audrey had been charmed by Margaret. Margaret had the dignity, the good manners, the air of responsibility that distinguish only daughters who have to look after widowed fathers still so young and attractive that many women have their eyes on them. Her duties were many, but at the back of Margaret's shy glances lurked a sense of humor, and at the back of her throat a silvery, unexpected chuckle. She found her father vastly witty and entertaining. In the semidarkness of the veranda she sat upright in a large rattan chair and listened, much as an old person might listen to the sprightly prattle of the young.

Audrey had a gift of treating children as if they were her own age; part of which gift consists in not bothering them with conversation unless you have something sensible to say. Children appreciate this.

Audrey lay awake most of the night wondering just what was the intelligent thing to do. The murmur of the sea came up to her. How charming Hilaire had looked in his evening clothes, his brown face partially illumined by the light from the drawing-room back of him. It was certainly true—it was certainly true, even if it contradicted all your carefully arrived-at theories of the past seven years, that it did a man good to work at something. Polo was better than nothing. Most of the men at Biarritz—ugh!

Meanwhile, there was Sambo Rodriquez of Guatemala to consider, to be kept at a distance, in ignorance.

For the past month Audrey had seen Sambo almost every day at noon at the Bar Basque, two or three times a week in her own house for tea, at night in the Casino or in the houses of friends. Sambo must be handled tactfully because, after all, he was an anchor to windward. Some day Audrey might marry him. Sambo was rich and, in his own way, handsome. Audrey did not want to live in Guatemala, but then, neither did Sambo. He only went there once a year to collect his income. Audrey, reflecting upon a tentative future, realized that these absences might not be without their shining features; indeed, that as the years passed they might become the one thing to be looked forward to. While Sambo was away she could live in Paris or London or where she wanted. Already she was able to perceive the boredom that Sambo would at times inflict upon her. However, he was a possible husband, for half a year now, faithful and persistent in that rôle; and as one got older one cherished the diminishing ranks of possible husbands, treating them in an especial way—neither with the hail-fellow-well-met roughness accorded English or American friends, nor the dreamy provocativeness accorded Latins. You were tender to them, but at the same time aloof. Whatever your attitude might be toward other men, toward possible husbands you must always be somewhat aloof, especially in Biarritz, where, unless you were somewhat aloof, they ceased immediately to be possible husbands. In Biarritz no one's initial purpose was matrimony.

The second day after Hilaire's arrival Audrey had called Sambo up and had broken her engagement with him for that afternoon. She was going with Hilaire and Margaret for a motor ride into the Pyrenees. Sambo was very angry and cutting. Women did not break engagements with him.

"I have a headache," pleaded Audrey. "Come to see me tomorrow."

Sambo was not mollified.

"I will come and rub your head with eau de Cologne," he suggested.

He possessed the Latin knowledge that a woman who really wants to see a man sees him on her deathbed, and afterwards expects him to come and pray by her bier. Besides, he was no Anglo-Saxon. He did not expect to be entertained by a lady, except in certain very definite ways, and then only when she got ready. If she were ill or silent or sleepy it made no difference to him. He would fall in with her every mood—until marriage. But if she broke an engagement, obviously she was receiving another caller. *Voilà!* Sambo knew women. During his thirty-five years he had done little else save study them.

"You are tiresome," said Audrey, and hung up the receiver.

The next afternoon she told him that she couldn't see him for a week, perhaps two. "I have to look after a cousin," she explained, "newly arrived. He'll want to see the country—Spain, San Sebastian."

Sambo sneered. "Is it impossible for me to meet this cousin? Won't you be entertaining him? Will you never appear with him in Biarritz? I will help you show him the country."

"No. He is in very deep mourning. He wants to see no one."

Even in her rightful character, Hilaire would not understand Sambo's proprietary manner, to which, to be sure, Sambo had not the slightest right. Nor would he understand Sambo's intimate pervasion of Audrey's house which the idleness and casualness of Biarritz permitted. Doubly, then, he would fail to understand where the supposed Celeste was the recipient.

"A young cousin, no doubt?" suggested Sambo.

"Don't be stupid. He is old and has a daughter."

Sambo had reflected somberly. "Very well, my dear," he had announced finally. "In all my life only one woman has fooled me, and that was when I was fifteen. See that you do not fool me. I shall wait maybe seven days. At the end of that time I shall break into your house."

When she got to know him better—six days had passed—Audrey described Sambo to Hilaire as an objective problem and asked—for her pseudo aunt—his advice. It was the first time she had asked anybody's advice since she was a girl. They were motoring back again in the dusk to her villa from an all-day excursion in the Pyrenees. They had made three such excursions; youthful, filled with laughter and mountain air. When Hilaire went in the other direction, through Biarritz toward Bayonne, Audrey let him go alone. She could not afford to be seen too much with him in that direction. The excuses needed to maintain this system had racked her brain. On the front seat of the car, beside Hilaire's chauffeur, whom he had brought with him, Margaret sat like a small, responsible adjutant, the wind blowing in her hair. Margaret always sat on the front seat; she did not want to miss anything.

"Does Audrey love this Sambo or not?" asked Hilaire brutally.

"Why —— Well, I don't know, of course. She says she doesn't."

"Why does she want to marry him, then? She has money of her own."

Audrey twisted her hands in her lap and looked straight ahead of her.

"Perhaps she's afraid of becoming that lonely, raddled old woman, lurking in hotels, you spoke about the other night,"

(Continued on Page 127)

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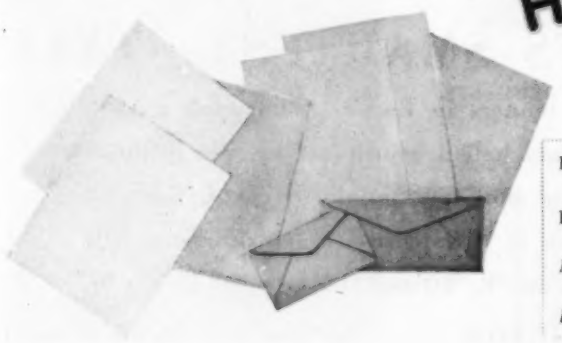

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(Continued from Page 124)

she suggested. "But her real reason, I think, is subtler. It's difficult to describe. Only a woman would really understand it."

"What is it?"

"Why ——" Audrey frowned and struggled desperately to make herself clear. "It's a question of recapturing from time to time one's self-respect—almost every day, as a matter of fact. Especially when one first wakes up—before breakfast."

"A question of recapturing one's self-respect? Especially before breakfast? I don't understand."

Audrey turned to him, her hands clasped before her breast, her eyes brilliant in the flying darkness.

"Haven't you sometimes sat up too late, talked too much, smoked too much, drunk too much?" In her unaccustomed earnestness she was forgetting the part she was playing. "And then, the next morning, awakened with a sort of gray feeling of a loss of personality? A greasy feeling? A sense of diminished integrity; as if your hidden self had been nibbled away by a thousand tiny, sly bites? Even talking too much, giving yourself away too much, will do that." She remembered herself hastily. "Of course," she added, "I don't know much about it as yet, but even I have felt enough of it to understand what Audrey means."

Hilaire was staring at her. "And so Audrey feels that way, does she?" he asked slowly. "Then she still has a very keen sense of dignity, hasn't she? But how would marrying a man she doesn't love—this Sambo—help her?"

"Well, she has got over, as you may imagine, any idea of marrying for romance. What she wants is a suitable husband who will leave her alone as much as possible. And she doesn't even want that quite yet—not for three or four years, anyhow. Not until her actual power over men begins to slacken. After that ——"

Hilaire was impatient. "But you haven't answered my question."

"You mean what difference does a husband make?"

"Yes."

"Oh, a lot of difference everywhere, but especially here. Especially if you're a divorced woman; especially if you've been divorced twice. It's not just, but it's so. Just the mere fact that you have a husband, no matter how you behave, no matter how he behaves. I can't put it into words. For one thing, other men don't handle you quite so much mentally. Their approach is different." She leaned toward him. "Audrey, you know," she concluded, "isn't a bit the way people talk about her. She really isn't. She's reckless, but ——"

He put his hand on her arm.

"You don't have to defend her," he said. "But why can't she find a better husband?"

Audrey sat back in her corner.

"Because," she said dryly, "in the first place, that kind of man doesn't want to marry Audrey, and in the second place, as I've explained, she's not looking for romance, she's looking for protection. . . . A sort of raincoat under which, every now and then, to keep her dignity dry."

"Oh!" He was silent for a moment. "The principal trouble with Audrey," he announced finally, "is that she's a darn fool. She wants her cake, but she won't make any sacrifice for it. She's like a lot of other people . . . she's hunting fun and excitement, and doesn't know that the only way you can find them is by living most of your life sensibly. As for the sort of man she ought to marry—nowadays sensible men, nice men, don't marry women for their histories, actual or mostly faked up, as you tell me Audrey's is; they marry them because they are in love with their personalities, whatever those may be, just as women have always married men."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

Audrey stared out of the window. The car turned into her drive. Hilaire helped her to descend.

"You'll be coming tomorrow night for dinner, won't you?" she asked.

"Yes." He hesitated for a moment. "On Monday I ought to be getting along."

"Leaving here, you mean?"

"Yes, I have some business in Paris. But I may be back later."

"So tomorrow night will be the last night we'll see each other?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Come early then and bring Margaret."

"I will, thank you."

The door of the car slammed, the lights turned in a circle, picking out trees and shrubs, a long wall; suddenly the wall cut the lights off, leaving only a faint, traveling glow above it. That, too, disappeared.

For a while Audrey stood on the steps in the darkness before entering the soft radiance of her house.

Audrey on her veranda after breakfast, smiling absent-mindedly down at the sea—smiling absent-mindedly, frowning slightly—came, in rapid succession, to decisions utterly at variance. She must tell Hilaire, no matter what the consequences were.

He would be furious, but that was part of the penalty. In expiation for what she had done she would abase herself as much as necessary. He must not go away still laboring under a delusion. Should he find the truth out later, as undoubtedly he would, it would be even worse. She had no sooner arrived at this conclusion than she changed her mind. She could not tell him the truth. This was the last night she would see him. After that she would probably never see him again. This had been an interlude, charming and cool, and its perfection ought not to be ruined. She could not bear the thought of his face, angry and contemptuous; the change that would occur in his manner.

She brought her fist down on the balustrade. The garden below her was blurred. A green lizard, basking in the sun, darted away down a crevice.

Why wasn't she really Celeste? Why did some people have all the luck? Now, at any time, if she really were Celeste, she could make him fall in love with her. She had been so careful not to let that happen; it would have been so horribly unfair. And yet, if he had fallen in love with the supposed Celeste, she would have had a power over him, even if temporarily diminished, when he discovered she was not Celeste at all. No, she wouldn't tell him! Why lose any hours of happiness? Happiness was rare. And after he went away, what did it matter? Let him think whatever he wanted.

Hilaire turned up for dinner without Margaret.

"She has a little fever," he said anxiously. "A cold, I imagine. Maybe the grippe. Perhaps I won't get off tomorrow after all. There's a nurse with her now and the doctor's coming back at nine. He's going to call me up."

Audrey's heart gave a jump, and then she was ashamed of herself. But it was difficult not to wish that Margaret would have enough of a cold anyway to keep her father in Biarritz a while longer.

"Oh, but you shouldn't have left her," she said.

"Oh, yes, she wanted me to. She likes you."

"Margaret likes me?"

"A lot."

Margaret would despise her too.

It was the first time they had dined alone together. Always before then, Margaret had made a third. After dinner, as was their custom, they went out onto the veranda. It was a gorgeous starlit night. The warm air seemed to rise and fall with the sea.

"I suppose nightingales will be about before long," said Audrey. "They'll sing in a few weeks. . . . I'm so sorry you're going."

He was sitting on the balustrade, smoking.

"Yes, so am I."

The telephone bell rang in the interior of the house.

"That will be the doctor." He jumped down and left Audrey alone.

The darkness was exactly like a quiet giant breathing a little sadly. Someone paused behind Audrey's chair. She turned her head, expecting Hilaire. What was he going to do? Was he going to kiss her? That would not be like him. Sambo, very shining in his evening clothes, a white gardenia in his buttonhole, was smiling down at her.

Audrey jumped to her feet.

"How did you get in?" she demanded.

Sambo laughed.

"Darling, why not? Your excellent Albert knows me. I told him not to bother."

Audrey stopped herself just in time. She was going to say, "Oh, I should have told him to let no one in." Instead she said, "But I can't see you, Sambo. You must go away at once. My cousin is leaving tomorrow."

Sambo folded his arms and lowered his head at her, and smiled sadly.

"I never knew," he said, "Americans loved their cousins so much." Suddenly his mood changed. "Who is this man?" he demanded fiercely. "Why do you behave toward him the way you do? I told you I would wait seven days. Well, I have waited."

Audrey's face hardened.

"Do you mind telling me," she asked, "just what right have you to talk to me this way?"

Sambo shrugged his shoulders.

"None whatsoever. I'll admit that. But perhaps I may have a future one." He laughed. "At least, I may have if you behave yourself properly toward me. I am sensitive."

Audrey controlled herself. It would not do to make Sambo angry. Sambo must be considered too. What Sambo felt was another difficulty added to the complication. After tomorrow Sambo would be the only stronghold left. But what was she to do with him now? Any moment Hilaire would be back.

She put her hand on Sambo's shoulder and pushed him gently toward the drawing-room.

"I can't explain now," she said. "Tomorrow or in a little while—it all depends—I'll explain it to you. It is very innocent. You'll laugh when you hear it. But now, Sambo darling, do what I say."

He turned and slowly looked her up and down.

"And what is that?"

"Why, treat me as if you did not know me well. Do not call me by my first name; do not call me anything at all. And do not touch me. And go away very soon. Will you?"

Sambo considered, his lips pursed in skeptical doubt.

"Why should I do that?" he asked. "What is this man to me? If you and he quarrel, all the better."

Audrey came up to him with a sudden soft rush. "Sambo," she pleaded—"Sambo, darling, if you'll do what I ask I'll—I'll marry you next week. I'll do anything you want. But tonight ——"

Sambo shrugged his shoulders and walked to the central table and helped himself to a cigarette.

"The world," he sighed, "at times becomes too complex even for me. I am afraid, after this, you will have to encourage me greatly if you consider me—and you have practically told me so—as a future husband." He turned about as Hilaire returned.

"Señor Rodriquez," Audrey began, "Mr.—oh, what is the matter?" Hilaire was white.

"I'm afraid it isn't good news," he said. "The doctor says it is scarlet fever. I must get back right away to the hotel."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, I suppose we'll get her to a hospital."

Audrey thought for a moment and then stepped forward.

(Continued on Page 129)

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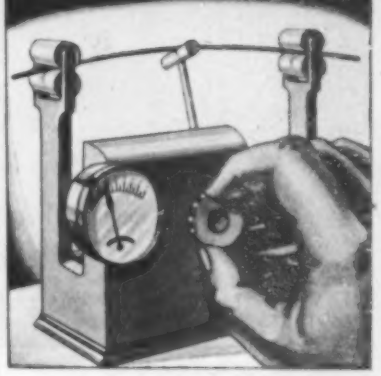

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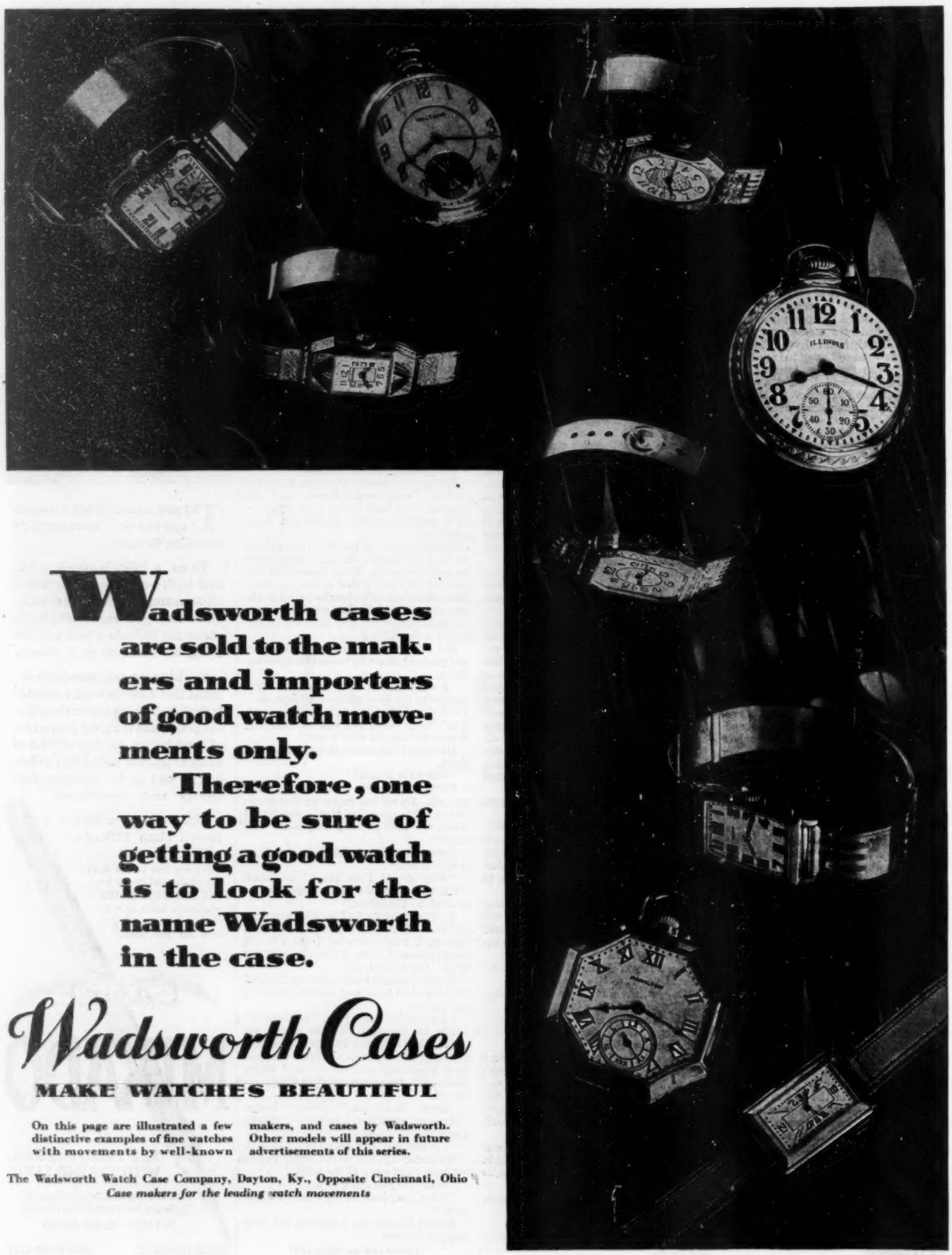

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On this page are illustrated a few distinctive examples of fine watches with movements by well-known makers, and cases by Wadsworth. Other models will appear in future advertisements of this series.

The Wadsworth Watch Case Company, Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

(Continued from Page 127)

"No," she said, "not to a hospital—not in France. You'll bring her here."

Across the veranda, his eyes grew wide and shining; smiled.

"By thunder," he said softly, "you are a woman, aren't you? I always knew that. You are. Of course I won't accept your kindness, but —— Good night, Señor Rodriquez. I'm sorry to have to leave. . . . Good night, Audrey, my dear. I'll call you up tomorrow."

Audrey! . . . Audrey trembled, drew in her breath.

"Wait a moment," she said in a choking voice. "I'll see you to the door. I must ask you something. Do you mind waiting a moment?"

They walked in silence to the vestibule. Albert helped Hilaire on with his hat and coat.

"I have telephoned for a taxi, m'sieur," he said.

"He has telephoned for a taxi," Audrey translated.

They went out onto the steps.

"Well?" said Audrey. He smiled down at her.

"Well, what?"

"You called me Audrey."

"Oh, that. I forgot. I was excited. I'm sorry." He smiled. "Would you still prefer me to call you Celeste?"

"I don't understand," said Audrey in a little voice.

"I'll make you." He spoke between his teeth and caught her to him. He looked down at her closed eyes. "I was sure you loved me," he laughed softly. After a while he raised his head. "I don't know why you want to keep up this pretense," he said, "but as long as you want to it's none of my business. I suppose you have some good reason. It was my mistake at first, of course."

"How soon did you find out?" asked Audrey, her eyes still closed. She was afraid to open them; the look in his eyes might be so different now.

He chuckled.

"The first time I came to dinner. Margaret knew. She knew you weren't nineteen. You can't fool Margaret. Besides, I ran across some friends who knew you. The afternoon I thought you were Celeste there were shadows, it was almost dusk. You're not so young as all that by broad daylight, my dear."

"I don't want to be so young," she said. "But why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, as I say, I thought you had your own reasons, and besides, look what a chance it gave me to know the real Audrey."

"And you wanted to know her? You liked her when you did?"

"Would I be doing this if I hadn't?"

Audrey opened her eyes.

"But you can't respect her, can you?" Her mouth quivered. "You—you —— One reason I loved it so was because you treated me the way you would Celeste. I had forgotten what it was like. . . . And I thought I didn't care. Audrey's different, you know."

His arm tightened about her. "Is she?" he asked. "She's about two years old. All men and women are about two years old. Yes, I respect you. Of course I respect you. But after this I'll do more than respect you, I'll love you. Here comes my taxi."

He leaned out of the door of the car before closing it.

"Oh, by the way," he said; "you go back and tell Sambo we're engaged."

EN ROUTE

(Continued from Page 23)

January 1, 1923. The roads in Ireland were merged into one company in 1924.

First among the reorganized systems is the London, Midland and Scottish, which has 5082 miles in England and Wales; 2135 in Scotland, and 334 in Ireland. It penetrates thirty-two of the forty counties of England. The principal constituent companies are the London and North Western, Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, North Staffordshire, Furness, Caledonian, Glasgow and South Western, and Highland. There are also twenty-seven subsidiary companies.

The London and North Eastern Railway of England and Scotland—to give the system its full title—includes the North Eastern, Great Eastern, Great Central, Great Northern, Hull and Barnsley, Great Northern of Scotland, and the Northern British. The Southern system is made up of the London and South Western, Great Eastern and Chatham, and the London, Brighton and South Coast. The only line to retain its original title is the Great Western, with which was merged a group of smaller roads in Wales, forming the fourth combination. All the systems are closely connected. The London, Midland and Scottish, for instance, is directly linked with the Great Western and the Southern, so that through services between all parts of the Midlands and the north, south and west of England can be maintained.

Train Language

As I have already indicated, what we know as a passenger coach is a carriage. The baggage car is the luggage van. All freight cars are referred to as goods wagons, just as sleeping cars are saloons. Switching is called shunting. The engineer is a driver. The slip coach is peculiarly a British railway product. It is a car—it may be several—taken from one train or siding and slipped onto another, often without stopping the train with which it is connected. A special gear is provided for the operation. The so-called corridor car has a corridor running the full length. Many coaches for short trips have no corridors. The doors are on the sides and open into each compartment. It is impossible to get from one end of the car to the other en route.

When you buy a one-way ticket, it must be designated as a "single," while a round trip is a "return." All railway ticket offices are called booking offices. You book to the railway station there, instead of the town. When you want to go to London from Southampton, you ask for a ticket to Waterloo. If a British porter desires a clear way for his luggage barrow, he says "Thank you," instead of shouting "Gangway." This reminds me of a curious English idiom. When a porter—and for that matter, any servant that you fee—says, "Thank you," it means that he is only moderately satisfied. If he uses the term, "Much obliged, thank you," it signifies that you have really been generous.

A Private Room

A distinctive adjunct of British railway operation is the station hotel. Nearly every great terminal in London has a huge caravansary attached. In most cases it is operated by a railroad company. Frequently it bears the company name. Some of the best known of these institutions, many of which are familiar to American travelers, are at Charing Cross, Euston, Liverpool Street, Paddington and St. Pancras stations. They have figured in many books of fiction, especially mystery stories. The dismembered body or the clew to the murder is usually left in a suitcase in what the British call the "cloak-room" of the station. These hotels are a great advantage to the traveler who makes a short stay. They are stronger on area than gayety. Some of the railway systems have chains of station hotels throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland. The London, Midland and Scottish controls thirty-two establishments.

Frequently the British station hotel is far more imposing than the station itself. The truth of the matter is that with the exception of the massive terminal at Leipsic, all European depots, as we call them, lag behind ours in beauty, comfort and convenience. There is nothing abroad to compare with the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania stations in New York City, to say nothing of the Union stations in Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City.

Three famous London stations—Charing Cross, King's Cross and Victoria—are drab and commonplace, despite the fact that royalty often uses them. There is no special reception room for the King and Queen such as exists for the President at the Union Station at Washington. When royalty arrives and departs the proverbial red carpet is put down on the platform, which is also embellished with stands of palms and flowers.

Nor does the number of trains arriving and departing at British terminals compare with the volume of traffic at the great American stations. It amazes foreigners to discover that the average number of trains in and out of the Pennsylvania Station in New York City each day is 602, while the corresponding figure for the Grand Central Terminal is 500. About 380 trains come and go daily at the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. The nearest approach to this traffic is at Cologne.

Though the British may be backward in the matter of modern stations as we know them, they can give us some pointers in cheap travel, especially at night. Sleeping-car rates are not only relatively lower than ours but there is more privacy in the first class. Instead of mass sleeping, which obtains in our standard Pullmans, every purchaser of first-class sleeping accommodation gets a room to himself without extra railroad-fare cost. His first-class railway ticket is ample. In the United States he is required to buy an extra ticket or pay half a fare additional in order to have a compartment or drawing room.

British sleeping cars are not operated by the Pullman Company, as is the case on this side of the Atlantic, but by the railroads on which they run. The service is not of such vital importance, however, because the area is comparatively small. Generally speaking, England is not a sleeping-car nation. For years the habit has been to sit up all night or tip the guard to keep other passengers out of the compartment and to stretch out on the cushioned seat. As on the Continent, you can rent pillows and rugs at the station for one shilling each.

The longest possible run is from London to Inverness in Scotland, a distance of 558 miles on the London and North Eastern and 567 miles on the London, Midland and Scottish. These two roads do the bulk of the sleeping-car business. The Great Western operates a few cars and the Southern none. There are only 250 sleepers in service in Britain, as compared with 9000 in the United States. The peak of the business comes early in August, when the grouse season in Scotland starts.

Bargains in Sleep

Unlike the United States, distance has little bearing on British sleeping-car fares. Anywhere in England the first-class rate is fifteen shillings, or $3.60. For points across the Scottish border, it is one pound, or $4.88. You pay a pound to Edinburgh and can go on to Inverness, 166 miles beyond, without extra cost. The theory is that operating overhead is essentially the same, no matter what the distance traveled.

British sleeping-car service has a phraseology all its own. The man who does the porter job, for example, is termed an attendant. He usually looks after two cars. Unlike our porters, he does not make the beds—this is done by the cleaners—nor does he shine shoes. The conductor is technically termed a guard.

When work and weather clash

Even if your job keeps you out in the open in bad weather, you can go about your work in solid comfort.

For 93 years Fish Brand Water-proof Garments have been made for outdoor men of every calling.

On the farm, in the woods, driving a truck or a team—wherever men are exposed to weather—Fish Brand Work Suits of jacket and pants, with water-proof hats to match, will quickly repay their moderate cost.

And in city and country alike, Fish Brand Slickers are favorite outer garments for rainy-day wear.

Thousands of stores all over America carry Tower's Fish Brand Water-proof Clothing, for men, women and children. Look for its famous label and ask for it by name. A. J. Tower Company, Boston, Mass.; Tower Canadian Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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The inside story of FADA

MAYBE you don't understand the insides of a radio . . . lots of people don't. But, just the same, it's those "insides" that make a fine radio. It's the "insides" that make Fada the instrument it is.

You may not know, for instance, what a power pack is. You may never have heard of a condenser or a resistance element. Nevertheless, they are there, and your ear can tell the difference in reproduction and tone, even though your engineering knowledge stops with the throwing of a switch.

But there are men who do understand these things—the Fada corps of radio engineers. For instance, certain famous Polymet Products are incorporated in Fada Radios. Why? Fada engineers answer, "We use Polymet Products because a specialized part is needed to complete the high quality of Fada sets."

This is one of a series of advertisements prepared by the Polymet Manufacturing Corporation, featuring fine radio sets which use Polymet Products.

Makers of Poly Filter Blocks By-Pass Condensers . . Mica Condensers . . Resistors . . Coil Windings . . Transformers . . Plugs and Connectors.

POLYMET MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
599-601 BROADWAY . . . NEW YORK CITY

The British Pullman Company has no connection with the Pullman Company in the United States. It was organized in the late 70's by George Pullman and operated as a subsidiary of the American corporation for more than twenty years, when it was acquired by a British concern headed by the late Lord Dalziel. It operates no sleeping cars. Its equipment is used solely for daytime travel and is the equivalent of our parlor cars, although they bear little or no resemblance to them. The seats are numbered but can be moved about. The cars are perhaps less like ordinary railway cars than any other and have more the appearance of social halls on wheels. Each English Pullman is divided into three sections. You can usually smoke in all of them.

The latest innovation in Britain is the third-class sleeping car. The compartments have four berths. For all journeys within England the price of a berth is six shillings, or about $1.45. For points beyond the Scottish border the rate is seven shillings, or $1.68. This is paid in addition to the regular third-class fare. The third-class sleeper developed largely because of the needs of business men making one-night stands. With this service it is cheaper to spend two nights in transit than one at the average hotel.

British sleeping cars, like those on the Continent, are not named. Each one is indicated by a number. The locomotives, on the other hand, all bear titles. These are often names of famous British regiments, soldiers and statesmen. The engines of through expresses to Scotland also bear such names as Lady of the Lake, Royal Scot, Caledonian, Courier, Fury, and Ajax.

Apropos of names of cars and engines is a story which has had wide circulation in the United States. Though not entirely germane to the subject of this article, it is worth telling, mainly to show its inaccuracy. Most people have heard that George Pullman's daughter, Miss Florence Pullman—Mrs. Frank O. Lowden—received a fee for naming Pullman cars. It was supposed to be anywhere from $20 to $100 for each designation she made. Everybody envied her the job. The truth is that Mrs. Lowden named only one car. Pullman cars are named by a committee in the Pullman Company, frequently with the aid or suggestions from various railroad lines which like to include cities or points of interest along their route. Another fact not generally known is that no sleeping cars are ever given feminine names. They are used, however, on parlor cars.

Crack Trains at Regular Prices

The railway dining service in Britain has undergone a considerable evolution. Those who had to make long journeys before the war will recall the inevitable tea and lunch baskets that you had to order in advance. They were placed aboard at certain stations. In those days you could get a fairly full meal, usually cold, for a shilling and sixpence, which is 36 cents. The dining car is now an established fixture on the longer runs and serves table-d'hôte meals. The luncheon costs from four to five shillings and dinner six. All Pullman cars serve meals. There are classes of Pullman dining-room services—that is, first, second and third—just as there are in travel fares. The afternoon tea service, as you need scarcely be told, remains a stand-by on British trains. English diners are called restaurant cars.

The British have more crack trains than any other European country. They differ from those in the United States in that no extra fare is charged for them. The only added cost is for sleeping car and Pullman accommodations. As in the United States, the flyers all have names, some of which have almost become household phrases.

A famous travel institution is the Flying Scotsman, which has been operated from King's Cross Station in London and from Waverly Station in Edinburgh every day since 1862. Until May, 1928, it covered the distance from London to Newcastle—268 miles—without a stop. Subsequently it was found possible to span the entire 392 miles to Edinburgh, without a pause, in eight hours and fifteen minutes. This is now the longest nonstop run in the world. Its chief competitor is the Royal Scot, which makes a nonstop run from London to Carlisle, a distance of 299¼ miles. Both of these trains have lounges. The Royal Scot covers the run to Edinburgh in eight hours and fifteen minutes, and the trip to Glasgow—401½ miles—in the same time.

Since the run to leading Scotch points is the longest in Britain some of the best trains make it. You have, for example, such expresses as The Queen of Scots between London and Glasgow; the Royal Highlander between London and Aberdeen, by way of Carlisle, Stirling and Perth; the Aberdonian between London and Inverness; the Night Scotsman between London and Glasgow, Dundee and Perth; the Thames-Forth Express between London and Aberdeen; and the Midday Scot between London and Edinburgh.

That Channel Trip

No less complete are the expresses from London to other points in Britain. A typical example is the Cornish Riviera, which goes to historic Penzance—beloved for its pirate associations—by way of Plymouth. This 305-mile journey is reeled off in six and one-half hours. Another is the Torbay Limited, which completes the 200-mile nonstop run to Torquay in 210 minutes. The Shakespere Express does the 102-mile journey from London to Stratford-upon-Avon in 128 minutes. The Cheltenham Spa & London Express makes the fastest run in the British Isles, covering 77¼ miles from Swindon in Wiltshire to London in seventy-five minutes. One of the most widely known trains is the Southern Belle, which negotiates the fifty-one miles between London and Brighton in sixty minutes. This is one of the few all-Pullman trains in Britain. These schedules give some idea of the speed of British trains.

Even the fast trains, with one or two notable exceptions, carry ordinary first, second and sometimes third-class accommodations. It may be well to explain that the ordinary British passenger coach sometimes includes first, second, and third-class compartments. The second class, however, has practically ceased to exist. On short journeys, even the so-called wealthier class do not hesitate to ride third, because the difference in cost, compared with first, is so great.

A brief comparison between British and American railway tariffs will be of interest. For the longest British run—the 568-mile trip from London to Inverness—the first-class fare is $26.74 and the third-class, $18.84. The first-class sleeping berth is $4.88 and the third $1.71. A corresponding trip in mileage on our side is from New York to Akron, Ohio—a distance of 565 miles. The one-way fare is $20.08, while the lower-berth price is $5.63. As I have previously pointed out, though fares in the United States are as a rule lower, our sleeping-car costs are higher. Britain has the bulge on us because of her third-class accommodation, which is roughly 40 per cent cheaper than first-class.

Because of the continuous stream of traffic from England to the Continent and the fact that Americans contribute so mightily to it in the tourist season, the boat train will have a section all its own. Though the French and the British may not see eye to eye in many other matters, they synchronize admirably when it comes to dovetailing travel service.

The British boat train is exceptionally good and the service best. The last word, perhaps, is in the now famous Golden Arrow, which makes the 288-mile journey from London to Paris in six hours and fifty-five minutes, including a Channel crossing of an hour and a quarter. There is an all-Pullman de luxe service leaving London at 10:45 A.M. and arriving at Paris at 5:50 P.M. The corresponding train departs from Paris at noon and reaches London at 7:15 in the evening. The only extra charge for this train is for the Pullman service.

Going to Paris from London you have a diversified choice of services. You can go from Dover to Calais, Folkestone to Boulogne, Newhaven to Dieppe, or Southampton to Havre. The last named is an overnight journey. Between London and Brussels the route is by way of Dover to Ostend, the entire journey between the two capitals consuming ten hours. There are also the well-known services to Dutch points via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, where you get through trains to Germany.

Measured by American cost standards, the trip from England to the Continent may be considered cheap. The first-class fare from London to Paris, via Dover and Calais, is $17.48, while the second-class rate is $12.40. First-class on the Folkestone-Boulogne route is $16.24 and the second $11.44. Curiously enough, the longer trip from London to Brussels by way of Dover and Ostend is $12.82 for the first-class and $8.66 for the second.

A word of advice may be offered about the use of cabins on the cross-Channel trip. These are an extra charge. Since the Channel is generally regarded as one of man's worst enemies, a poor sailor should engage a cabin. If he does he can at least undergo his agony in private. Otherwise he suffers horrors in the main saloon or on deck in full public gaze. The cabin rates from Dover to Calais, and Folkestone to Boulogne, range from five dollars, for which you can get a moderately sized room to yourself, to twenty dollars, the toll for a large de luxe compartment. It is always best to engage a cabin in advance, because the number is limited.

That eternal as well as infernal worry of travelers—the customs examination of luggage—has been made simple for passengers between London and Paris. Luggage registered from London to Paris, or vice versa, is examined at destination, and it is only necessary for hand baggage to be inspected at the port of entry. In the case of a de luxe train like the Golden Arrow, the examination takes place with a minimum of inconvenience on the train itself. The same arrangement also applies to baggage registered by the Calais-Mediterranean Express for passengers traveling to the Riviera. Baggage registered from London to Brussels is examined at Ostend, or in the case of the Dover-Calais route, at the Franco-Belgian frontier.

Having crossed the English Channel, we face the intricacies of Continental travel. Behind us is the only European country that speaks the one language the average American tourist knows. He is now bang up against a bedlam of tongues and, what is sometimes worse, the literal-minded government functionary, inevitable by-product of government ownership and operation of railroads. Before the railroad picture is revealed in all its phases a little-known story of transport must be unfolded.

European Sleeping Cars

Every year tens of thousands of Americans ride on *wagons lits*. These words mean "bed cars." Wherever travelers go they see the yellowish-brown coaches with Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits & Des Grands Express Européens—International Sleeping Car Company and Grand European Expresses—in metal letters on the sides. They take them for better or worse, not knowing, perhaps, that the story of their development is a real romance. Except for the souvenir published on the fiftieth anniversary in 1926, I have never seen a detailed account of the origin and expansion.

To get the beginning you must go to Brussels in the late 60's, where Georges Nagelmackers, a Belgian, organized a company to build and operate sleeping cars, which were then unknown in Europe. Nagelmackers was a business man whose affairs took him all over the Continent. He rebelled at sitting up all night or lying on a

(Continued on Page 132)

Watch this woman

. . . will she come in and buy?

She lives in your town . . . She looks in your shop-windows . . . She gets *one* copy of each of your folders, booklets and other forms of direct-advertising.

Two of the duties of your direct-advertising are to bring these women to your store—and to get them *inside!*

But to do that your mailings must be as alluring as your merchandise. Each mailing must be *good enough* to impress and sell each reader. So the *quality* of your direct-advertising is vitally important.

Merchants and retailers can increase the effectiveness of their mailings by increasing their attractiveness.

Not necessarily by extravagant means. There is an easy, economical, "good-business" way . . . print them on Expressive Strathmore Papers! . . . Strathmore Papers, of themselves, *have* distinction, prestige. Their unique textures, lovely colors and novel patterns help give your advertising messages the quality atmosphere that demands attention and invites reading.

There are inexpensive Strathmore Papers for your everyday use, as well as finer ones for the most distinguished printing. Your printer will be glad to show them to you in the Strathmore 4-Group Handbook and to make sample "dummies" for your next mailings.

To assist you in planning direct-advertising that makes patrons of passers-by, we have prepared a helpful book, "Sell More With Strathmore". Write, on your business letter-head, for your free copy. Strathmore Paper Co., 24 Bridge St., Mittineague, Mass.

Expressive Strathmore Papers

STRATHMORE PAPERS	The Distinguished Group *Very finest papers* For Distinguished Printing	The Prestige Group *Medium price papers* For Prestige Printing	The Everyday Group *Inexpensive papers* For Everyday Printing	The Decorative Group *Papers of wide price range* For Decorative Printing
FOR COVERS OF YOUR *Booklets or Catalogs; for Broadsides, etc.*	Artlaid Charcoal Cockatoo Grandee Old Stratford Parchment Cover Strathmore Deck. Edge Narrow	Alexandra D.E. Wide and Narrow Alexandra Japan* Cloth Center Cover Munsell . . Old Cloister Covers Rhododendron Cover	Bay Path Cover* Bay Path Imperial Saxon Deckle Edge Cover Suncoast Wayside Text*	Aladdin Cover Araby Cover Bannockburn Cover Fanfare . . Strathlaid Parquetry Cover
FOR YOUR FOLDERS, *Booklets, Envelope Enclosures, etc.*	American Japan Parchment Artlaid . . Charcoal, . . Cockatoo Grandee . . Old Stratford Book Strathmore Japan Strathmore Deck. Edge Narrow	Alexandra Book Alexandra D.E. Wide and Narrow Alexandra Japan* Rhododendron Box Cover	Bay Path Book Bay Path Imperial Suncoast Wayside Text*	Aladdin Box Cover Araby Box Cover Fanfare Parquetry Cover Strathlaid
FOR YOUR LETTERS, *Envelopes, Billheads, Office Forms, etc.*	Strathmore Deed* Strathmore Onion Skin Strathmore Parchment* Strathmore Script* Worcesco Bond*	Alexandra Brilliant* Alexis Bond* Snowdrift* Telanian Extra Super* Worcesco Damask*	Bay Path Bond* Blandford Bond* Bay Path Vellum Multicopy Bond Saxon Bond*	
FOR YOUR SPECIAL PAPER USES	Artists' Papers Blue Print Papers Bristol Boards Detail and Drawing Papers Diploma Parchment	Drawing Boards Greeting Card Specialties Jewelers' Printols Lamp Shade Papers Manuscript Covers	Papeterie Papers Patent Office and Illustrating Boards Special Finishes Steel Plate for Photogravure	Strathmore Stationery for Men Tag Parchment Typewriter Papers Wedding Papers *Envelopes to match

PAPER IS PART OF THE PICTURE

Your *half-time*
LIVING ROOM

Office hours equal home hours . . . Let modern equipment inspire better work

YOU split your waking time between two living rooms . . . home and office. Should one be drab and bleak . . . the other bright and livable? Not for today's business man. He realizes that good office surroundings inspire better work. And he finds them in Art Metal. ¶ Here is furniture fit for kings of modern business. Here are office instruments of keen efficiency, yet wrought with beauty that endures in steel. ¶ Whatever your needs, Art Metal can fill them. Desks for executive or staff; files for every possible requirement; fire-safes of permanent, pre-tested protection; shelving; any office piece . . . designed by engineers with forty-one years' experience . . . executed by master craftsmen and reasonably priced. Best of all, first cost is last, since steel does not splinter, break or warp. ¶ See this furniture in natural wood grains or rich olive green. See the wide variety of price and line . . . the most diversified line in the world. On display locally in over 500 cities.

Write for beautiful color booklet of office interiors . . . Free.

"Equipping the Modern Office" is illustrated with reproductions, in full color, of paintings by Mr. Lurelle Van Arsdale Guild, widely known New York Decorator. They suggest a few of the pleasing offices which may be achieved with Art Metal. We shall be glad to send you a copy, along with any of the catalogs listed below. Just write, checking the ones you wish. The Art Metal Construction Company, Jamestown, New York.

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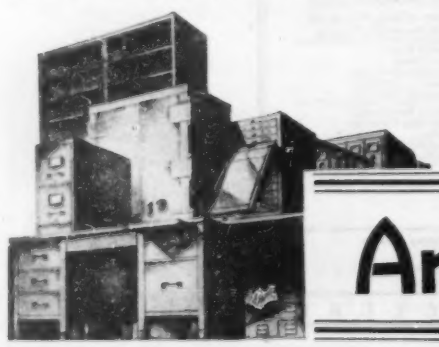

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Art Metal

(Continued from Page 130)

long seat. He had seen pictures of the Pullman palace car then in operation in the United States, and they impressed him strongly. George Pullman, a down-east house builder, got the idea of the berth that bears his name from the primitive three-deck sleeping shelves on the old Erie Canal boats. He built the first folding berths in 1859 for the Chicago and Alton train running between Bloomington and Chicago. They were well established by the time Nagelmackers had the inspiration to introduce them in Europe.

Nagelmackers planned a crude sleeping car modeled after the contemporary Pullman. From the start he was aided and encouraged by the late King Leopold of Belgium, the best business man among European monarchs, who became a large stockholder in the International. The Franco-Prussian War in 1870–71 interfered with Nagelmackers' plans, and it was not until 1872 that he obtained permission from the French Government to run a makeshift sleeping car from Ostend to Brindisi on the mail train serving the East Indies. Subsequently he operated a car between Paris and Vienna. In 1873 the Nagelmackers firm was merged with the Mann Railway Sleeping Carriage Company, a British concern, which made contracts with twenty-one European railway systems. The Mann car, which had side doors like the present-day ordinary British passenger carriage, became the forerunner of the *wagon lit*.

In 1876 the International Sleeping Car Company was organized at Brussels and the modern European sleeping-car era began. The first service was from Paris to Mentone. Dining cars were introduced in 1883 and the international de luxe train became possible. During the same year the Orient Express, which then ran from Paris to the old St. Petersburg—a connection was later made with the Trans-Siberian—and the Riviera Express from Amsterdam and Berlin to the Mediterranean, were in service.

A big program of expansion, including all-metal single-compartment cars, was halted by the World War. In 1919 international de luxe service was renewed with the restoration of the Paris-Rome Express. A year later the famous Blue Trains between Calais and the Riviera were initiated. This reference to the Blue Trains discloses an interesting fact. Practically all the new luxury trains on the Continent are painted blue. The idea originated with the Riviera trains, probably because of the azure sky that smiles on the famous resort area. It means that when you see a blue sleeping car anywhere in Europe, you may rest assured that it is first-class and attached to a through train.

A Monopoly on Sleep

The principal de luxe *wagons-lits* trains are the Calais-Mediterranean Express, running between Calais-Paris-Riviera; the Orient Express, Calais-Paris-Vienna-Budapest-Bukharest; Pyrenees-Côte d'Argent—Coast of Silver—Express, Paris-Biarritz-Irun-Madrid; Sud Express, Paris-Madrid-Lisbon; Nord Express, Paris-Berlin-Warsaw-Riga; Swiss Arlberg Express, Boulogne-Paris-Bale-Vienna-Bukharest; Rome Express, Boulogne-Paris-Rome-Florence; Golden Arrow, Calais-Paris; North Star, Paris-Brussels-Amsterdam; Deauville Express, Paris-Deauville; and the Simplon Orient Express, Paris-Venice-Triest-Athens-Bukharest-Constantinople.

Probably no other business anywhere has so many international contacts as the International Sleeping Car Company. With its acquisition of the Cook world-wide travel bureau in 1928, the scope of operations was extended. Nagelmackers lived to see his dream of service realized. The president now is M. Despret, head of the Bank of Brussels. Until his death last year, the president of the Council of Administration was Lord Dalziel, one of the most picturesque figures in British financial life of the last three decades. Prior to his rise to be sleeping-car magnate, he had worked as newspaperman and also owned periodicals in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York. He was then Davison Dalziel. His first venture in England, on his return from America, was the establishment of a financial news agency. This brought him in contact with the late Barney Barnato, the South African diamond king, with whom he subsequently became associated.

The International Sleeping Car Company has a practical monopoly of all the sleeping-car business on the Continent, except in Germany. Its only competitor is the Mitropa, owned by the German Railways. The Mitropa cars do not go outside Germany but the *wagons lits*, by special arrangement, criss-cross the Reich. They are attached, however, only to through trains. What most people do not know is that under the German law every night train in the republic must have some second-class compartments. When a de luxe *wagon lit* enters Germany the two end compartments become second-class.

Unlike Britain, extra fare is charged on the Continental de luxe trains, the added rate being called the *supplément*. The fare from Paris to Berlin on the Nord Express is $28.27, with $13.41 *supplément*. This is for a berth in a two-berth compartment. The price for a single compartment is about four dollars higher. From Paris to Constantinople via the Orient Express, fare comes to $71.92 and *supplément* $28.78; from Paris to Nice on the Blue Train the fare is $19.65 and *supplément* $19.63. The latest de luxe service is the all-land route from Paris to Cairo, for which the railway cost is $156.37 and *supplément* $45.10.

Big Enough for a Blanket

Both railway and *supplément* costs have risen each year since the war, until today, in some instances, they are twice as high as in 1914. There seems to be no fixed rate. This was explicable as long as currencies were dislocated. There are two fundamental reasons at the present time. One grows out of the limited accommodations. As I have already pointed out, the crack trains are never run in sections. The second is more reprehensible.

In every Continental capital an unofficial conspiracy appears to exist between clerks in the sleeping-car offices and head porters in hotels. Frequently, when you are told that no berth is available on a well-known train, space is to be had, but it is controlled by some outside person, usually the aforesaid hotel porter, or concierge, as he is called. He can fix you up, but you have to pay him tribute, which is in turn split with the sleeping-car man. Some tourist bureaus operate the same way. It is like the relation which exists between many New York theaters and ticket speculators. Hence you are frequently required to shop for sleeping-car privileges. You supply your needs anywhere except in a sleeping-car office. It is only fair to say that the International Sleeping Car Company itself has no part in this system of mulcting the traveler.

The European sleeping-car ticket is a curiosity for most Americans. It is a foot wide and almost as long. On it is written what amounts to a biography of the traveler. The rest of the space is devoted to advertisements of railroads and hotels. The porter keeps only a small section of it.

To get a refund on an unused Continental railway or sleeping-car ticket is almost a life's task. In the United States, all that you are required to do is to send the tickets to the Pullman or railroad company with a reasonable explanation and the cost is immediately returned. In Europe your request is caught up in a maze of interminable red tape. It is easier and cheaper to write off your loss and let it go at that.

Until 1920 the first-class sleeping-car compartment in widest use had two berths. In order to have it to yourself you were compelled to buy two railroad fares, as is the case with American drawing-rooms. Few

individual travelers indulged in this extravagance. It meant that you were—and still are—parked with an undesirable companion for two or three days. Privacy is out of the question.

The first irritation grows out of the inevitable difference of opinion about having the window open. Here you encounter both extremes. The Englishman is a fiend about fresh air and insists upon having it blow in during the daytime, even in midwinter. The exact reverse is the Frenchman, who lives in mortal terror of drafts. He wants the windows down in torrid weather.

I will cite a typical experience. In 1917, when I went from Milan to Udine, where the Italian general headquarters were then located, I shared a compartment with an Italian general. I had booked the lower berth, but naturally offered it to him. Much to my surprise, he accepted it. It was midsummer and almost insufferably hot. I opened the window and went to sleep in the upper story. I had scarcely closed my eyes when I heard the window slam shut. Friend general objected to fresh air. As soon as I heard his first snore I hopped down and lowered the window. The moment I slept again, out he got and closed it. This open-and-shut performance lasted all night.

Speaking of windows reminds me of a fact that most travelers should know. On a night trip anywhere in Europe it is inadvisable to leave your windows open all the way. The trains make frequent stops at isolated stations, where thieves lurk. They have canes with hooks attached and pilfer clothes and other belongings out of compartments. If the weather is too hot you can lower the window part of the way and pull down the heavy curtain, which is fastened at the bottom and cannot easily be opened from the outside.

Here is a story which illustrates the folly of the wide-open window at night. On a trip to Lausanne from Paris the compartment next to mine was occupied by a British general in uniform. Instead of riding breeches, he wore slacks—that is, ordinary khaki trousers. He left the window open. On arrival he discovered that his trousers, which he had left neatly folded on the little table by the window, had been stolen. He had no extra pants with him. He therefore appeared on the platform looking like a makeshift Highlander. His British trench overcoat ended just above the knees.

Cause for Long Faces

During the past three years the two-berth compartment on the de luxe train has been gradually giving way to what is called the single coupé, a one-berth room. These are highly desirable and represent the last word in sleeping-car comfort. The two-berth room is being more and more used as a second-class sleeper. Its wide introduction is doing much to democratize travel, especially in France, where services from Paris to Vintimille, Marseilles, Rome, Toulouse and Bordeaux have been inaugurated. This service enables one to travel at night as comfortably as was possible heretofore in the first-class, and at a greatly reduced cost. You can go, for example, second-class from Paris to Marseilles for $20.25, including sleeper, whereas the same trip first-class is $28.40.

The *wagon-lit conducteur*, as the porter is called, is a character apart. As on our Pullmans, there is one for every sleeping car. They lack, however, the almost invariable good humor of our colored attendants. One reason, perhaps, is that they are so poorly paid. Including the *vie cher*—high-cost-of-living allowance—the wage for the first year of service is $150. The highest is approximately $200 a year for the twentieth year. Furthermore, the *conducteur* is not only responsible for every article on the car but must buy the soap—hence the microscopic size—as well as lavatory accessories. He must also fee the men who supply the cars with fresh water at the various stations.

No wonder that on arrival he makes a noise like a tip. Unlike the United States, there is no standard fee for the porter. You give him what you like. In France ten francs—forty cents—for a night's journey is considered large and is bestowed only by Americans. Foreigners give from three to five francs—that is, twelve to twenty cents. In Germany the usual fee for the same trip is one mark, or the equivalent of twenty-four cents. Americans generally overdo it and offer from two to three marks. If you have a compartment to yourself from Paris to Berlin or Paris to Rome, the equivalent of one dollar is a liberal fee.

Anything But English

Practically all European train gratuities are optional. In Italy, however, conductors on the Italian National Service are authorized to demand of the travelers not more than 20 per cent of the net sum of sleeping-car costs. This is probably the only instance where a tip is officially decreed.

It is always a good investment to be generous with a European sleeping-car porter before the train starts. For one thing, it guarantees a sufficiency of towels, which are ordinarily handed out as if they were precious stones. The American who expects the same service from a foreign porter that he gets at home has another think coming. He does not shine shoes or brush clothes.

He renders, however, one important aid. On through trains he takes charge of your passport and saves you interruption from frontier officials during the night. You can also give him the key to your trunk and he will open it for the customs inspectors in the baggage car, which sometimes saves you a long walk through the train. The very fact that he has the key almost invariably waives an examination. Many untraveled Americans, who like to do every minute thing themselves, ask for trouble when they hang on to their passports and keys. I have yet to find a dishonest European porter.

The *conducteurs* exert precious little effort to keep compartments clean. On a trip from Berlin to Paris I saw a hefty Cincinnati dowager, returning from a visit to the home of her ancestors, become so enraged at the dry sweeping of a French porter that she took the broom out of his hand, sprinkled it with water from a carafe and showed him how to do the job.

European porters, in the main, have no regular runs. They are shifted all over the Continent, because the *wagon-lit* service is universal. Knowledge of languages is one of the determining factors in their allocation. It is a curious fact that while some of them speak French, German, Italian, Spanish, and frequently Polish and Russian, few have taken the trouble to acquire English. All the Latin porters seem to have the same type of face, which is sharp pointed and pallid. Worry seems to be their lot. I strongly suspect, however, that their chief anxiety is about the amount of their tips.

Any close-up of the European *conducteur* would be incomplete without a word about his immediate boss, who has the imposing title of *chef de train*, which means chief of the train. He is in charge of all the sleeping cars. It is to him that you must look for a change in accommodations. He is the arbiter of space. Out of experience you learn that the mandate, "it is impossible to get you a better place," invariably melts at the sight of a 50 or 100 franc note.

Continental dining cars differ from those in the United States in several respects. In the first place, they are all owned and operated by the International Sleeping Car Company, except in Germany, where they are run by the Mitropa. As in the case of *wagons lits*, the International diners are permitted on through trains in the Reich. Secondly, Continental dining cars are run at a considerable profit, which is not, as a rule, the case over here. They must be carried as an accommodation.

Is your filter "detouring" your oil?

Your car is probably equipped with some sort of oil filter. But is it really *filtering* the oil? Or is it simply "detouring" the oil through a by-pass?

AN EFFICIENT FILTER A NECESSITY—After a few thousand miles the ordinary filtering device becomes so clogged that the oil simply can't pass through the filtering material. Pressure builds up until a by-pass (or direct outlet) opens. Oil continues to flow through the system. You think everything's all right because your gage shows a pressure. But the oil is no longer being filtered.

WHAT'S THE RESULT OF CLOGGED FILTERS? Free carbon, metal particles, road dust, water and sludge are carried to the motor. The usual results are scored cylinder walls, burned out bearings and an overheated motor—with consequent loss of power and increased consumption of oil.

ORDINARY FILTERS MUST BE REPLACED—An investigation showed that many of the car owners interviewed never had their filters touched. Yet to be efficient, most filters should have a new cartridge every few thousand miles. To keep replacing these cartridges, at $3 to $6 a replacement, is a costly item.

Here's the answer—

CUNO . . . *A Really Efficient Filter Guaranteed for the Life of Your Car*

You can do away with this costly replacement by installing the Auto-Klean CUNO FILTER, which needs no replacement parts or renewals.

The CUNO employs the principle of "edge filtration" with a filtration efficiency equal to that of an extremely fine (200-mesh) woven screen—so that the disc edges catch even the most minute particles.

A turn of the handle scrapes the filter discs clean—the loosened dirt settles to the bottom of the large sump—and the filter is kept 100% efficient.

For your convenience we recommend having the garage or service station attendant turn the handle when oil is added and drain the filter whenever the crank case oil is changed. You have no other care.

FIRST AND ONLY COST—When replacing another type filter, using the same brackets, get the CUNO Replacement Model—$7.00 complete.

On cars not equipped with filter, but having a pressure oil system—$8.00 complete with brackets.

Special Models, complete with fittings and copper tubing, for Hudson and Essex, $8.00. For Model A Ford, $7.00.

If your dealer has not yet stocked the Auto-Klean CUNO FILTER, send order and money direct to us for immediate delivery, stating make, model and year of car. Prices slightly more in Canada.

FOR TRUCKS, BUSES AND INDUSTRIAL USES—Two standard sizes are made for use on motor cars, buses, trucks, domestic oil burners, Diesel engines, machine tools and similar equipment whose filtration requirements are practically standardized.

SPECIAL FILTRATION SERVICE—Auto-Klean CUNO Filters for special purposes can be built in all sizes up to 100,000-gallon per hour capacity. CUNO Engineers will be glad to consult with you about your filtration problems. Further particulars on request.

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORP., Meriden, Conn.

Makers of the famous CUNO Cigar Lighter

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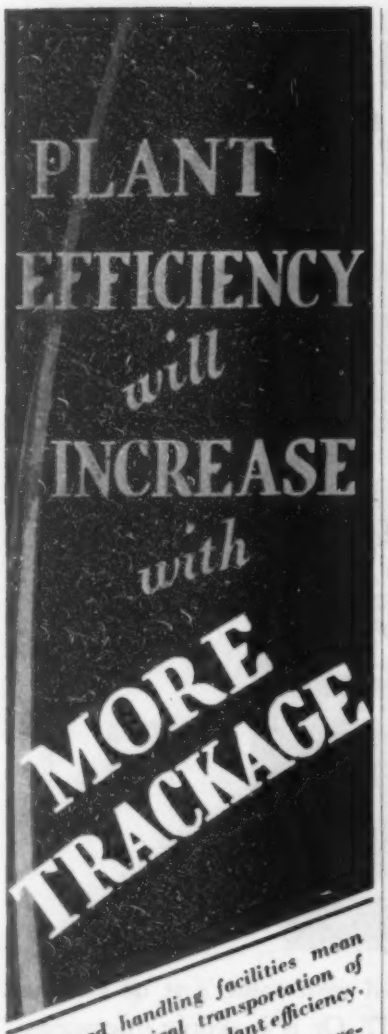

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Rails and Accessories for improvements, extensions, repairs or replacements—every size and section—available for quick delivery from our centrally located warehouses. All materials fully guaranteed, shipped subject to inspection and approval at destination.

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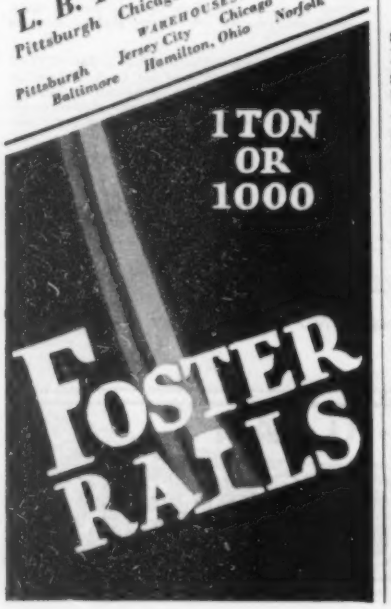


It is generally reported that 50 per cent of the profits of the International Sleeping Car Company come from its restaurant cars. This is mainly due to the large consumption of wines en route. The European dining-car steward looks askance at any individual who has the temerity to drink water with his meals. The set-up of every table includes three or four bottles of wine. It is an unuttered invitation to partake.

The third distinguishing feature from our cars is that you can arrange to have your meals at a stipulated time. Practically every Continental diner has from one to three—sometimes there are even four—services, as they are called. You get a little coupon which entitles you to a seat at some one of these services. Dining-car places on boat trains may be booked when you buy your railway ticket. On others it is best to ask the steward for the coupon as soon as you get on the train. Though the system fastens you to a specified time to eat, it has many desirable features, because it prevents the long waits, such as sometimes occur on American trains.

As far as my experience goes, the only American train having this kind of service is the Congressional Limited between Washington and New York. It is, of course, more adaptable to the table-d'hôte meal, where the food is ready and appetites can be polished off in a comparatively short time. To order special food from the menu on a European diner seems to complicate the whole machinery. In the matter of à la carte service we are far ahead of Europe.

American and European dining-car prices are about the same if you compare table-d'hôte meals here and abroad. Anywhere on the Continent you can get a good course luncheon, including the inevitable omelet, for about the equivalent of one dollar. Dinner is never more than what would amount to $1.50. The traditional Continental breakfast of coffee, rolls and jam is ordinarily about fifty cents. With eggs it comes to about sixty cents. Meals are served with amazing skill and swiftness. I venture to say that the European dining-car waiter or waitress—many women are employed—is perhaps the world's champion plate juggler.

Before we take leave of the International Sleeping Car Company there must be a word about its most famous car, an ordinary diner, No. 2419. It was used as Marshal Foch's headquarters on wheels from 1917 until the close of the war. On a plain table within its walls the Armistice was signed on that fateful November morning in 1918. The table and chairs where the French and German plenipotentiaries sat, together with the cards indicating the places, are still there.

Historic Rolling Stock

At the time of the signing of the Armistice the Foch car was at Rethondes in the Forest of Compiègne. For some years it stood there on the original tracks, battered by wind and rain. Subsequently it was taken to the Court of Honor at the Invalides in Paris, where it was seen by thousands of tourists. Thanks to the generosity of an American, a permanent shed was built for it on the site where the war was ended. This most historic of all pieces of rolling stock now has a permanent home guarded by a disabled poilu.

General Pershing also used an International dining car for his traveling office in France. General Harbord, who commanded the Service of Supply, had a director's car of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway. Both of these generals had completely equipped special trains, which included cars fitted up as telegraph and telephone offices. They could stop almost anywhere and get in instant communication with the Front, Paris or the various divisional headquarters.

Limitations of space prevent detailed analysis of the railroads in any other European country except Germany, where they have many distinct features. For one thing, they are pledged under the Dawes Plan as security for a considerable portion of the annual reparations payments. Last year they contributed 660,000,000 marks—$165,000,000—which is also the quota for the current fiscal year.

The casual railway traveler in Germany scarcely realizes when he goes, say, from Berlin to Hamburg that his train is part of the largest single system—the mileage is 33,000—in the world, with a capitalization of 24,739,000,000 marks, or approximately $6,000,000,000. It is also the largest single employer anywhere, because 700,000 are on the pay roll. Even the official time-table is in the superlative class. The so-called Reichskursbuch is the biggest of all similar compilations, containing 158 pages, with 892 sections.

The German railways, like German industry, have always been highly efficient. Private enterprise, fairly active in the early days, soon gave way to construction, ownership and operation by the various federal states comprising the old empire. This procedure created the Staatsbahnsystem—that is, the State-Owned Railway System. The most important state-owned groups prior to 1919 were the Prussian-Hessian, the Saxon, the Bavarian and the Baden state railways. These systems afforded the one outstanding exception to the rule of government owned and operated property, in that they were admirably and profitably run.

An Ill Wind That Blew Good

When Germany changed to a republic after the World War the State-Owned Railway System became the Reichsbahnsystem—the National Railroad System. All state and privately owned railways were transferred to the government under the control of a single administration. Following the London Treaty of 1924, which stipulated that the largest share of reparation payments allocated to any single group should be borne by the railroads, the status of the federal railways again changed. Official administration by the Reich was not regarded as consistent with the new deal. Direction was therefore turned over to a new organization called Deutsche Reichsbahn Gesellschaft, generally known as German Railroads Company. It operates them as a private enterprise, although the roads remain the property of the federal government. The right to administer and operate will end after all the reparations debts and preferred stocks have been paid off.

The World War was an ill wind that blew the German railways good. The Allies demanded and received an enormous quantity of railroad material as indemnity. This necessitated an immense amount of new construction. In consequence the German railways have been almost entirely reëquipped since 1920. Due to her geographical position, Germany is the railroad heart of Europe.

Many of the lines traversing Germany follow the ancient highways of Europe. The Rhine Valley from the Alps to the sea has been one of the main arteries of traffic since the days of the ancient Romans. Another historic route from south to north runs via the Brenner Pass over the Alps to Munich, then to Nuremberg, Leipsic, Berlin and the Baltic Sea, connecting with the Scandinavian countries.

Some of the finest trains in Europe are largely German operated. One is the North Express from Warsaw, straight across Germany, through Berlin to Cologne and Liège, where it is split in two parts. One section goes direct to Paris, the other to London by way of Calais. The distance from Warsaw to Paris—more than 1700 kilometers, approximately 1100 miles—is covered in twenty-eight hours. The Ostend-Vienna Express from Ostend, via Cologne, Frankfort and Nuremberg, to the Austrian capital, approximately 850 miles, is also principally maintained by the German railroads. It runs two-thirds of its total distance through Germany.

The newest express is the Rheingold, put in operation in May, 1928. With a speed, sometimes, of sixty-two miles an hour, it connects London with Lucerne in twenty-four hours, passing through the romantic castle districts of the Rhine.

Some of the German trains attain remarkable speed. The Berlin-Hamburg express makes the 287-kilometer run in three hours and twenty minutes. This is more than eighty-six kilometers an hour, or close to a mile a minute. Another flyer is the Berlin-Heidelberg Express, connecting these important cities in nine hours.

All German express trains are extra fare, which is uniform and amounts to four marks—ninety-five cents—for both first and second class for any distance in the republic. On the luxury trains, like the Ostend-Vienna or North expresses, the extra fare is eight marks. German fares, first-class, are a little higher than those in the United States.

Up to the autumn of 1928 the German railroads operated four classes for passenger travel. This has now been reduced to three, the first remaining only in luxury and express trains. All other trains are composed of second and third, the second being known as the *Polsterklasse*, which means "upholstered class," and the third called *Holzklasse*, or "wooden-bench class." The rates for these classes figured for 160 kilometers—equal to 100 miles—are nine marks and six marks respectively.

As I have already indicated, Germany operates the sole Continental rival, on anything like a big scale, of the International Sleeping Car Company. Mitropa is an abbreviation of the characteristically long German title of Mitteleuropäische Schlafwagen und Speisewagen Aktiengesellschaft. Organized in 1916, it has exclusive right to operate sleeping and dining car services on the German railroads. Like the *wagons-lits* company, it maintains agencies throughout the world.

The German sleeper is called a *Schlafwagen*, meaning sleep car. In the first class you can get a compartment with one berth to yourself for twenty-eight marks, or roughly seven dollars. Your first-class railroad ticket is ample to cover fare. The second-class compartment has two berths and the price for either one is fourteen marks, or approximately $3.50. In order to provide sleepers for those who must economize, a so-called third-class accommodation was put into service last year. The compartments contain three rest benches with pillows, sheets and blankets. The price for a bench is about $1.60.

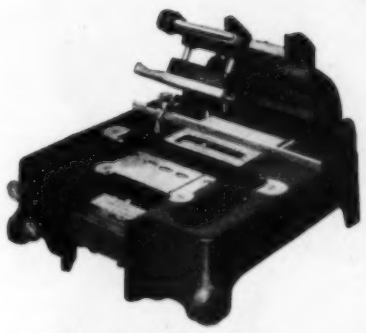
Class Distinction in Russia

The German dining car—the *Speisewagen*—is a real food emporium. This grows out of the fact that the Germans apparently eat all the time. Consequently the car is in constant service. The food is good and the prices reasonable. As in German homes, the big meal of the day corresponds to our luncheon and is generally called dinner. The average price of breakfast, including eggs, is the equivalent of forty-five cents, while dinner and supper are eighty-six cents each. This includes the 10 per cent fee for the waiter. A smaller evening meal, called *gekürztes Abendessen*—abbreviated supper—may be had for seventy-five cents. On some of the de luxe trains the principal meal costs $1.05.

For the final feature of German trains I have reserved the most striking and original innovation: Expresses are equipped with wireless, which enables travelers to keep in touch with the stock markets as well as with their offices and families. Bourse quotations are furnished and transactions involving large sums negotiated en route.

Railway operation in the three major travel countries is duplicated on a lesser scale elsewhere in Europe. Even proletariat Russia recognizes class distinctions on her trains. Comfort has no political creed.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two travel articles by Mr. Marcosson.



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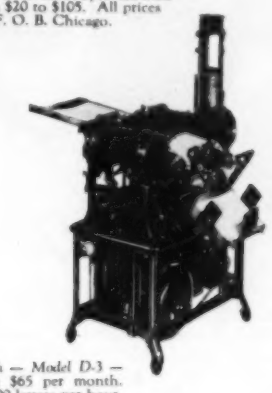

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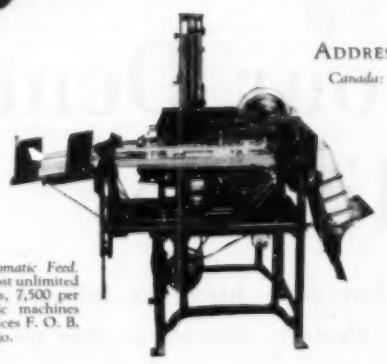

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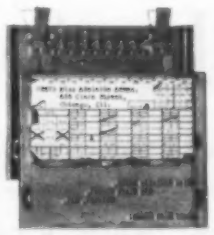

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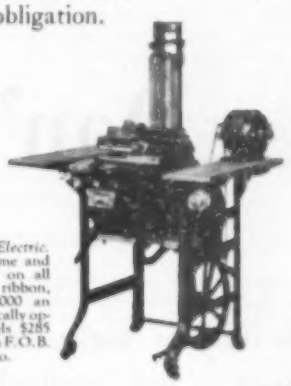

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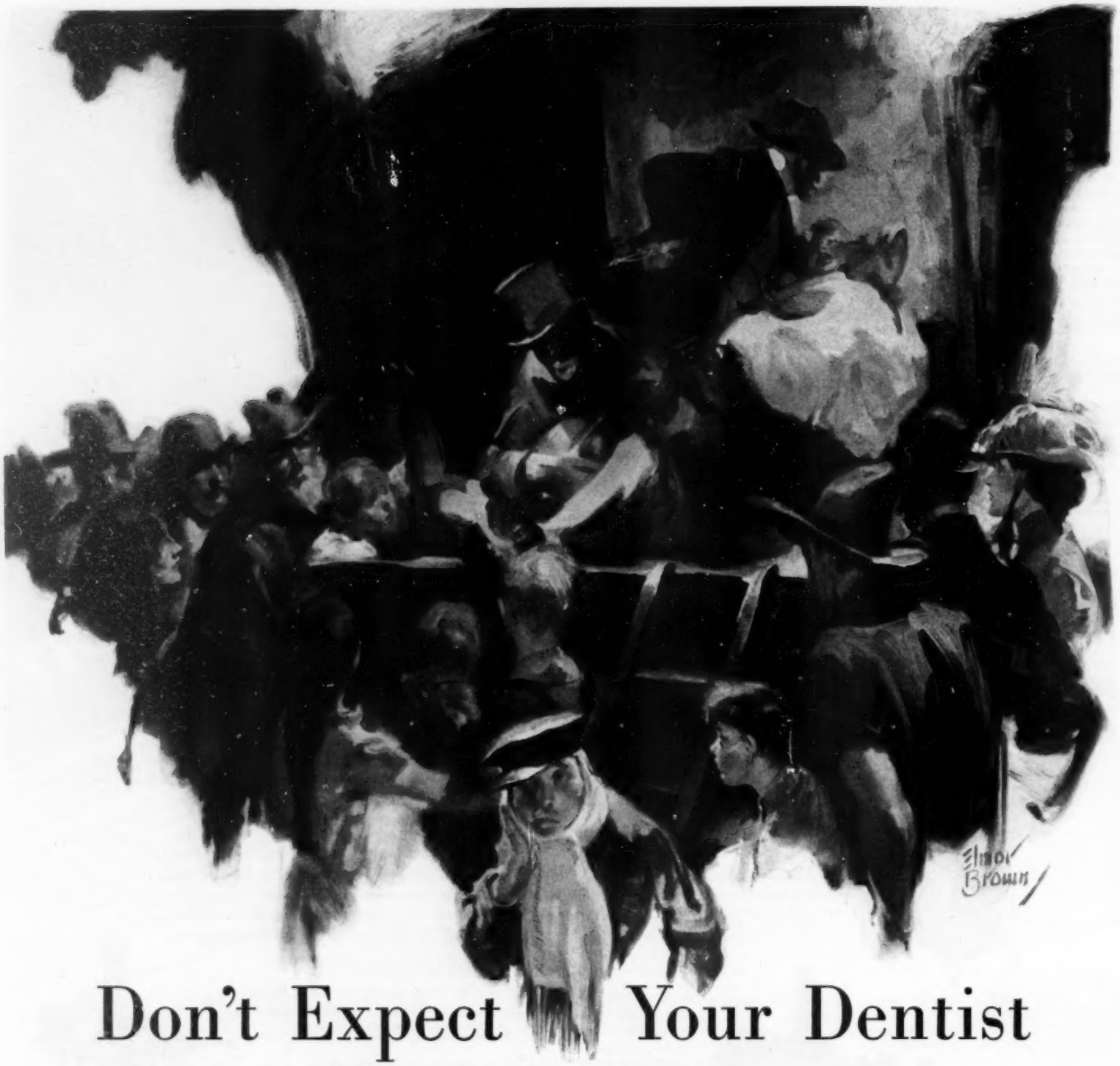

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THE MILLION-POUND DEPOSIT

(Continued from Page 5)

Mr. Ryde looked around to be sure that the waiter had not returned. Then he laid down his knife and fork, picked up the small black bag which he had deposited under the table, and handed across a packet.

"You will find there," he announced, "five thousand pounds, a considerable portion of which sum, being evidently intended for the purpose of wages, is in treasury notes which cannot be traced. The larger bank notes I should take with you to the States, and part with them gradually."

The young man clutched at the parcel, cut the string and looked inside. There seemed to be endless folds of treasury notes there, side by side with a thick roll of crisper white paper. He drew a deep sigh of relief and thrust the spoils of his enterprise into his various pockets.

"Well, I'll say this for you, boss," he admitted, "you've kept your word, and well up to time too."

"I always keep my word," Thomas Ryde assured him. "You earned your money, Mr. Swayles, and if," he added, with a slight smile at the corners of those straight lips, "you would like a testimonial, you can have it. I am not an expert in such matters, but your opening of that safe still seems to me a marvelous piece of scientific ingenuity."

The young man moistened his lips with his tongue. He had lost his distrust of the speaker, but he still looked at him as though fascinated.

"There's only one I've known as cool a hand as you, boss," he acknowledged, "and that was King Cole, of West Chicago. Still, you oughtn't to have done that killing on us."

Mr. Thomas Ryde seemed mildly puzzled.

"I fail to understand your complaint," he protested. "Without the killing, we should probably all have been in prison by now and not one of us would have made a penny out of all the time and labor we have given to developing this little affair. Our careers, too, would have been ruined. I will leave you to judge of your other associates, but you must remember that Huneybell here and myself are no more criminals than they are."

"Gee, you're not criminals?" Ned Swayles gasped.

"By no means. I doubt whether either of us has ever previously committed an unlawful action. To have been convicted, therefore, would have been a very serious affair for us. We should have lost our position in society, and at the end of our terms of penal servitude we should have been paupers. You will see, therefore, that I had no alternative but to insure against such a lamentable prospect."

The waiter came bustling back. He produced two bottles of Schweppes soda water and a tumblerful of ice. Mr. Thomas Ryde indicated his approval and waved away his change from the ten-shilling note.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said. "I shall now be able to enjoy my supper."

The American filled his glass once more, drained it to the dregs, and rose to his feet. There was at last a slight flush of color in his cheeks. He patted the very obvious protuberances which quite spoiled the shape of his well-cut suit of clothes.

"Well, I'm through, boss," he pronounced. "I've worked in a few queer jobs in my time, but this one has the lot of them smothered."

Mr. Ryde nodded an affable farewell.

"Your boat sails at midnight," he reminded his departing associate.

"You needn't be afraid that I'll miss it," was the emphatic comment. "This old country is too full of surprises for me."

Huneybell, too, staggered to his feet. He was looking ghastly ill.

"You're not going?" Thomas Ryde queried.

"I shall die if I stay another five minutes," he gasped. "I can't eat, I can't drink any more. I'll go home and lie down."

Thomas Ryde adjusted his spectacles and stared at the speaker curiously. There was no sympathy in his observation; simply a slight expression of intolerant wonder.

"Just as you like," he agreed. "Keep your mouth shut and be at the office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. You had better get into a taxi," he added, as he watched his departing employe stagger toward his hat.

"I shall be all right as soon as I get out of here," was the feverish response.

The two men left the place together, Ned Swayles' hand still caressing those exhilarating extensions of his pockets, Huneybell with black fear creeping like mortal sickness through his body. Mr. Thomas Ryde looked after them curiously for a moment. Then he selected the better cooked of the two remaining chops, mixed himself more whisky-and-soda, listening with obvious pleasure to the tinkle of ice in his glass, and continued his meal.

II

AT HALF-PAST EIGHT precisely, on the eleventh evening after the sensational burglary at Boothroyd's Works, near Leeds, Mr. Thomas Ryde drove up to the Embankment entrance of the Milan Hotel, and, by a very complicated route, succeeded in skirting the foyer, mounted three flights of stairs, traversed a long passage, mounted one more flight, and, finding the door of Apartment No. 332 unlatched, as he had expected, passed rapidly through it and disappeared.

Within three minutes, Mr. Huneybell, who had to some extent recovered his composure and his poise, descended from an omnibus at the corner of the Savoy Hill and, by exactly the same route, reached the same destination. At twenty-seven minutes to nine, a tall young man of somewhat foreign appearance, of pale complexion, eyes of a strange shade of greeny-brown, and closely cropped dark hair, presented himself at the main reception offices of the hotel and inquired for Doctor Hisedale. The clerk scribbled the No. 332 upon a card and handed it to a page.

"The doctor is expecting you, Baron," he announced, with a bow. "The boy will take you to his room."

The tall young man followed his guide as directed. In the last corridor, he came face to face with a short, thickly built person of obvious transatlantic origin, who was just stepping out of the lift. The two men exchanged civilities.

"Mr. Hartley Wright, isn't it?" the tall young man asked, holding out his hand.

"Sure thing, Baron. Glad you haven't forgotten me," the other acknowledged with a grin.

They made their way to Apartment No. 332, where their host was engaged in conversation with the two previous arrivals. He turned to greet them, a tall, lanky man, with gray hair and carefully trimmed gray mustache; the former cut so short that it gave his head the appearance of being shaven. He had very clear, but hard black eyes, effectually concealed behind heavy spectacles. His speech was slow, and his accent slightly guttural. No one could have mistaken him for anything but a German.

"Welcome, Baron," he said. "Welcome, my friend Hartley Wright. We are all here now, I think. Introductions," he concluded with a ponderous attempt at levity, "are, I take it, unnecessary. You are all well acquainted."

The newcomers exchanged restrained greetings with their predecessors. A waiter entered with a tray of cocktails. They were drunk almost in silence, and without any toasting. Mr. Thomas Ryde alone inclined his head toward his host. It was the only sign of good-fellowship.

"Dinner," the latter instructed the waiter, "can now be served. Will you take your places, gentlemen? Mr. Ryde, here upon my right, Mr. Hartley Wright upon my left, the Baron opposite, Mr. Huneybell in the remaining place. I have provided you only with simple fare."

"The simpler the better," Hartley Wright said tersely. "I'd sooner talk than dine."

"We must remember," Thomas Ryde pointed out, "that we are in England. A company of five men meeting to discuss a business project in a hotel sitting room, who did not lunch or dine or drink, would give cause for comment. There seems to be a feeling among you all which it is not easy to understand. Let us shelve it for a moment. Let us play our parts as a little assembly of commercial magnates met to discuss an important proposition."

A waiter entered the room, wheeling forward a side table, upon which were set out caviar, hot toast and butter, and bottles of champagne. Doctor Hisedale showed his appreciation of his guest's suggestion and attempted to play the part of genial host.

"Mr. Ryde has spoken sensibly," he declared. "We are met here for an important discussion, and presently let each man say what he has to say, but in the meantime let us eat and drink. The starved man argues ill."

The feast was served, but miracles do not happen and the spirit of good-fellowship was not there. The five men ate and drank and explored the stereotyped openings to general conversation. There were gloomy references to English politics, to the money rates in different capitals, to the stabilization of the franc, and kindred subjects. Nobody was at his ease; everybody had the air of keeping back with difficulty what he really wished to say. Doctor Hisedale, after one or two efforts to inaugurate a general conversation, confined himself to discussing with the Baron de Brest the financial operations of several large German industrial concerns. Mr. Hartley K. Wright drank a great deal of wine, and every now and then was heard muttering to himself. Mr. Huneybell at intervals ate voraciously and drank deeply, but had also intervals of moody and nervous silence. When the coffee was served, the host beckoned the senior of the two waiters toward him.

"Place the cigars, cigarettes and liqueurs upon the table," he instructed. "Kindly see that we are not disturbed. If callers arrive, say that Doctor Hisedale is engaged in a business conference."

"Certainly, sir."

The maitre d'hôtel and his underling took their leave. With the closing of the outside door, the atmosphere of tension came to an end. Mr. Hartley Wright was first in the field.

"See here, doctor," he began in a crude, unpleasant voice, "and you there, Thomas Ryde; let's get down to hard tacks on this. You've sprung a low deal on us—on me, at any rate. I, for one, never expected to be dragged into a high-class burglary, with a couple of murders thrown in. Neither did Huneybell, neither did Ned Swayles, who's never even handled a gun in his life. You're the man I'm talking at, Ryde; you're the man I blame. You made out that it was as simple as opening your aunt's workbox to get down there and grab the Boothroyd formula. We all remember what your line of talk was—even if we were copped there was nothing to it. We weren't after money. Our lawyers would have pleaded business jealousy and we should very likely have got off altogether. And now look what you have let us in for."

"I have let you in for a sixth share of the Boothroyd formula," Ryde said, carefully clipping the end of a cigar—"a property which you could not have acquired by any other means."

"What's the good of a sixth share of anything," Huneybell intervened, shivering, "when day and night you think of those two dead men, and slink about expecting to be tapped on the shoulder and hauled off to prison?"

The Baron de Brest scowled across the table.

"I am entirely in sympathy with our friend from New York," he declared. "For a man in my position to have been dragged into a criminal affair like this is outrageous. If I had known that a single one of you was carrying a revolver that night, I should have gone straight home and had nothing more to do with the affair."

"The trouble of it is," Huneybell pointed out, his voice shaking nervously, "that when a party of men are engaged upon a burglarious enterprise as we were, if there's a man killed, it don't matter who fires the shot. We're all in it together."

"Let us hope," Doctor Hisedale protested, "that the law does not go so far as that. Personally, I shall not allow myself to believe it. I should advise you to follow my example—put all these disconcerting thoughts behind and look to the future. Let us act wisely. We are met to come to a good decision on this point. We have been led into paying a much greater price than we intended for the Boothroyd formula, but the Boothroyd formula is, after all, ours. What are we going to do with it?"

"I guess you're right, doctor," the American assented. "This fellow Ryde has done us dirt, but what we've met to decide about is how to dispose of the booty. What's your idea of its value, now?"

Mr. Thomas Ryde scribbled on the back of the menu.

"I will tell you what it is worth," he said. "In eleven years it has earned for the firm of Boothroyd profits amounting to twenty-two million pounds. That is two million a year. It should be worth five years' purchase—that is, ten millions. That is what it will be worth to the buyer, but we sellers shall never realize half as much. I suggest that we ask two millions for it, or one million in hard cash."

The sound of the figures was stimulating. The little company of men began to throw off their depression.

"That's some money!" Mr. Hartley Wright admitted. "But we've got to get near to it. Now listen to me," he went on, leaning across the table. "I have a suggestion to make. I am well known in Wall Street, and close to some of the leading financiers in the United States. Give me the formula and let me see what I can do. If the offer I am able to cable over isn't satisfactory, if I can't get what you think the thing's worth, then one of you others can have a try. What I say, though, is that there's no money worth speaking of anywhere except in the United States. Give me the formula and I'll catch Saturday's boat."

Doctor Hisedale pursed out his thick red lips.

"I shall say at once," he pronounced, "that without any personal bias, I am against parting with the formula to any one man."

"Then how are you going to dispose of it?" Mr. Hartley Wright demanded.

"I know of two manufacturing concerns in Germany," Doctor Hisedale replied impressively, "who would combine and buy the Boothroyd formula, provided they were convinced that it was genuine."

"Yes, and what money would you get?" the American sneered. "Listen here, boys. We've gone and mixed ourselves up in an ugly business. We need to make enough money out of it to keep us in good shape for the rest of our lives."

"That is more than a need; that is a necessity," Doctor Hisedale grunted. "But the sooner this is clearly understood, the better. No one of us is going to dispose of the Boothroyd formula in the way suggested by our friend from the States here. No one is going around to make a deal on his own

(Continued on Page 140)

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If gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range

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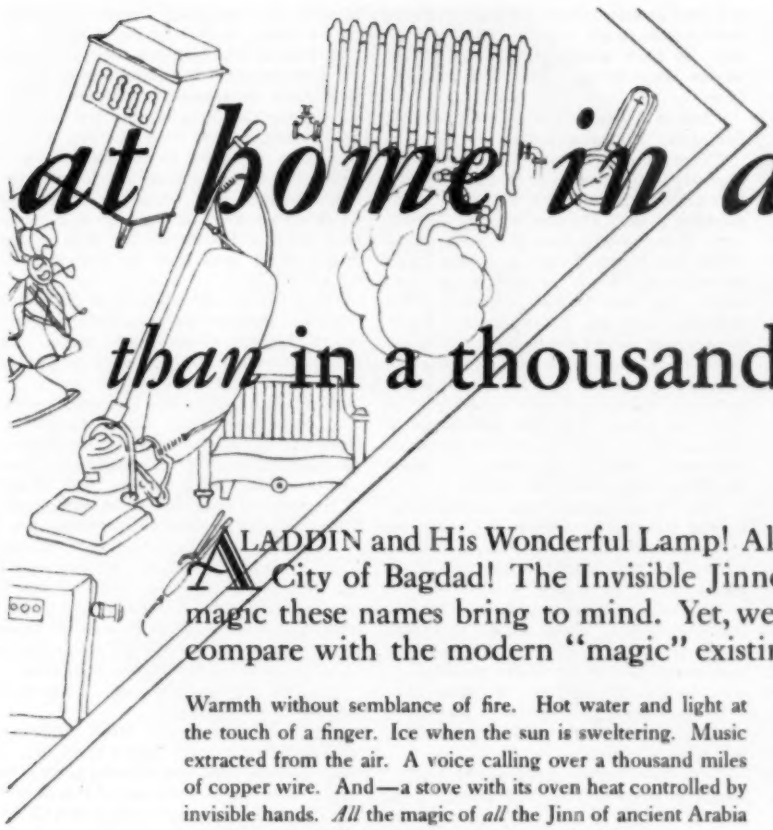

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ALADDIN and His Wonderful Lamp! Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves! The Golden City of Bagdad! The Invisible Jinnee! What eternally interesting pictures of magic these names bring to mind. Yet, were this ancient magic *all fact* it could *not* compare with the modern "magic" existing in the average American home Today.

Warmth without semblance of fire. Hot water and light at the touch of a finger. Ice when the sun is sweltering. Music extracted from the air. A voice calling over a thousand miles of copper wire. And—a stove with its oven heat controlled by invisible hands. *All* the magic of *all* the Jinn of ancient Arabia could not equal Today's magic in the modern home.

Think of a Whole Meal, soup to dessert, left cooking safely, deliciously in the oven of a Red Wheel Gas Range while you're miles away! One easy turn of a little Red Wheel and a Magic Chef takes your place at the stove. He'll watch the meal faithfully. And dinner will be piping hot and ready to serve when you return.

Many other magic feats of cookery are made possible by automatic control of the oven heat, first given to the world when, many years ago, American Stove Company announced its invention of the Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.

This same creative genius is Today, through the Designing and Manufacturing Departments of six great factories, a Research Laboratory and a Research Kitchen, giving to women the world over the finest cooking appliances that science can create and expert skill can build.

Though beautifully designed to appeal to the eye, Red Wheel Gas Ranges are supremely efficient, economical, durable. They will add beauty to your kitchen, flavor to your food, health to your habits and happiness to your heart.

In every gas-served city and town you will find a dealer who sells one of the six famous lines of Red Wheel Gas Ranges illustrated. Each line is made in all the popular sizes, types and finishes and in a range of prices to suit every purse. The mere fact that a dealer *sells* Red Wheel Gas Ranges *proves* that he is reliable, for he represents an institution that for a half-century has jealously guarded its reputation for making and marketing a superlative product and rendering an incomparable service to users everywhere.

When you consider the purchase of a new gas range *insist* that it have the famous magic Red Wheel. Other labor- and time-saving devices may seem commonplace to you but the surprising cookery feats of a Red Wheel Gas Range will make you feel that "There's More Magic at Home in a Day Than in a Thousand Arabian Nights."

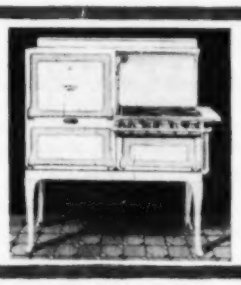
Watch for Dealers' newspaper announcements of special opportunity to purchase Red Wheel Gas Ranges during the week of April 21st to 27th.

This is the Whole Meal Aluminum Set that adds convenience when cooking a Whole Meal in the oven of a Red Wheel Gas Range. These unusual utensils for oven cooking are made exclusively for American Stove Company.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD



NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

DANGLER
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QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

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829 Chouteau Ave. · St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Leg of Lamb Dinner Menu with Recipes. (*Print* name and address plainly)

Name _____

Street _____

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Hinged for 0

your protection and convenience

Opening a milk bottle sealed with PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP is simplicity itself! Instead of prying out the cap with ice pick or fork in the old way—*splashing* your clothes, *wasting* the good top cream, and perhaps *contaminating* the whole bottle of milk in the process—you simply lift the *hinged* flap and pour. Then press it back into place and the milk is securely re-sealed until you need it again. This protective cap never leaves the bottle!

A glance at the illustration below will show you how convenient this modern cap really is. Thousands of progressive dairymen and milk dealers now supply it regularly on all milk and cream bottles. Doubtless yours would too if you told him how much you'd appreciate it!

PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP

4 Month's Supply FREE

If your dealer does not supply the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP, let us send you a month's supply free so that you can see how safe and convenient it really is. Mail coupon below.

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC., Oneida, New York
Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

(Continued from Page 137)

account. Business is business," he concluded significantly.

"If no one's going to trust anyone else," the American demanded, with savage emphasis, "how are we going to dispose of the formula at all?"

"Not, under any circumstances, in the way you are suggesting," Thomas Ryde intervened, knocking the ash from his cigar, and speaking with cold and convincing precision. "I put it to you, gentlemen, that our friend's idea is blatant, impossible and highly dangerous. He forgets that if he approaches any financier in the United States during the next fortnight in the manner he proposes and endeavors to open a deal for the Boothroyd formula, he will probably spend the next night at police headquarters, waiting there for a report from Scotland Yard."

There was a brooding silence. The words of the last speaker were destructive enough, but failed to convey the inspiration for further discussion.

"An American business man doesn't go blabbing his affairs all over the place," Hartley Wright ventured.

"America is the richest country in the world," Mr. Ryde continued calmly, "but that does not mean that Americans part with their money more readily than any other people. I need not remind you that it is not the millionaire who gives the biggest tips or the richest man who heads the subscription list. Furthermore, the New York business men are the shrewdest in the world, and I do not believe that one of them would be content to buy a property in the dark for the price we shall want for it. You cannot sell the Boothroyd formula in that way, nor, I regret to add, would it be wise to attempt to take the initiative ourselves toward selling it anywhere at all for the next few months."

Mr. Huneybell's nervous fingers were plunged in his thick crop of black hair.

"After all that we've been through," he bewailed, "do you mean to say that we can do nothing but sit still and wait indefinitely?"

Thomas Ryde splashed a little more of the liqueur brandy into his glass and swung it round thoughtfully.

"My friends," he expostulated, "you expect things made too easy for you. Remember that this is no ordinary division of plunder.

"I should say that each one of us here present possesses at the present moment the equivalent of approximately one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. Money like that cannot be snatched at."

"Show me the way to my share," the American groaned.

"On the other hand," Thomas Ryde went on, ignoring the interruption, "if one of us so much as stirs a finger, drops the merest hint as to where the Boothroyd formula is to be found, the whole game is up. I am quite aware that I am unpopular with every one of you because I took the only possible means of carrying through our enterprise successfully. We will not discuss the question further. We were out for a coup—to make rich men of ourselves for the rest of our lives—and when unexpected trouble came, my idea was to deal with it in the only way it could be dealt with. I will admit," he continued, after smoking thoughtfully for a moment or two, "that it complicates the situation to some extent, and makes it a little more difficult for us to realize our reward. I admit this frankly, and I even impress it upon you. For the sake of our skins, I suggest to you all most earnestly that not one of us approaches a single person directly or indirectly with reference to a purchase of the Boothroyd formula. Let us be content to wait. Believe me, one of two things will happen—either Boothroyd's themselves will offer a huge reward for the return of the formula, and no questions asked, or some other possible buyer—one of the great Continental firms, perhaps—will begin secret inquiries here in London, knowing that the formula must be somewhere for sale. It will then be easy enough through a trusted third person to get in touch with our market. In plain words, gentlemen, let our buyers come to us. Don't let us go to them."

"And in the meantime we are to starve, I suppose," Huneybell muttered.

"There is no question of starvation for anybody," Thomas Ryde rejoined swiftly. "You, Huneybell, for instance, have a very good job as town traveler in my small business. I pay you six pounds a week, and if things turn out as I expect, in less than a month's time I will be able to pay you eight. You are, I think, something like thirty-six years old. Have a little patience. Even a year should not be too long for you to wait to be made a rich man for the rest of your life. . . . You, Doctor Hisedale, are a scientist. What your income may be I do not know, but your laboratory at Notting Hill is famous, and one presumes that you do not occupy a suite of rooms like these on an inadequate income."

"I do not see what difference that makes," Doctor Hisedale protested. "I must live comfortably because it has been my custom, but all the time I need money for experiments."

"We will put it this way then," Thomas Ryde continued: "You are not in urgent need. In the cause of safety you can very well afford to wait for twelve months. . . . You, Baron de Brest, are, of course, in a different category altogether. You are a wealthy man at any time, and to wait will not inconvenience you."

"You make a great mistake, Mr. Ryde," Baron de Brest assured him eagerly. "It is the wealthy man who needs money most. I have my bank to keep supplied. I have profitable business offered to me every day, but business which needs money."

"Nevertheless," Thomas Ryde rejoined, "you can afford to wait. . . . As for you, Mr. Hartley Wright, I know nothing of your financial position, but I understand that you have several valuable agencies, and I imagine that you are making a very reasonable income. Be content with it for a few months longer. Believe me, it is worth while. Even if that unfortunate little accident with Rentoul and the watchman had not occurred, it would still have been unwise for us to disclose our hand too precipitately. Believe me, as soon as it leaks out that the Boothroyd formula was part of the proceeds of that burglary—and it will leak out before many weeks are past—there isn't one of the great firms in the world who won't be trying to get into touch with us."

There was a depressed and sullen silence. Thomas Ryde was in the unpopular position of one who has convinced his companions against their wills.

"How do you suppose," Doctor Hisedale asked presently, "it will become known that the Boothroyd formula has been stolen? The firm themselves are not likely to advertise the fact. There hasn't been a word in the papers up till now even to suggest such a thing."

Thomas Ryde smiled.

"I will tell you how it will get about," he said. "It will get about because Boothroyd's will not be able to turn out their goods without the formula. The market will become flooded with indifferent material. It won't take the commercial world long to find out its source, especially as I have the handling of all their wastes, and am, in fact, the sole London agent for their irregular goods. It certainly won't take the shrewd buyers much longer to find out the reason for it."

"They have a very clever chemist up there," Doctor Hisedale meditated—"a brother-in-law of Rentoul's, I believe he was."

"They have a very clever man indeed," Ryde admitted, "but remember what I told you when I brought you all into this enterprise. Old Man Boothroyd—Lord Dutley when he died—was one of the narrowest and most pig-headed old men who ever breathed. He never trusted anyone but Rentoul. Sir Matthew Parkinson, for instance, the managing director of Boothroyd's today, knows no more about the proportions, the chemicals used, or any of the finer points of the manufacture than I do. Each department works separately, and it was the formula, and the formula only, which brought them together. Therefore, they are going to commence now a period of experimenting which will cost them millions, and whatever measure of success they may attain, they will never turn out the Boothroyd art silks in the proper style until they get the formula back."

There was a brief interlude of disjointed remarks; staccatolike exclamations piercing the blanket of an uneasy silence. De Brest moved to the sideboard and came back with a cigar in his mouth.

"I do not care for this business of waiting," he declared, "any more than the rest of you, but I think that there is much common sense in what Mr. Ryde has said. One has the stock markets, too," he added. "There should be money to be made there. We might arrange a pool to bear the shares."

"Ryde may know what he's talking about," Hartley Wright acknowledged glumly, "but there's one point he hasn't touched upon which seems to me pretty important. You want us to wait for three or even six months, Ryde? Who's going to take charge of the formula for that time?"

"Ah," Mr. Ryde murmured. "I imagined we would come to that."

"You bet," was the terse rejoinder. "You don't trust me; I don't trust you. I want to know what you're going to do with the formula before I stir out of this burg."

"The packet has been quite safe with me during the last ten days," Thomas Ryde pointed out.

"Yes, but you don't suppose we've been trusting you, do you?" the other snarled. "You must think we're some sort of mugs. It's cost us a fiver each a week to have you shadowed, but we've done it—Hisedale, the Baron and I between us. We've had a private bull lagging you since the day we arrived in London. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it. We're no more willing to trust you than you are to trust us. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"There is an old-fashioned way," Thomas Ryde suggested gently, his hands seeming to linger about his pocket, "of settling such a matter. The formula is in my possession at the present moment. Would you like to fight for it?"

A tense and ugly silence ensued. Thomas Ryde's chair was a little withdrawn from the table and, from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, his eyes shone like diamonds. Perhaps not one of the four men was an utter coward, but there was not one of them to whom there did not come at that moment a little thrill of horrified memory, whose spine did not run cold at the thought of that still, emotionless figure dealing out death twice within the space of a few minutes with quiet and dexterous brutality.

"Silly line of talk that," Hartley Wright grumbled.

"It is not necessary for us to quarrel," De Brest insisted. "There is enough for all of us."

"Exactly my view," Thomas Ryde conceded in his even, penetrating tone. "You say that you have had me watched. You haven't, during these last ten days, noticed that I have been paying visits to financiers or manufacturers?"

"No one is accusing you of that, or anything else," Doctor Hisedale declared, in the voice of a would-be pacificator. "Your movements have been perfectly regular. At the same time, I must admit that the question of the disposal of the formula presents to me, as to my friend Mr. Hartley Wright, difficulties—very considerable difficulties. Many honest men have been tempted by the prospect of becoming a millionaire."

Thomas Ryde rose to his feet.

"Very well," he agreed, "let us accept the principle of mutual distrust. Meet me at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the smoke room of the Cannon Street Hotel,

(Continued on Page 142)

Yes, this new Toothpaste is sensational

UNIQUE, TWO-FOLD POLISHING (*NOT* SCOURING!) . . . THE OTHER RESULTS YOU DESIRE *COMBINED*...FAST ACTION . . . UNUSUALLY COOLING, REFRESHING . . . PERFECTED BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS DR. WEST'S TOOTHBRUSHES.

THIS is addressed to those who pay particular attention to the care and appearance of their teeth.

It invites you to learn, by actual test (at our expense), why this modern tooth paste deserves the word "sensational".

That is a pretty strong word. But we *know* what you will find out when you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste—the first time, and every time.

It *combines* results which everyone desires.

Remarkable two-fold polishing action (not scouring)! Restores natural smoothness and brightness of enamel.

Something delightful happens, in your mouth, each time you use this tooth paste—because of these many single results, now *combined!*

Action is quick and complete. Because we recognized that modern habits are hurried—and perfected our tooth paste to work fast.

For seven years, since DR. WEST'S toothbrush became famous, people have asked us to make a tooth paste as good. Now we have got it for you. We gladly put our name and reputation (valued at millions of dollars) back of it.

Try it. Compare results with your present and past experience. You may find a surprise—a delightful one. By this unusual offer it costs you nothing to find out today!

To Get a Tube FREE

(full 25c size; not a "sample")

Go to your favorite store, today, and buy a DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. You'll receive, free, a regular 25c size tube (for which we pay). Try it, and judge by results which you will see, taste, and feel. This offer good in Canada, also. The Western Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

TO GIVE PLAIN FACTS CLEARLY, QUICKLY

These straightforward statements are from the leaflet packed with each tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. (*A good way to get the unadorned truth about any dentifrice, or similar product, is to read the statements made on tube or container and carton—which must comply with strict Government regulations.*)

1

PROMPT TWO-FOLD BRIGHTENING: two gentle polishing agents remove stains and discoloring deposits. They polish instead of scouring or scratching—renewing natural smooth brilliance and lustre of the enamel. Teeth really gleam, and *stay clean longer!* DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste contains no harsh or injurious abrasives.*

2

CLEAN, SWEET MOUTH-FRESHNESS—THAT LASTS: instant refreshment and invigoration of the whole mouth—from a careful blend of several choicest flavors. Particularly welcome to those who smoke.

3

REAL INVIGORATION and PROTECTION FOR THE GUMS: wholesome tonic ingredients aid in stimulation of gums—helping overcome the results of past neglect and of lacking roughage in modern foods. This modern tooth paste contains no coarse irritating particles which, lodging under gum edges, cause trouble.

4

ACID CONDITIONS NEUTRALIZED INSTANTLY: pure Milk of Magnesia, most beneficial of antacids, and other wholesome alkaline ingredients combine to correct acid conditions each time teeth are brushed.

5

PUREST VEGETABLE CLEANSING AGENTS dissolve and remove the sticky mucin and other deposits left by saliva, foods and beverages.

6

ACTIVE CLEANSING SOLUTION FLOODS ALL CREVICES: so generous and active is this tooth paste, in use, that every crevice is washed thoroughly sweet and clean.

7

UNUSUAL SPEED OF ACTION: within a few seconds these combined results are positive and complete, because this modern tooth paste was perfected to meet the hurried habits of modern living.

© 1929, W. B. M. Co.

Handy-Man Saves Time and Temper

Kennedy Kit—the Handy-Man, solves the mystery of the lost tools. No more will Dad wreck the house—he knows they are in his Kennedy Kit.

The Handy-Man is the "odds-and-ends" box of innumerable home uses. It holds a multitude of things, safely, conveniently. It costs but a trifle. Size: 6¼" high x 14" long x 6" wide.

How can you use a Handy-Man?

As a Safety box . . . Tool kit . . . Radio kit . . . General storage box . . . Tackle box . . . Gun shell box . . . Silverware kit . . . Lunch box . . . Manual training box . . . Vacuum bottle holder . . . etc.

Handy-Man is built by the same organization that for seventeen years has held leadership in the manufacture of All-Steel kits for tradesmen and fishermen.

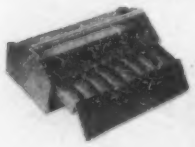
* * *

There are many other styles and sizes of Kennedy Kits built to the standard of Kennedy quality in every detail of construction.

Though Kennedy prices are always low, you cannot buy better boxes anywhere. Sold by leading hardware, sporting goods and department stores. Prices slightly higher in the Western States.

An All-Steel Kit for every need. Two of the fifty styles and sizes are shown below.

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING CO.
Van Wert, Ohio



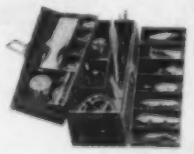
MECHANIC'S TOTE BOX

with two linked divided trays, $4.65. An excellent kit for the garage mechanic or service man. Specially useful for curb service.

TACKLE BOX

Five Sizes: 12" to 24"

Prices $3.75 to $6.75. Light-weight, watertight seams. Space for plugs, reels, landing weights, etc.



Trade Mark
Kennedy Kits
Made of Metal

(Continued from Page 140)

and I will put before you a plan for the safe custody of the formula which I think will be satisfactory to everyone. At two o'clock in the smoke room of the Cannon Street Hotel."

"We'll hear the scheme at any rate," Hartley Wright conceded grudgingly. "I don't pledge my word to consent to it."

"You'll consent to whatever the others agree to," was the curt retort. "Gentlemen, I live some distance out, and I am not accustomed to late hours. I shall take my leave. Doctor Hisedale, I thank you for your hospitality. In this atmosphere of mutual suspicion, to shake hands would be hypocrisy. Until two o'clock tomorrow in the smoke room of the Cannon Street Hotel."

With which Mr. Thomas Ryde, unruffled and tranquil, took his leave. The banquet was at an end.

III

ON THE afternoon following Doctor Hisedale's somewhat peculiar dinner party at the Milan Hotel, Mr. Henry Hogg, manager of the International Safe Deposit Company, Queen Victoria Street, returned from his luncheon just before half-past two, entered his office by the private way, and rang for his secretary.

"Any callers or telephone messages, Skinner?" he inquired.

"There are five gentlemen waiting to see you, sir," the young man announced.

Mr. Hogg was somewhat startled. Five prospective clients so early in the afternoon was, to say the least of it, unusual.

"Send them here," he directed, "in the order of their arrival."

"They all came together, sir."

Mr. Hogg was more surprised than ever. He leaned back in his chair and looked at his secretary over the top of his pince-nez.

"What sort of people are they?" he demanded.

The young man appeared vague. The answer to the question required a little more imagination than he possessed.

"Ordinary city gentlemen, they might be, sir," the secretary reported. "One of them has the look of an artist. He is untidy about the head, and kind of nervous in his manner, and I should say another was an American."

"Well, show them in," Mr. Hogg enjoined—"that is, if they all want to come in."

"I rather fancy that they do, sir," his subordinate confided. "They are all sitting close together, and once, when the bell rang, they all got up. It seems as though they don't want to lose sight of one another."

Mr. Hogg, considerably intrigued, waved his secretary toward the door, drew the plan of vacant safes toward him, and settled himself down in his chair. Presently there were footsteps outside, and the door was thrown open.

"The five gentlemen, sir," Skinner announced.

They filed in one by one and, from the first, they gave Mr. Hogg the idea of men who were filled with distrust of one another. Doctor Hisedale led the way. Mr. Thomas Ryde, with a small packet under his arm, came next; flanking him were Mr. Huneybell and Mr. Hartley Wright; and bringing up the rear was De Brest, half a head taller than any one of them.

"Gentlemen," the manager of the International Safe Deposit Company said, rising to his feet, "I understand that you wish to see me on business. I am sorry that I have not five chairs to offer you. Will you kindly dispose of yourselves as well as you can. What can I do for you?"

Mr. Thomas Ryde disclosed himself as spokesman. He adjusted his gold-rimmed spectacles firmly upon his nose, selected the most comfortable chair and crossed his neatly trousered legs.

"We are sorry to inflict such a visitation upon you, sir," he apologized, "but the fact of it is that we are all equally interested in the business which has brought us here. Unfortunately, too, we all appear to be inspired with a profound mistrust of one another. That is the reason why we are all surrounding your desk. My name is Thomas Ryde. The gentleman on my right is Doctor Hisedale, whose name is probably known to you. Doctor Hisedale is a very celebrated scientist. Next to him is Mr. Huneybell, my assistant in a small business. Behind him, the Baron Sigismund de Brest, the well-known Dutch banker and financier, and the gentleman beyond, who has seated himself between me and the door, is Mr. Hartley K. Wright."

Mr. Hogg acknowledged the introductions in courteous fashion.

"If, as you say, you are here on business," he observed, "am I to understand that you all wish to rent a safe?"

"We require only one," Mr. Ryde replied—"the strongest and best that you are able to offer us."

The manager smiled indulgently.

"You probably know all about us," he said. "We are the one company in the world which is able to offer its clients perfect security. Our safes are all precisely the same, and any one of them is better than the safe of any other make in the world. There is no power on earth which nature or science has yet evolved which could open one of them when it is finally closed. They are, to be brief, invulnerable. Our system of watchmen, robot and human, our electric alarms ——"

"Quite so," Mr. Ryde interrupted politely. "We have considered your announcements and your specifications, and we are all agreed that you are able to offer perfect security. Our trouble, however, which I shall presently disclose, lies in another direction. Let me first, if I may, ask you a question. Is it necessary to divulge the nature of any packet we leave with you?"

"Not in the least," Mr. Hogg assured him. "The only thing concerning which I must satisfy myself is that its contents are not of an explosive character."

"It will be necessary to open the package to decide that?" Doctor Hisedale intervened.

"Not at all. I can decide by the weight."

"Very well then," Thomas Ryde continued. "Here is our difficulty. We have, with one other, whom you have not seen, and to whom we will allude as Mr. X, become partners in a certain enterprise. We are almost strangers to one another, for the enterprise demanded varied gifts. Hence our little association. We succeeded. The treasure of which we have become possessed is worth a fortune to each one, but it is not immediately realizable. A key to the fortune lies in the package which I am embracing—a fact which you have doubtless already surmised."

"It seemed to me highly probable," Mr. Hogg admitted.

"Do not think too hardly of us, sir, but the result of our labors is worth a million pounds, taking it at a very low valuation. Now, I ask you, is this mutual mistrust altogether inexplicable? Are there any four or five average men who could be brought together in any walk of life who would be willing to trust one another for the sixth part of a million pounds? I put the question to you for your consideration."

"I see your point," the other murmured. "To put it baldly, you can't make up your mind who is to be trusted with the key."

"You are amazingly right," was the prompt assent.

"You could each have a key if you liked," was Mr. Hogg's tentative suggestion.

A little ripple of mirth, half cynical, half genuine, flickered across the five intent faces.

"Which of us, do you fancy, sir," Thomas Ryde asked, "would sleep peacefully in his bed with the full knowledge that four others possessed the key to our treasure chamber, and that even at that moment the safe might be empty? We are human beings, Mr. Hogg, and we have already spoken of our mistrust of one another. Your suggestion does nothing to solve our difficulty."

"Have you thought out any way of dealing with it yourselves?"

"Roughly, this is my idea," Thomas Ryde explained, taking a sheet of business note paper from a rack upon the table. "You give us a formal receipt for our deposit and hold the key of the safe here yourself. The receipt then should be torn into six pieces, two of which come to me—one for Mr. X and one for myself—my friends here take the other four, and you should deliver up the key only when the receipt *in toto*, pasted together, or still in pieces, should be handed to you."

Mr. Hogg deliberated for a few moments.

"It would not be necessary then for all of you to present the portions of the receipt in person?"

"Certainly not," Thomas Ryde replied. "Circumstances might, in any case, render that impracticable. One of us might be dead, in hospital, or—er—in any other form of confinement. The only point, as far as you are concerned, is that the six original fragments of paper must be produced and recognized by you as constituting the original receipt. You then hand over the key, and your responsibilities are at an end."

Mr. Hogg leaned back in his chair and dangled his pince-nez by its cord. He had already made up his mind that the contents of the package probably consisted of spurious bank notes or of jewelry forming the proceeds of some cunningly devised burglary. His own responsibilities in the matter, however, were not onerous, and the letting of a safe was not an everyday affair.

"This is the most unique proposition which has ever been made to me," he confided. "I should like to know a little more about you, gentlemen. A packet worth a million pounds is no light charge."

"On behalf of myself and my associates," Thomas Ryde admitted, "I will be frank. We are a company of adventurers."

There was a murmur of irritated and angry dissent, which the self-appointed confessor ignored.

"But," he continued, "more or less honest adventurers. We have risked everything we have in the world to obtain the contents of that package. My name, as I have told you, is Thomas Ryde. I have a commission agent's business in connection with the sale of yarns and artificial silks near Moorgate Street Station. I also consider myself an expert accountant, and I have been engaged at various times to conduct a campaign of economy in the office departments of certain firms whose expenses have been out of proportion to their profits. Mr. Huneybell, the gentleman on my left who obstinately refuses the ministrations of a barber, is my clerk and town traveler in the business to which I first alluded. Doctor Hisedale is a famous scientist who is over here making a few final experiments in a London laboratory before he joins a firm of German manufacturers. Mr. Hartley Wright here is an American man of affairs of good standing. Finally, there is the Baron de Brest, whose name and position in the banking world should be sufficient guaranty for us. We are not men of straw, Mr. Hogg."

"Can I see the package?" that gentleman inquired.

His friends formed a little semicircle round Thomas Ryde as he deposited his burden, wrapped in brown paper and sealed in many places, upon the table. Mr. Hogg felt the weight of it speculatively, and listened for a moment.

It was not nearly heavy enough for an infernal machine and, as far as he could gather, contained nothing but papers. He decided that his first surmise with regard to its contents was correct.

"Very well, gentlemen," he agreed. "Our charge for the rent of a safe for three months—we do not let them for a shorter period—will be fifty pounds. If you will hand over the money, I will prepare you the official receipt."

Thomas Ryde produced ten five-pound notes, made a memorandum of the disbursement in his diary, and glanced through the document approvingly. He then laid it upon the table and rose to his feet.

(Continued on Page 145)

Rich . . Glowing . . Practical . .

WALLS of WONDER

Colors so soft, so pure, so lovely that you want to touch them to see if they're real . . . so permanent you can live for years with their restful beauty—so practical you can wash them time and again!

SURELY the walls of your rooms deserve something extra beautiful . . . something alive with the warmth and comfort and usefulness that make a home. Women everywhere feel this . . . and everywhere they are having their walls painted with Dultint. . .

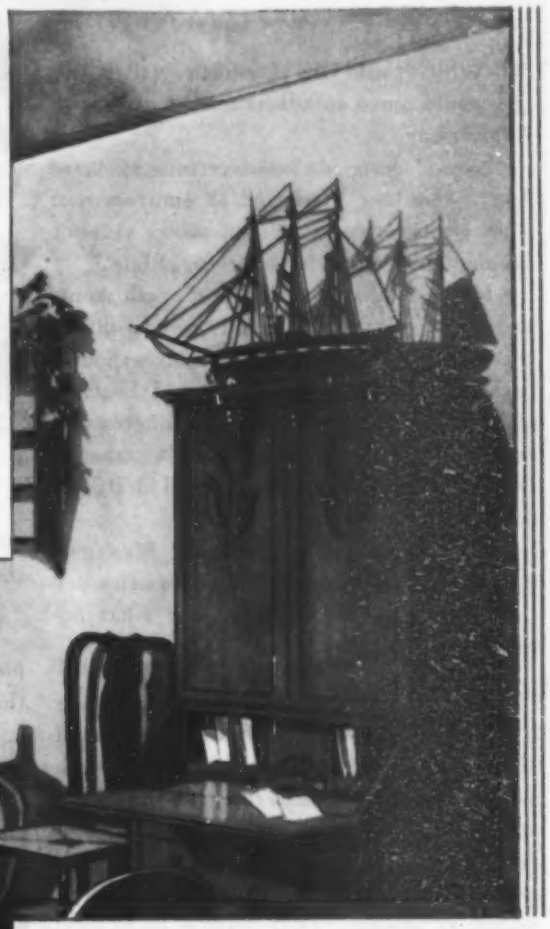
It's so easy, too. You can apply Dultint yourself, if you want. Just a can of smooth, creamy paint and a brush. And when it's done—a beauty such as you've only dreamed of before! Your rooms seem larger, lighter, gayer. The peculiar and exquisite texture of Dultint actually gives depth to your walls, as though they were smoothed over with finest chiffon.

Millions of women know about Dultint . . . find it delicate beyond words for bedroom and boudoir . . . dignified for dining room and den . . . practical, too, for kitchen and nursery.

And remember that Dultint is economical as well as practical and supremely beautiful. The cost of applying it is extremely low—and once it's on, it lasts for years! Its lovely colors won't fade out . . . and you can clean it, quickly, with a little soap and water.

Ask your dealer about this wonder-paint, that is revolutionizing interior decoration.

THE figure of the Bay Stater typifies a complete line of the most remarkable paint products ever perfected . . . *Bay State Lacquers . . . Bay State In-orout Enamel . . . Bay State Brick and Cement Coating . . . Bay State Industrial Finishes*—these and many others have been developed by Wadsworth, Howland & Co., Incorporated, with the same skill that explains *Bay State Dultint.*



Bay State Dultint

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO., INCORPORATED

Original Manufacturers of the World Famous Bay State Brick & Cement Coating

Wadsworth, Howland & Co., Incorporated,
Dept. W-2, 141 Federal Street,
Boston, Mass.

Send me more information about Bay State Products.

Name _____

Address _____

☐ I am a paint dealer. ☐ I am a distributor. } Send me your "guaranteed sales" proposition.

★ ★ ★ We meet the PRESIDENT halfway..

"I WISH", said the President, "that you would write an advertisement about our Anniversary."

"People", declared the Advertising Manager flatly, "are not interested in anniversaries. They are fed up on such stuff as '35 years of keeping faith with the American public'."

"But man alive—this is our 175th Anniversary. Get that! Doesn't it make a difference that we're one of the oldest business houses in the entire country? That we started the study of paint-making when George Washington was out surveying the wilderness around Pittsburgh—21 full years before the United States of America was heard of?"

"No," said the Advertising Manager, "people aren't interested in anniversaries."

"All right. Tell me this. Just what *are* people interested in?"

"WELL, they're most interested in what concerns themselves, their homes and their families. And they don't care much whether we've been America's leading paint manufacturers for 75 years or 175 years. As far as paint goes—it's something they have to put on the house. They want to put it on as seldom as possible. They want it to be good looking and to stay good looking—and they like it to cost as *little* as possible, too."

"I see. In other words, the 81-Word Devoe Offer says more to the man who owns a home than all the anniversaries in the world."

"Exactly."

"All right—let me add this then. There is just one reason why Devoe is able to make that astonishing offer. Forget the 175 years, if you want—put it this way. Devoe has gained through generations the greatest paint-making experience any organization ever possessed. Has made paint for more homes—tested more paint—tried more formulas—than any other paint-maker. Has established five great laboratories in order to make possible a paint that will actually cost less and wear years longer."

"Well—that's more interesting. That does mean something, of course!"

"MEAN something! It means that Devoe is placing a reputation built up through almost two centuries, back of Devoe Lead & Zinc House Paint. And that's a reputation we're not tossing about lightly, either! It means that we're making the Devoe Offer because we *know* what Devoe Lead & Zinc House Paint will do—we're not guessing! It means that this paint has been tested for years under every weather condition in America—"

"Wait," broke in the Advertising Manager, "I guess we might have some of this in an advertisement after all."

"An Anniversary advertisement."

"Yes, sir—an Anniversary advertisement."

81 WORDS *Stronger Than a Thousand Arguments*

PAINT half your house with Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint and paint the other half with any ordinary paint you choose. If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint does not take fewer gallons and cost less money per job, we will make no charge for Devoe.

If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint doesn't wear one or two or three years longer—longer and better—we will give you free of charge enough Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint to repaint your entire house.

Ask your nearest Devoe agent for complete details of this offer

DEVOE HOUSE PAINT

FREE—the "inside" story on outside house paint. A booklet that will help you save money.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS COMPANY, INC.
1 West 47th St., New York, Dept. D-3

Please send me a copy of the booklet, "A House To Be Proud Of."

Name.....

Address.....

☐ If you want the name of nearest Devoe dealer, check.

175TH ANNIVERSARY OF DEVOE PAINT & VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 142)

"I shall now ask this last service of you, sir," he said. "Tear that sheet, if you please, into six pieces. Give me two, and everyone else one."

Mr. Hogg occupied himself in the manner desired, placed each fragment of the mutilated receipt in an envelope, and handed them over.

"I don't mind admitting," he said good-humoredly, "that I have had some strange clients, but I think you gentlemen are the strangest of all. If you will follow me, we will now deposit your treasure."

He touched a bell, and, escorted by a couple of burly-looking officials, who had more the appearance of prison warders than custodians of a civil undertaking, the five men were piloted to the subterranean quarters of the building.

They passed through door after door of solid steel, each with a different type of lock, until they found themselves in a square apartment, even the floor of which was of some tempered metal. The safes were built into the wall all around, and each had a number in luminous letters painted above it. Mr. Hogg paused before No. 14 and inserted the key in a small lock.

"Listen, gentlemen," he enjoined, looking around.

He turned the key once. There was a hideous jangling of bells.

"At the present moment," he continued, standing with the key still in his hand, "a purple light is showing in the main office and in my own room. Now once more."

He turned the key again. The bells ceased, but a long, shrill whistle rang through the whole place. The door of the safe opened, the packet was deposited, and pandemonium ceased.

"You may rest convinced now, gentlemen," Mr. Hogg assured them, as he led the way to the lift, "that your million-pound deposit is as safe as human beings can make it."

He escorted his unusual clients to the light of day, and watched them linger for a moment upon the threshold of the entrance hall. They were apparently men of unusual habits, for they indulged in no form of leave-taking, but all melted away in different directions. Mr. Ryde hailed a passing taxi-cab, and the baron followed his example. Huneybell joined a little group who were waiting at the next corner for a bus. Doctor Hisedale, after a few seconds' hesitation, proceeded on foot toward the Embankment. Mr. Hartley K. Wright lurched sturdily toward the City. The partnership was momentarily dissolved. Each member of it breathed a trifle more freely when he thought of that roll of papers reposing in the grim inaccessibility of Safe Deposit No. 14.

IV

CHARLES PHILIP BOOTHROYD, second Baron Dutley, still odoriferous of bath salts and shaving soap, fresh from the careful hands of his valet, left his dressing room, descended the curving stairway of his pleasant little Mayfair bachelor residence and entered the library.

"Awfully sorry to keep you waiting, Sir Matthew," he apologized to his recently announced visitor. "I didn't get back from the club until eight—just before you arrived, as a matter of fact—and one always meets such a lot of fellows when one's been away—pretty well a year, too, this time."

Sir Matthew Parkinson shook hands, but made no immediate reply. Pleasantly large though the room was, it seemed almost cramped when he loomed up from his place, a towering, dignified figure, somehow portentous, notwithstanding his forced smile of welcome. He was a tall, broad-shouldered Yorkshireman, six feet four at least in height, erect, with a broad, benevolent face, little patches of side whiskers, black streaked with gray, and a mouth which had puzzled every physiognomist who had studied it. "A fine-looking man," they called him in Leeds and all through the county, as indeed he was. At the head of his dining table, on the back of a hunter, presiding in the board room of Boothroyd's over a meeting of his fellow directors, at any of those public functions to which duty continually took him, everyone realized that Sir Matthew Parkinson upheld with dignity and distinction the great position which he had attained as head of the famous house of Boothroyd. It was true that Charles, the son of old Boothroyd, who had been raised to the peerage in the last year of his life, was still the titular chairman of the company, but it was Sir Matthew who was the life and soul of the firm. Dutley was an athlete himself, but by the side of his visitor he seemed almost insignificant in stature and weak in physiognomy.

"What will you have?" the latter demanded hospitably, with his finger upon the bell. "I'm terribly sorry to have to push off, but I'd no idea you were in town, and I have to be in Grosvenor Street in a few minutes. As a matter of fact, I've scarcely seen my fiancée yet, and I'm dining there tonight."

Sir Matthew looked a little dazed. It was obvious that he had expected a different sort of reception.

"I will drink a glass of sherry," he rejoined, "and I will be as brief as possible. Nevertheless, it is serious business we have to discuss—and not business to be hurried over either."

A footman entered, to whom Dutley gave an order. Then he helped himself to a cigarette, pushed the box toward his visitor and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"How's Grace?" he inquired.

"Grace is well enough. Discontented as usual, but all young people seem to be getting that way nowadays. She sent you the usual messages."

"And what's this serious business that you want to talk about?" Dutley asked, with a grimace.

Sir Matthew looked at his host reprovingly.

"Have you by chance read any of the letters I have written you since July?" he demanded.

Dutley was promptly apologetic.

"To tell you the truth, Sir Matthew," he confessed, "I haven't. When I left Abyssinia, which was in March, I wasn't at all sure how long it would take me to get clear of the country, or how I should come home. It depended on what sort of steamer I could catch, and it was just on the cards I might have had to go up to Khartum to make some plans for next winter. We had a lot of sickness among the boys, too, crossing the desert, and that always throws you back. Anyhow, I sent home to say that they'd better hold all the letters. They'd only have missed me if they'd tried sending them on."

Sir Matthew was aghast.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you really mean to tell me that you haven't read a letter of mine for months?"

The young man pointed a little guiltily to the library table, upon which was stacked a huge pile of unopened correspondence.

"There they all are," he declared cheerfully. "Sorry if I've made a bloomer, but supposing I had read them, what difference could it make? If you've asked my advice about anything, my opinion wouldn't be worth a snap of the fingers. I'm only a figurehead in the concern anyway."

There was a brief silence, which even to Dutley seemed pregnant with sinister meaning. A log of wood broke off from the fire in the open grate. Taxicabs were all the time honking by. London seemed alive to the fact that this was the pleasant hour before dinner. The cocktails and sherry arrived, and were duly served. Sir Matthew watched his glass filled, but made no movement toward it. Dutley, on the other hand, drank off his cocktail and replenished his glass. The servants left the room.

"Come on," the younger man begged, with a glance at the clock. "Let's hear the worst."

"It is probably news to you," Sir Matthew confided slowly, "that there was a burglary at the works three months ago."

"Heard something about it this afternoon," Dutley acknowledged. "The fellows at the club were chaffing—seemed surprised that I could afford to buy them a drink. Got away with five thousand quid, didn't they?"

"They got away also," was the grave reply, "with something of far greater importance. They murdered poor old Rentoul, who was the only one of his chemists whom your father ever trusted, and they got away with Blunn's formula."

"I'm sorry about poor old Rentoul," Dutley said. "I remember the old boy quite well. What's Blunn's formula though? Sounds familiar, but I can't exactly place it."

"It is the formula for the manufacture of artificial silk," Sir Matthew declared solemnly, "upon which your father built up the whole of his business—the formula which is responsible for the fortunes of the house of Boothroyd."

"The devil!" Dutley exclaimed, a little startled.

"The five or six thousand pounds," Sir Matthew went on, "wasn't worth thinking about. It didn't matter a snap of the fingers. The theft of those papers is nothing more nor less than a colossal disaster to the firm."

"But what on earth use is the formula to a gang of burglars?" Dutley demanded.

"They weren't ordinary burglars," was the portentous explanation. "It is my conviction that they came for the formula, and for nothing else. If they had been ordinary burglars, the police would probably have had them before now. As it is, they haven't a single clew to work upon."

"Rotten," Dutley murmured. "How are you getting on at the works without the formula?"

"We aren't getting on," Sir Matthew groaned. "That's our trouble, as you'll find out when you read my letters. You'll have to try and grasp the situation, young man. It's serious enough, I can tell you. Your father, although I say it to his son, was one of the most obstinate men who ever breathed. He built up great works here and in Switzerland, in Germany and in France, in Italy, on the strength of a single extremely complicated formula. On the day of his death ——"

"Yes, I remember that," Dutley interrupted, with a covert glance toward the clock. "He called you in, and me, and Stephenson, and Watherspoon. We all promised that the formula should be kept in the safe and never copied."

"And we kept our word, worse luck!" Sir Matthew regretted bitterly. "Now we are paying for humoring a dying man's whim. Without the formula, we have been hopelessly at sea. Fortunately, it doesn't matter quite so much abroad, where we are mostly making by-products. Up in Marlingthorpe we're in the hell of a mess. We have been manufacturing on guesswork, and guessing wrong all the time. Our chemists have been working night and day. We've spent thousands on experiments, and we're no nearer the real thing. Making silk, indeed! We're making muck. We're nowhere near the right thing. Do you know what our shares stand at in the market today?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," the young man rejoined. "The stock-exchange news came up when I was waiting on the tape to see whether Reggie Fulford had won the Guard's Steeplechase. About eighty, aren't they?"

"Yes, somewhere about that. Do you know what they're worth?"

"Don't know that I do," Dutley admitted. "Those stock-exchange fellows generally hit it off about right though, don't they?"

"If the world knew the truth," Sir Matthew confided impressively, "they're worth somewhere about forty, and at that they'd be a speculation. I wouldn't buy them myself at the price."

All the light-hearted good nature faded from Charles Dutley's face. He set down his glass and stared at the speaker. There was no doubt about Sir Matthew's being in earnest. The fist of his great right hand was clenched so tightly that the veins stood out in deep blue cords as he banged the arm of his chair. In his excitement, the Yorkshire accent of his youth forced its way to the surface.

"Listen, lad," he continued, "we've sent out already five hundred thousand pounds' worth of rotten stock, and Lord knows the trouble it's going to lead us into. We've five hundred thousand pounds' worth more in the warehouse, and at the present moment our machinery, which is running at a cost of more than five thousand pounds a day, is turning out material which, instead of being fit to sell at a 15 to 20 per cent profit, is only fit for the cesspool."

There was another silence. Sir Matthew was breathing heavily. He took out his lavender-scented white cambric handkerchief and wiped his forehead. A pale streak had crept into Dutley's cheeks underneath the dark coat of sunburn. The words were there still, lingering in the air, words of hideous import, which might spell approaching ruin.

"And I hadn't an idea!" he exclaimed.

"How could you have," Sir Matthew pointed out, "if you go and bury yourself in these outlandish countries, shooting animals which have never done you any harm, and never even taking the trouble to have your letters sent after you? What did it matter to you? You've been content with your princely income and your life of sport. Old Stephenson's on a trip round the world. Watherspoon is past his job, and all the time I've had to bear this alone. Every morning I've had to inspect the muck that's come out of the works, and pretend it's all right."

"Are there any signs," Dutley inquired, "of anyone else having got hold of the formula?"

"That's the first sensible question you've asked," was the gruff response. "We've lost in round figures pretty well half a million in making filthy stock since the formula went, but there's no other firm that I can hear of who's improved its manufacture, or who's making the stuff we used to make. That's where there's a gleam of hope for us. We've got to get the formula back, even if we pay for it."

"Why not offer a big reward?" Dutley suggested.

Sir Matthew scoffed.

"Ask the police," he rejoined. "Anyone who can lay their hands on that formula is likely enough to stand his trial for murder. Besides, we've managed to keep the thing secret so far. If the merest rumor of it gets round the stock exchange there'll be such a slump in Boothroyd's as the City has never seen."

There was a discreet knock at the door. A servant presented himself.

"Mr. Ronald Bessiter has telephoned from Grosvenor Street, my lord. I was to remind you that they were expecting you there for dinner. It's already twenty minutes to nine."

Dutley nodded and dismissed the man.

"When can I see you tomorrow, Sir Matthew?" he asked anxiously.

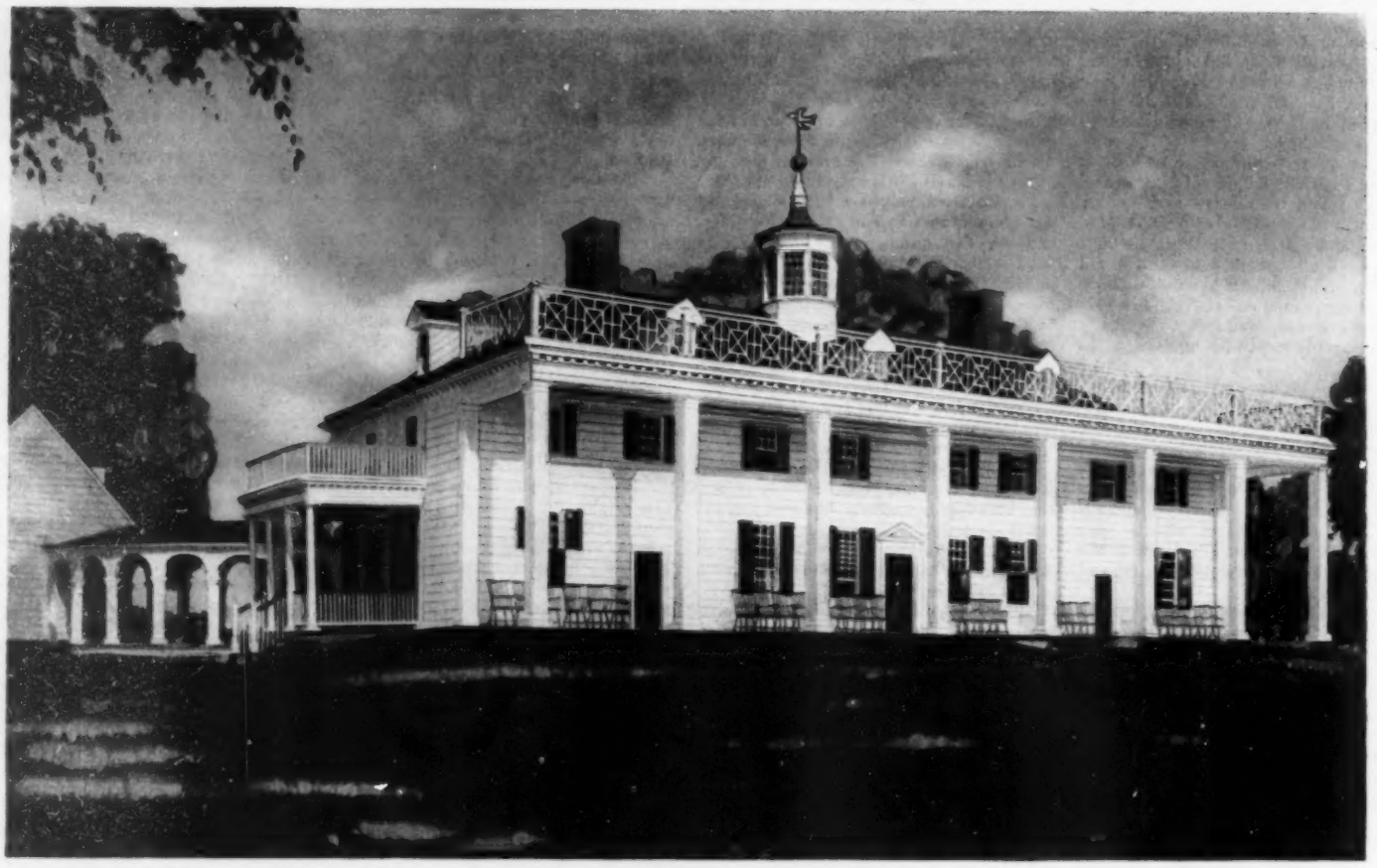
"As early as possible. I don't suppose you can help any more than any other man could, but I must have someone to share the responsibility. What about quite early—say eight o'clock?"

"Suits me all right," Dutley assented. "Come round here and have a spot of bacon and eggs. I'm sorry to have to hurry away. I'd cancel the dinner, only it's with my prospective father-in-law, and I expect I shall get it in the neck as it is. Burdett will look after you—get you another glass of sherry, if you'll have it."

The young man took swift leave of his visitor, and Sir Matthew rose heavily to his feet. He lingered for a moment on his way to the door, his eyes fixed upon that enormous, still-unopened heap of correspondence. He was by no means a visionary, but there seemed to him something a little allegorical in that sublime indifference to passing events which such an accumulated mass denoted. He thought of old Boothroyd, seated at his desk at half-past eight every morning, an envelope opener in his

(Continued on Page 148)

Beautiful "Mount Vernon" *made still more beautiful . . .*



MOUNT VERNON *on the Potomac—picturesque home of George Washington*

After an unfinished portrait of GEORGE WASHINGTON *by Gilbert Stuart*

A patriotic service of inestimable value has been rendered by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, present owners of George Washington's picturesque home. Not only have the priceless relics here enshrined been admirably preserved, but the dignified beauty of the famous building itself has been maintained and even enhanced.

STATELY and serene on its hilltop of terraced lawns that slope away to the smiling Potomac . . .

Indelibly pictured in the memories of reverent visitors from every corner of the nation . . .

A shrine expressing the very heart of patriotic, home-loving America . . .

Restful, expansive, supremely beautiful "Mount Vernon," home of George Washington.

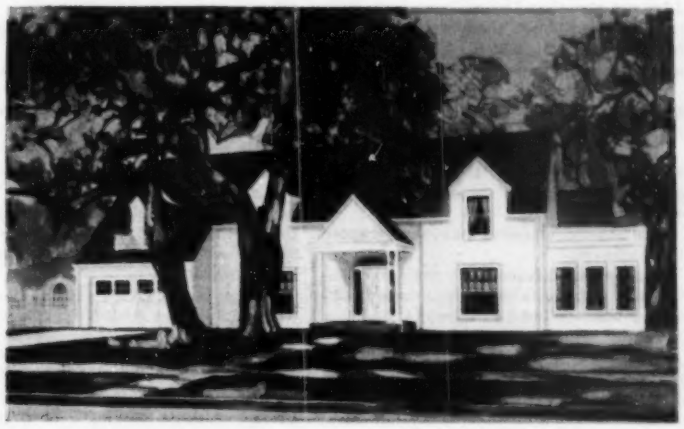
The proud task of perpetuating this sacred monument—maintaining and enhancing its simple beauty—is shared today by a distinctive painting finish, Outside Barreled Sunlight.

Garbed now in this whitest of all whites—glowing with a lustre unmatched for soft richness—"Mount Vernon" fairly sings out in new beauty. And so it will be for years . . .

The paint that has done this for Washington's home bears a proud name of its own! A name less than two hundred years old, to be sure, yet expressing a very real and substantial achievement in its own field—*supreme beauty combined with long service in decoration.*

Today there are two forms of Barreled Sunlight—twin products for cleaner, more beautiful homes, inside and out.

BARRELED
OUTSIDE
Reg. U. S.



Home of Mr. H. C. Carr, *at Palo Alto, Cal.*
—painted with Outside Barreled Sunlight.

Home of Mr. Eugene M. Hewett, *at Alfred, Maine*
—painted with Outside Barreled Sunlight.

. . and homes throughout the country likewise sparkle with this new beauty

Replica of "Home, Sweet Home" *built for Miss Rhoda N. Dunn in Bellerose, L. I. Painted with Outside Barreled Sunlight.*

OUR own opinion might be—just our own opinion. But hundreds of home owners are telling their friends about Outside Barreled Sunlight . . .

They say it is the whitest white they have ever seen . . .

They say they have never before realized how beautiful a white house could be . . .

They speak of the distinctive, deep lustre—the remarkable smoothness—that make a Barreled Sunlight home stand out among other white houses . . .

And master painters who are applying this paint to fine homes everywhere have enthused as we have never known them to enthuse about anything.

It is the crowning achievement of twenty years' specialization on white paint exclusively. The gratifying result of our fixed determination to produce the very finest exterior white paint that we could make.

* * *

Sold in cans of all sizes, 5-gallon buckets and large drums. Easily tinted with oil colors. Quantities of 5 gallons or over tinted to order at the factory without extra charge. See coupon.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 25-P Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7500 retail dealers.

Developed from the famous Interior Barreled Sunlight

Outside Barreled Sunlight is made by an adaptation of the exclusive Rice Process, basis of the remarkable success of Interior Barreled Sunlight, which set a new standard for fine interior painting. In thousands of fine homes, hotels, schools, office buildings, Interior Barreled Sunlight has brought to walls and woodwork new beauty combined with lasting cleanliness. Now in Outside Barreled Sunlight the unusual qualities of the interior product have been adapted for exterior painting.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,
25-P Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Gentlemen: Please send me—
☐ Your booklet *"The Whitest White House in Town"*
☐ Information on Interior Barreled Sunlight

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

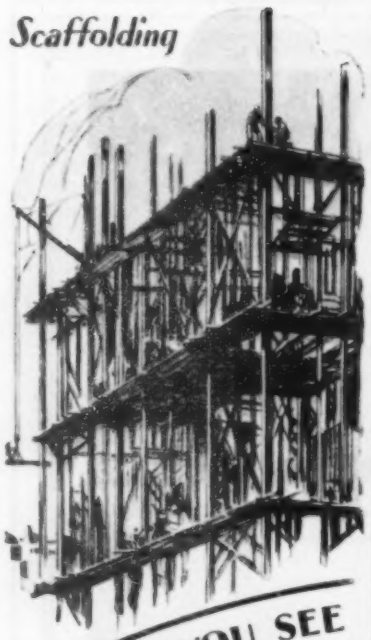
Send free can of Outside Barreled Sunlight to my painter. His name and address are given in margin below.

SUNLIGHT

Pat. Off.

INTERIOR

Scaffolding



WHAT YOU SEE

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE

What You See: High above the street, a workman sits unconcernedly on a scaffolding, doing a difficult job.

What You Don't See: The particular make of tool that workman is using—If he is using a file, the chances are far better than even that it is stamped with the Nicholson Brand.

Nicholson Files are popular throughout all industries because they are sharp, durable and hang well in the file user's hand. These same qualities make them preferred in the home workshop.

Practically any hardware or mill supply dealer carries Nicholson Files in shapes and sizes for every demand.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U.S.A.

NICHOLSON U.S.A.

NICHOLSON FILES

A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 145)

hand. One—two—three. Private letters on the left, business letters on the right, envelopes and circular appeals into the wastepaper basket. . . . The butler entered the room quietly.

"I have called a taxi for you, Sir Matthew," he announced. "May I offer you another glass of sherry?"

Sir Matthew pulled himself together.

"No, thanks. Tell his lordship that I shall be here punctually at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," he said as he stepped into the vehicle.

V

"WHAT made you so late, Charles?" Lucille Bessiter asked her fiancé, as he sat on the arm of her chair about a quarter of an hour later.

"A man came to see me at the last moment I simply couldn't send away," he explained—"old Sir Matthew Parkinson, who runs our show up in Yorkshire. I'm terribly sorry. I'm afraid your mother's angry with me."

"She'll get over it," Lucille predicted. "I didn't know they ever bothered you about the business."

"They don't, as a rule," he admitted. "This was something rather exceptional. I say, who is the tall young fellow, looks like a foreigner, who was talking to you so earnestly when I came in? He's been glowering at me ever since."

"That is a very important person," she confided. "His name is the Baron de Brest, and he's a Dutch financier and banker. He's a client of the firm, or going to become one."

"Is he?" Dutley muttered. "Well, I don't like the fellow."

Lucille arched her fine eyebrows. "Why, you don't know him!"

"And hope I never shall."

The girl laughed, but her frown deepened a little.

"You certainly will," she said. "During your extremely protracted and tactless absence the baron has been my chief consoler."

"Well, he's out of a job," Dutley declared.

Lucille eyed her fiancé speculatively. "You take a good deal for granted."

"Too much?"

"That depends. What are you doing tomorrow morning?"

He indulged in a little grimace. "Interviewing Sir Matthew and opening my letters."

"I'll come and go through them for you," she promised. "I've always wondered what the correspondence of a millionaire was like."

"I'm not quite so sure that Charles is a millionaire," her brother, a very smart young man, and a shining light on the Stock Exchange, remarked. "His shares dropped a quarter this afternoon and finished weak. You will probably read tomorrow morning in the financial column of The Times that it was due to profit-taking, but one never knows. They may have heard that you're back, Charles, and that you're thinking of going into the business."

"If I should consider doing such a thing," Dutley observed, with dignity, "there would probably be a boom in the shares, not a fall. I don't think, Lucille," he complained, "that your family supports my interests strongly enough."

"Can't say that for the head of the firm," Mr. Bessiter remarked, from the other end of the room. "There was a little chap, an occasional client of ours, in a few days ago, talked of opening a bear account against Boothroyd from the first of the month. I strongly advised him to do nothing of the sort—told him, in fact, we wouldn't consider it on a margin. He left without doing business. That's what I call supporting the credit of the family."

Mrs. Bessiter, good-hearted, charming, a very distinguished figure in her world, and a very popular woman, broke off in her conversation with a well-known diplomat.

"I'm not quite sure about Charles ever belonging to the family," she intervened. "These long absences in barbarous countries are very dangerous things. I think that Lucille is becoming dissatisfied, and I am not sure that I blame her. I am quite convinced, although she is my own daughter, that she is the sort of girl who requires a stay-at-home fiancé."

"Lucky for me, I've often thought," her husband reflected, "that I was a home bird myself."

"A most uncalled-for speech," was his wife's severe retort. "If I go to Cannes, even for a month, I come back in three weeks."

The announcement of dinner interrupted the badinage.

Dutley found himself between his fiancée and a grave-faced, be-spectacled, elderly gentleman whose name he had not caught.

"Couldn't get my numbers right tonight," Mrs. Bessiter apologized from the end of the table. "Anyway, I thought that Charles, if he had the faintest sense of duty, would neglect his other neighbor to talk to Lucille, so I didn't worry about getting another woman."

"I regret," the elderly gentleman said, with a courteous inclination of the head, "that I am to be neglected, because I find much pleasure and interest in meeting Lord Dutley. I am, in a sense, a competitor of your firm's," he added.

"Is that so?" Dutley murmured politely. "I am afraid I didn't catch your name."

"My name is Hisedale—Doctor Hisedale. I am connected with the German company of Meyers of Offenbach. Just now, however, I am over here to make experiments at a friend's laboratory. Yours is the envied firm of the world, Lord Dutley."

"I'm afraid that I don't know as much about it as I ought to," was the frank reply. "I only went into the business for a year or two. I chucked it for the war, and never went back again."

"You are still managing director, though, I understand."

"Well, I am chairman of the directors," Dutley acknowledged. "That is simply because of my holding of shares. I turn up once a year and address the shareholders."

"Amidst scenes of wild excitement," Lucille put in, "when the dividend is large enough. When it isn't, they boo."

"Boothroyd's dividend," Doctor Hisedale said, with a smile, "is usually large enough to satisfy the most exacting shareholder. We look upon your people, sir," he continued, "as the most favored in the world. You—or rather the chemists whom your illustrious father was clever enough to discover—have inaugurated a new industry. We all grope in the darkness while you triumph."

Dutley sipped his champagne. It seemed an odd coincidence that he should have a conversation of this sort forced upon him.

"I wish I knew more about it," he confessed. "You should come up and have a look at our works, and meet Sir Matthew Parkinson, doctor."

The latter smiled—a thin smile of derision.

"I have met your Sir Matthew Parkinson," he confided. "I do not fancy that if I visited your works I should learn very much. He is one of those magnificent Yorkshiremen who know how to keep their mouth very tightly closed. Indeed, why not? In Germany we work, too, with locked doors. The preservation of our secrets is the measure of our commercial success."

Lucille leaned forward with a little pout.

"Do you know that you are poaching, Doctor Hisedale?" she complained. "This is my fiancé, whom I have not seen for many months until this morning."

"I apologize," the scientist said solemnly, turning to his neighbor on the other side. "You will take pity on me, Mrs. Saunderson? You will tell me what theaters a foreigner who has not many friends in England should visit?"

Lucille laughed softly up at her companion.

"Poor dear!" she murmured. "How all this talk of business does bore you, doesn't it? And what a good thing it is you don't have to earn your own living."

"Supposing I had to?" he speculated.

"You may have some gift for stuffing wild animals. They tell me that is quite a profession. Or perhaps, if you are as good with a shotgun as they say you are with a rifle, you could earn a little by going about to country houses in the season, shooting their game for them. Otherwise, old dear, I'm afraid your chances would be a little vague. Passionately attached though I am to you, I am not at all sure that I would intrust myself, with my love of creature comforts, to your efforts."

Dutley laid down his knife and fork.

"I knew it," he groaned. "You're marrying me for my money."

"Of course I'm marrying you for your money," she agreed. "You'll never be able to take care of it unless you have someone like me to do it for you. Nevertheless, it may have occurred to you sometimes, in your moments of bloated arrogance, that I am rather well off myself."

"That is good news," he declared. "I shan't have to make you an allowance or settlements or anything of that sort."

"Oh, won't you?" she scoffed. "Dad will see to that, I can promise you. . . . Dad, how much do you think Charles ought to settle on me? We thought of going in to see the lawyers together next week."

Mr. Bessiter knew his daughter well, but he was a man of some dignity, with the gift of reticence, and he was a little shocked.

"These things, my dear," he told her, "are not discussed at even a friendly dinner table."

"Snubbed," she sighed under her breath. "Nevertheless, I warn you that I shall insist upon settlements."

"We'll go into it and see how much I have to settle," Dutley promised her. "I don't like that little chap going to your father's office and wanting to open a bear account against us. My knowledge of stock-exchange affairs is limited, but I imagine that he's laying the odds against our prosperity, or something of the sort."

"Admirably put," Baron de Brest declared, from the other side of the table, with a little bow. "Lord Dutley will end by being a business man, I am sure."

Doctor Hisedale's florid eyebrows were slightly contracted.

"Did I understand," he asked, "that some man had been imprudent enough to suggest opening a bear account against Boothroyd's?"

"Happened only a few days ago," Dutley assured him. "What with that, and the quarter drop in my shares owing to profit-taking—whatever that may mean—I am not sure that I shall be able to afford to get married this year."

"We get married before Christmas," Lucille said firmly, "or not at all. I have arrived at that dangerous age between flapperdom and young womanhood when I need a guiding hand, constant attentions, and flowers every morning. A lover in Abyssinia is not the slightest use to me."

"Almost as bad," her mother mused, "as a husband who is in the City all day."

"How modern our elders get!" Lucille sighed.

"Baron," Mrs. Bessiter continued, with a glance at the frown on his face, "I really am afraid that you must be shocked at my daughter's levity. When you discuss us in your own country, please don't believe that all our young women are like this. They are not, I can assure you. Lucille was always, unfortunately, brought up with her brothers, and you know what that means—either a touch of the hoyden, or a step in front of her generation."

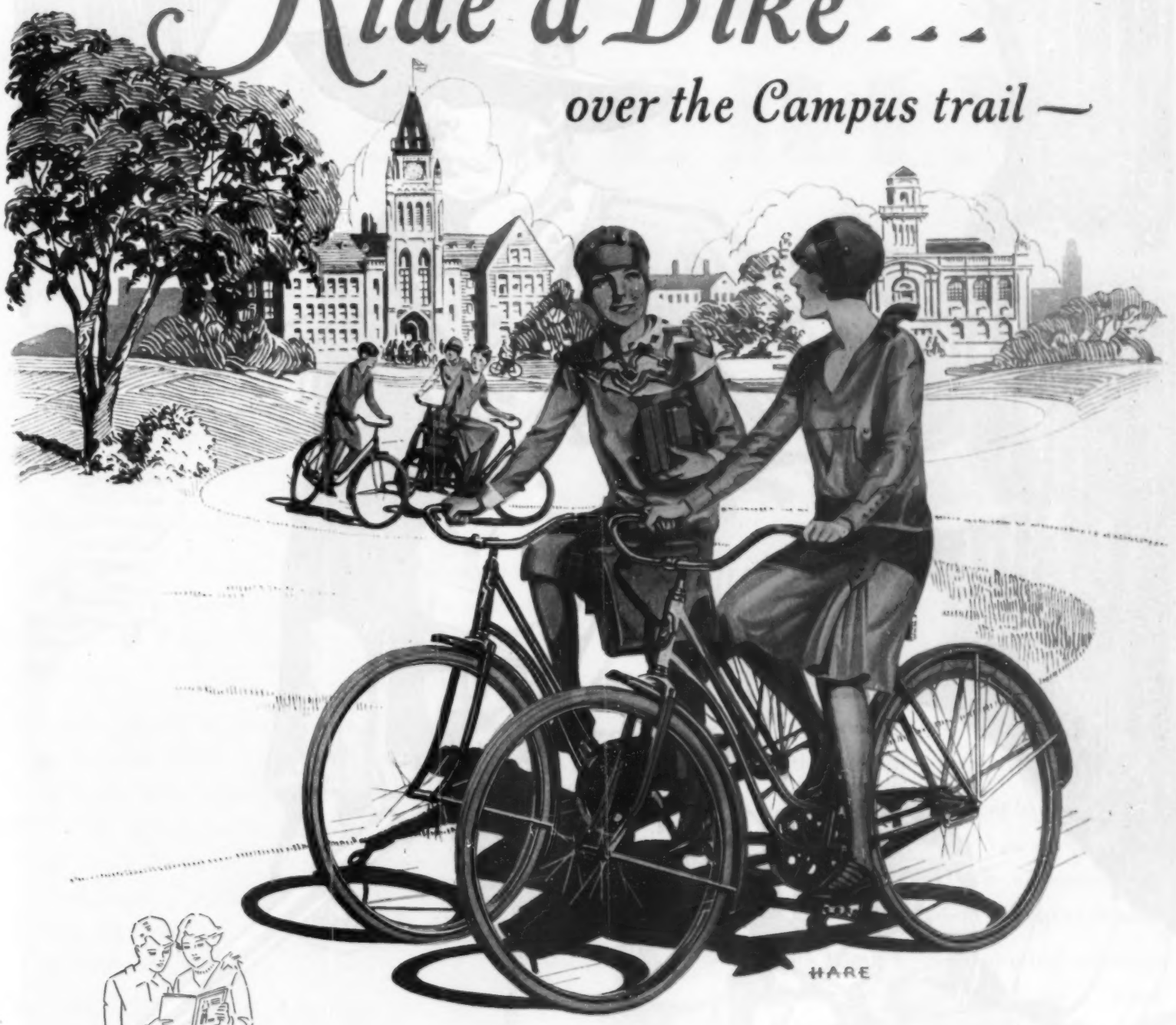
"Something ought to be done about mother," Lucille declared.

It was a pleasant household—intimate conversation, personalities freely indulged in all the time without possibility of offense. By degrees Dutley forgot that disquieting

(Continued on Page 152)

Ride a Bike . . .

over the Campus trail —



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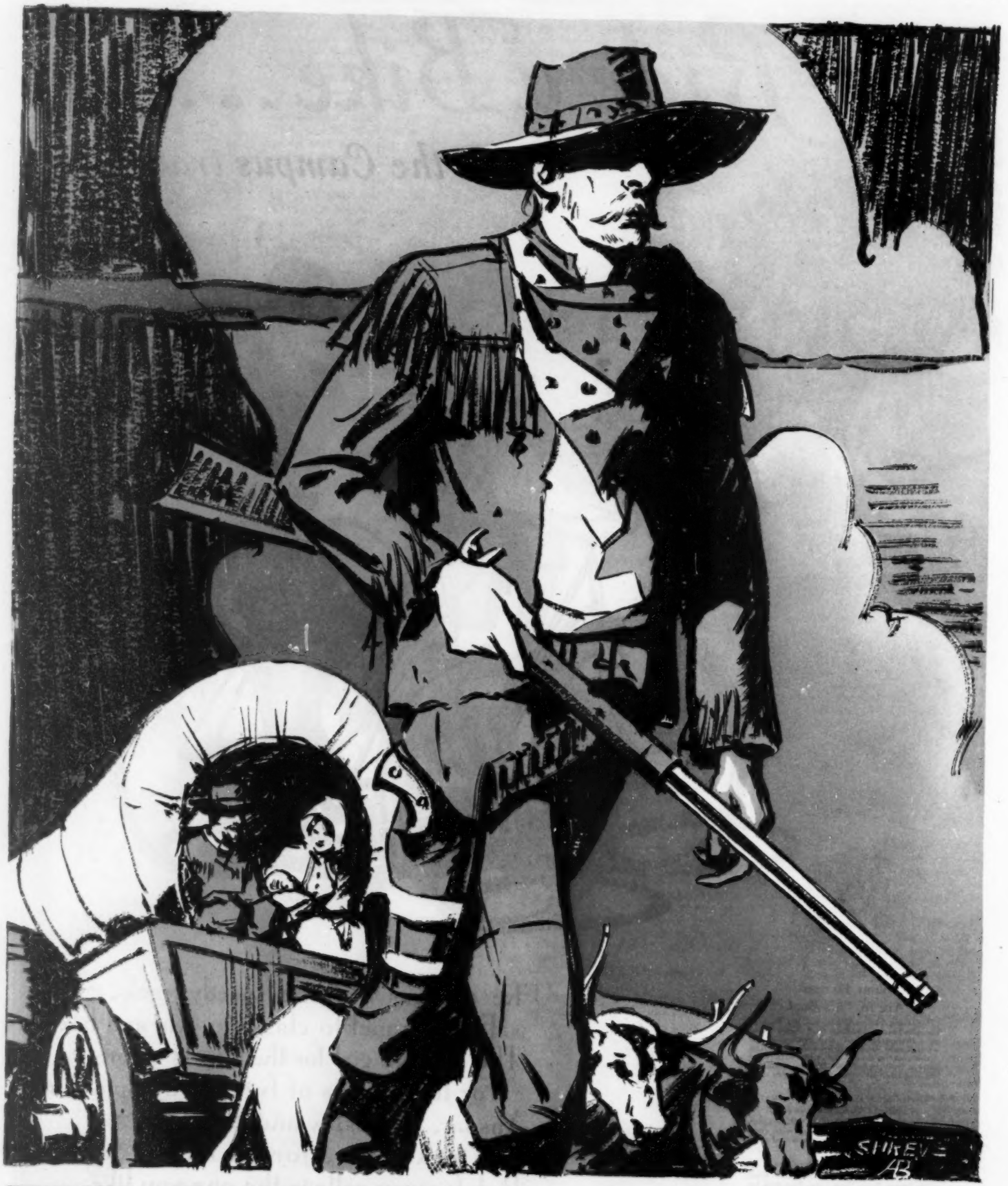

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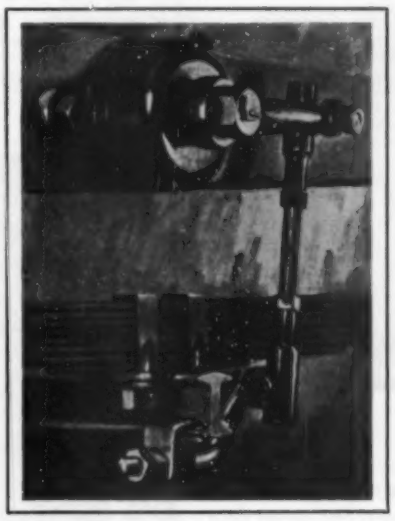

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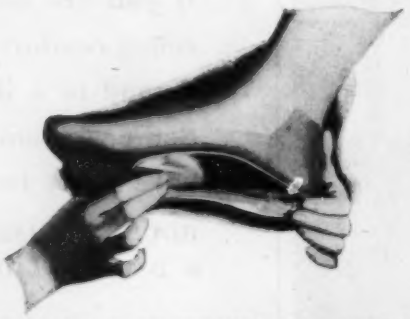

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(Continued from Page 148)

half an hour earlier in the evening, and felt himself for the first time really at home again.

Only two trifling circumstances were faint sources of annoyance to him. The first was that De Brest, from across the table, scarcely once removed his eyes from Lucille, and was always chipping into the conversation when possible. The second, that his neighbor, Doctor Hisedale, with typically Teutonic persistence, rarely left him alone for more than a few minutes.

"You have visited your works since your arrival from foreign parts, Lord Dutley?" he inquired during a momentary pause in the conversation.

"Not yet," was the brief reply.

"They are working overtime, I hear," the doctor continued with a little sigh of envy. "That comes of manufacturing the one perfect production in the world. Soon I think that all of us smaller concerns will be absorbed in the great house of Boothroyd."

Dutley turned and looked at his neighbor with the birth of a new suspicion stirring in his mind. This persistence was, in a sense, extraordinary, and there was an unpleasant, almost a sinister undernote in that last sentence which puzzled him.

"I don't see why that should happen," he remarked. "After all, there are other clever chemists in the world. One of you people may stumble upon the formula which made our fortunes at any time."

There was a curious curve of the full lips, a glint of light behind Hisedale's spectacles.

"It is a possibility, of course," he admitted. "For my part, I am quite candid. I try. I spend my life trying."

"Good luck to you," Dutley said indifferently. "There's plenty of room in the world for all of us."

"You show the British sporting spirit, Lord Dutley," his neighbor acknowledged. "Still, it is easy for you who have it to talk lightly to those who have not. Your last dividend was, I believe, 40 per cent. None of us others can manage more than 8 or 9; and now and then one of us goes under. All for a touch of the chemist's genius! You have never been afraid of spies in your factory, Lord Dutley, or of having your formula stolen?"

Dutley sipped his champagne thoughtfully.

"Well," he admitted, "if the formula were stolen, it would mean more competition; but after all, we've been first in the field for a long time, and I suppose our own people must pretty well know it off by heart by now."

"There was always a legend in the trade that your wonderful father would permit no copy, and that he had inaugurated a system of manufacture ——"

"My wonderful father," Dutley interrupted, at the end of his patience, "has been dead for some years."

He turned back to Lucille, and they talked together in undertones. The meal drew toward its close, and Dutley's left shoulder preserved all the time its obstinate angle. Nevertheless, old-fashioned customs persisted in the house, and the men lingered at the table after the women had departed. Dutley promptly carried his glass up to his host's side.

"Old man been worrying you?" the latter whispered.

"He's damnably inquisitive."

"Don't take any more notice of him," Mr. Bessiter advised. "He had a letter of introduction to me, so I had to do the civil. His firm are making a new issue of stock, and they wanted our name on the prospectus. We've made up our mind, though, to have nothing to do with it. A glass of wine with you, Charles. I'm glad to see you back again. You'll forgive just one word, eh?" he added, with a glance down the table toward De Brest. "I think, if I were you, now that you're here, I'd fix it up with Lucille. She's a good girl, but it's a gay life nowadays."

"I'm all for it," Dutley declared as he nodded his greetings over the wine. . . . "Can't think how you keep vintage port like this in a house you've only had for seven or eight years," he commented as he set down his empty glass.

Mr. Bessiter smiled and passed the decanter. He liked his port praised.

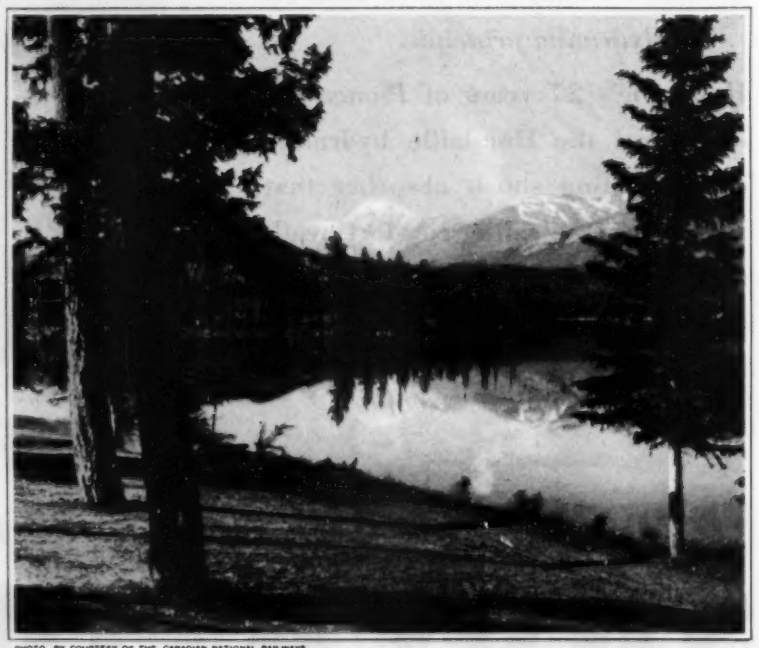
"When I bought those pipes of 1890," he explained, "I had them bottled at my wine merchant's, and I've never had them moved. I have a few bottles sent down decanted when an occasion arrives. I look upon this as an occasion."

"Very nice of you, sir," Dutley acknowledged. "It feels good to be home again, I can tell you."

"Glad to hear you say so," his prospective father-in-law rejoined. "I should stick it out at home now for a bit, if I were you. There's plenty of sport to be had in this country for a man in your position. You ought to be good for a few more years' polo before you begin to put on weight. If you take my advice, Charles, you'll slip along now. That old bore Hisedale's got his eye on you, and I know Lucille wants to go on somewhere and dance."

Dutley, with a word of thanks, rose hastily and made for the door. The doctor looked after him regretfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Mt. Edith Cavell, From Jasper Park Lodge, Alberta, Canada

WARNING HILL

(Continued from Page 34)

He had knocked on the door already, two sharp raps and, very faintly, because the door was thick, Grafton Jellett was telling him to come in.

Tommy could remember that room as clearly as if he had been there yesterday instead of years before. There were the books in shelves reaching to the ceiling, and the tall French windows looking out across the terraces and gardens to the harbor and the sea. The heavy leather armchairs were still there, and the great Empire writing table of rosewood and gilt. It was curious how recently Tommy seemed to have been there, for there was Mr. Jellett seated in one of those armchairs with a book across his knees and a paper cutter in his hand, and Mr. Jellett did not look very changed, in spite of all the time. He was rounder in the vicinity of his waist. His hair was thinner and what was left was more pepper and salt than reddish, but his hands, though they were small, had their old capable manner of grasping what they held. He had on a gray suit, for his tastes always ran to gray, and his face was as dull as ever, and his eyes had their old glassy look of perfect vacancy.

"Eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "How did you get here?"

If he was surprised, there was not a ripple of it. He looked at Tommy dully and leaned back in his chair.

"I knocked on the door, sir," said Tommy. "You told me to come in."

"Told you to come in, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Who are you anyway?"

"My name is Michael, sir," said Tommy. "I ——"

He stopped. Mr. Jellett leaned forward with a grunting noise and laid down his book on the Empire desk. There was no doubt he remembered, because a flicker of it crossed his face.

"Michael, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "I don't know why the servant didn't tell me, but never mind. Sit down, Michael. I've been expecting you'd show up."

In his bewilderment Tommy did not answer. There was no doubting Mr. Jellett's words. He was asking him to sit down. He was almost cordial as he asked it. Now, Tommy thought—but why say what he thought when Mr. Jellett told him to sit down that afternoon, when he had been turned out so recently an officer and a gentleman? Often the thought was enough to make him start awake and stare into the black, when fear instead of shame should have stood at his right hand. He could see Mr. Jellett fingering the paper cutter again with his plump stubby fingers, and he could hear Mr. Jellett's voice.

"So you're an officer, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Well, now, that's the stuff." And Mr. Jellett's head went slowly up and down. "And infantry, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy nodded, and so did Mr. Jellett.

"Well, now"—the dullness sat heavily on Mr. Jellett's face—"that's the stuff. A great experience for you. Going over soon?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy nodded. "Almost any time." And again Mr. Jellett nodded, and Tommy could not help thinking that Mr. Jellett was almost kind. He could almost feel approval in Mr. Jellett's nod.

"Almost any time, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "And you came to see me first. Well, that's right—absolutely right."

Now, why had Tommy ever disliked Mr. Grafton Jellett?

"It's awfully good of you to say so, sir," said Tommy. "It—of course, it was the only thing to do."

"The only thing to do, eh?" Good old Mr. Jellett! Why had anyone ever said that Mr. Jellett was hard? "Well, it's just what I'd do in your place, and you've come to the right man. Now, Michael, I'll be frank, and it isn't so often I'm frank either. I've had my eye on you."

It was like something splendid in a book, and Tommy did not guess that it was all too good to be true—the kindly rich man speaking to the poor boy in a friendly voice.

"Surprises you, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Well, I may look half asleep, but I can see. You've made something of yourself. I've been watching. You've had a bad start and you've come through, and I like boys who do that. They're the only kind. When you do come back you come around to see me—I can't say any more than that. Heh! Heh! It's a funny thing. I was just thinking."

Yes, Mr. Jellett was laughing. He leaned back in his chair. His stomach went up and down in little ripples, and Tommy tried to speak. Tommy still thought—actually thought ——

"I'm awfully glad you feel this way, sir," Tommy said. "I—I had an idea."

"Heh! Heh!" said Mr. Jellett. "It's a funny thing. I was just thinking your father came here once about that land, and he said I'd never get it. Heh! Heh! A funny thing!"

"About that land?" All at once Tommy Michael felt dizzy, and he gripped the bulky arms of his chair, and all at once he saw the irony of it. Mr. Jellett had been talking about that land all the time—that bit of beach and the tumble-down house beside the harbor. Now there was a void in the pit of Tommy's stomach and once again he was all alone.

"Heh! Heh!" said Mr. Jellett. "When you get as old as me you'll remember lots of funny things. Now let's get down to business. I thought you'd come around. You're the first one to have any sound sense, and I'll see it's worth your while. Lots of people don't like me in the Harbor, and I don't give a darn, but I know when to be generous—and I like you, Michael. I want that beach, and you know I want it, and I'll pay a fancy price just so we can forget all about it—and no hard feelings, eh? How about ten thousand dollars to call it square?"

Now how the gods must have laughed, if the gods are not tired of old jokes. Yet, Mr. Jellett was lounging in his chair, blinking his pale blue eyes as Tommy Michael answered, and perhaps already Tommy knew his ship was very near the rocks in his land of make-believe.

"I"—and Tommy played the game right to the end—"I didn't come about the land."

"Eh?" Mr. Jellett pulled himself up straight. "You didn't come about the land, eh? Then what the devil did you come for?"

And Tommy told him, and Mr. Jellett's face was very calm and dull. The library seemed much larger. Its walls were stretching back, leaving him in a vast and open space where his voice echoed hollowly about his ears.

"Because ——" Tommy remembered that he stopped. For an instant he felt the terrible power of a thing which held him down, and he was struggling with it as he had struggled always. "Because," said Tommy, "I want to marry Marianne."

Lots of people would have loved to see Grafton Jellett in that second—lots of other spiteful residents of Warning Hill—but it was really not much to see. For a moment he looked stupider than ever, and that was all.

"Eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Would you mind saying that again?"

"Because I want to marry your daughter," Tommy Michael said.

Mr. Jellett placed his paper knife on the Empire table beside his book and gazed at Tommy vacantly, without passion or interest.

"You want to marry my daughter, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Does she know you want to?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy Michael nodded, and Mr. Jellett also nodded slowly.

"And may I ask," inquired Mr. Jellett—his face was a shade pinker as he spoke—"how long this has been going on?"

Though Mr. Jellett's words were as calm as ever, Tommy felt a tingling in his blood

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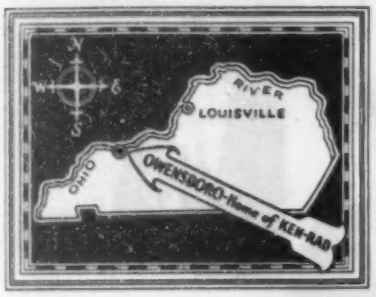

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and a dull surge of anger. There was a whispering in his ears, as though all the past were whispering.

"I've known her a long time, sir"—and he felt afraid when he said it, and he hated himself for feeling afraid—"and—and why shouldn't I know her? I used to come to see her down on that beach you were speaking of—in a boat. You saw me the first time I came."

"I saw you, eh?" Mr. Jellett looked puzzled, and his face broke into little lines.

He was as good as they were. Over and over to himself Tommy kept saying it, and yet it did no good before the vacancy of Mr. Jellett's stare.

"And you showed me your garden," Tommy Michael said. "It was a long time ago."

"Ah," said Mr. Jellett, "I remember. And you had a garden too. And didn't I tell you not to come back?"

"And I never did come back," said Tommy, "except on my own land."

"So you were that little tad?" said Mr. Jellett. "I'd nearly forgotten that. Sit still; don't get up. We'll get to the bottom of this in a minute. Everyone does things behind my back. Now don't say anything. I'll do the talking. . . . Hewens! Where the devil are you? Hewens!"

There was no answer. Mr. Jellett got up and pressed a button by the fireplace and turned again to Tommy, and Tommy could not tell what Mr. Jellett thought. That was the trouble with Mr. Jellett. No one ever knew.

"Which is it?" inquired Mr. Jellett placidly. "Have you got a devil of a nerve, my boy, or are you just a plain fool?"

"Mr. Jellett," began Tommy—"Mr. Jellett ——"

There was something he wanted to say, though he did not know just what, and he had no time to say it, for all at once Mr. Jellett, as he looked at Tommy, chuckled, just as he had once long ago—just as though Tommy was a little boy in muddy boots.

"Sit down," said Mr. Jellett placidly. "Don't say a word. Heh! Heh! I remember. You had some awful big roses over by the barn. You used to see Marianne at the golf club, I suppose. Girls will be girls——"

"Mr. Jellett," began Tommy, but Hubbard was at the door. If Tommy's face was red, Hubbard did not appear to notice.

"Hubbard," said Mr. Jellett, "where the devil's Hewens? He ought to be here doing letters."

Hubbard cleared his throat.

"He went out to drive, sir," said Hubbard, "with Mrs. Jellett, sir."

"With Mrs. Jellett, eh?"

For just a second Tommy remembered that Mr. Jellett looked very queerly, but he did not think of it then.

"Yes, sir," said Hubbard.

"All right," said Mr. Jellett, "tell him I want to see him when he gets back. And now, Hubbard, will you ask Miss Marianne to come here right away—er—no matter what she's doing?"

"Mr. Jellett ——" began Tommy. If Mr. Jellett had not smiled it would not have hurt him so, but Mr. Jellett still was smiling placidly.

"Don't bother," said Mr. Jellett. "Marianne will be here in a minute. Then we'll know what's what. And thanks for letting me know, Michael. I'll check you down for that. Out on your land, under the moon, eh? I suppose she sneaked down the back way. Everybody seems to be sneaking lately. Gad! It must have been exactly like a story. And now you're in the Army, going to the war. 'Good-by, sisters, wives and sweethearts, it won't take us long.' Gad! It is all pretty. . . . Oh, there you are, Marianne—and now we'll find what's what."

Yes, there was Marianne. She seemed to be coming toward them from a great distance, a slim, feathery figure in a dress of blue, clear-eyed, with a pale set face, her lips closed in an ugly curve, like a child's about to be punished. Anyone could read what was written on her. A coldness came over Tommy Michael, a numbness, so that he seemed to be standing on the air, and then a flurry of shame and a conviction of deep wrong. That wrong was more than the present. It was biting to his soul.

"You haven't any right to make fun of me," he said, in a thick, strained voice.

"Fun of you, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "I'm not the kind to make fun. I don't think this is funny. Be quiet! I'm doing the talking now. . . . Marianne, did you send this boy in here?"

"No," Marianne answered at once, like a child who had learned her lesson, as everyone answered Grafton Jellett. "No, of course I didn't."

Grafton Jellett examined her for a minute without a jot of expression in his pale blue eyes.

"You didn't?" said Mr. Jellett. "Well, he came. Now let's see you answer this, and tell the truth for once: What the devil's all this about?"

It seemed to Tommy that he had never known her. For a moment Marianne's eyes were on him, dark and contemptuous. That was the only word.

"Oh, don't you see?" cried Marianne. Her voice went through him like a chill sharp wind. "It isn't anything, papa? Do you think I'm such an idiot? I never dreamed he'd come in here to you. It was only in fun. Everything was only in fun, and of course I thought he knew it. Now, let me go away, won't you, please? And if it does you any good, I hope I never see him again. I never want to see him again. No, never."

Marianne's voice ended in a dry little sob, and Tommy always remembered that for a second they all stood very still, as one stands sometimes when a delicate piece of china has crashed upon the floor. Mr. Jellett, and even Marianne, must have shared that sensation and given it an instant of involuntary tribute. For everything had broken. Tommy could hear the echo of it as he stood very still, and then there was a soft noise in his ears. His head was full of hollow sounds.

She had never meant a word of all she said, but surely she might have spoken differently, in a kinder, gentler way. Tommy stretched out his hand to the Empire table because his knees felt weak. His face was pale and his eyes were very wide.

"Only in fun?" he said. The shock of it still crushed him. He seemed to have fallen—fallen from some high place—and the ground had hit him and robbed him of his breath. "So that's what you've been doing—laughing at me all the time."

"You heard her," replied Mr. Jellett, "and I guess that's that. Got anything more to say?"

"No"—Tommy squared his shoulders, and his face was very white—"I guess after that there isn't any more."

"No," said Mr. Jellett, "I guess there isn't, and I won't say what I was going to say, but I'll say this." He took a step nearer Tommy—a short plump little man—and spoke in a level voice. And who knows? Perhaps he meant it kindly. "You're a fool, boy, but it isn't all your fault. It's this idea that everybody's as good as everybody else. They're not, that's all. What the devil's getting into everybody? Is everybody going crazy? I did it, I suppose you'll say. Well, what if I did? Not one in ten thousand can ring the bell. And when they do, do you think they're going to let their children go back to where they started? It's all rot and insolence. . . . And now get on back to the Harbor where you belong. . . . Eh, here; what's this?"

And for once in all that interview the veil of placidity fell from Mr. Jellett, and perhaps it had a right to fall, but Tommy was not the reason. The library door had opened so violently that it went against a bookcase with a crash. Sherwood Jellett was the one who opened it. Sherwood was in tennis clothes and his face was very red. His sandy hair was sprinkled about his scalp like unraked hay, and Sherwood was grinning in a vacant moon-faced way.

"Sherwood! Go upstairs!" cried Marianne, but Mr. Jellett stepped forward before Sherwood could answer, and Mr. Jellett's face was also red.

"What do you mean," roared Mr. Jellett—"smashing in here like this? By gad, are you drunk again?"

Sherwood took two deliberate steps into the room. The resemblance between himself and his father was startling, yet curiously different. Though their faces were just alike, you could see he would never be the man his father was.

"Now don't you bully me." Sherwood shook a playful finger. "I'm free, white and twenty-one, and I didn't ask to be born. You can't always be treating me rough. I can have a drink with a friend, can't I? I met Winnie Melburn in the hall—good old Winnie Melburn."

"You didn't ask to be born, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "You'll wish you hadn't been before I'm through. You'll wish you weren't a son of mine. You'll ——"

"Sherwood!" cried Marianne. "Oh, go out! Sherwood, please!"

"Huh! I wish I weren't a son of yours right now. What have you ever done to me but yell at me since I was a little kid? I'm twenty-one, that's what—free, white and twenty-one. Why, what's all this anyway? . . . Hi, Michael! . . . What's Tommy Michael doing here?"

"Oh," said Mr. Jellett. He never stayed angry long. Even at the sight of Sherwood his placidity came back. "So you know him, too, do you?"

"Know him?" Sherwood looked at Tommy with elaborate care. "Sure I know him. The boys have him around because he shows 'em golf for nothing when he isn't washing dishes and flirting with the village girls. What's he doing here?"

And then the blood in Tommy Michael boiled at last in anger. He always had to thank Sherwood for that, and Mr. Jellett made a sound which might have been a laugh or else a groan.

"He wants to marry your sister," said Grafton Jellett, "in case you want to know."

"Wants to marry—Marianne?" Sherwood's mouth opened in a shout. "Wants to marry Marianne? Ha-ha! That's a sweet one. Now maybe she'll watch her step. Ha-ha! That's the richest yet. Wait till—I tell Winnie Melburn! Ha-ha-ha!"

Tommy never knew that he had done it until it was over. Sherwood Jellett was on the library rug, struggling to his knees, and Tommy heard Mr. Jellett speaking.

"Serves him right," said Mr. Jellett. "Hubbard, show Mr. Michael out. . . . Hewens! Where the devil's Hewens?"

But Tommy Michael only half heard him. There were voices all about him. Sherwood was shouting something, and so was Marianne, but the voices all meant nothing. A hand was on his arm, firm, courteous, and gentle.

"This way, sir," said Hubbard. "This way, sir, if you please, and don't worry, sir. It was quite the only thing to do."

And it seemed to Tommy that he was the one who had drunk too deep, for he seemed to be moving before an inevitable force along that great high hall. Voices meant nothing—nothing mattered. He seemed to be entirely alone. Then the sun was on his face. He was out on the blue graveled drive and the grilled door was closed behind him.

Then from the haze that was around him, penning in his thoughts, he heard another voice, and, without knowing where he came from, Tommy saw that Winnie Melburn was beside him, as serious as the morning after.

"Tom," said Winnie Melburn—"Tom ——"

And Tommy Michael stopped and turned. The gravel hissed like spray under his boots. The sight of Winnie's thin, pale face and his lips that never lost a trace of a smile was suddenly an answer to everything. That fierce energy which once had been his mother's was tearing at his voice, for all at once everything seemed sharp and clear in a blaze of furious light.

(Continued on Page 157)

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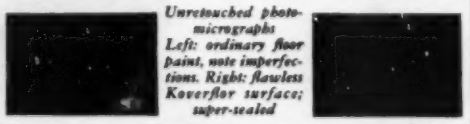

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(Continued from Page 154)

"Go back!" The fury in Tommy's voice made Winnie Melburn start. "Go back where you belong."

"But, Tom," cried Winnie Melburn, "don't you see I'm sticking with you, kid? I heard all the row and I'm sticking right along."

But Tommy only half heard him in that sudden blaze of light. He was choking with a hatred of himself and a hatred of the world, a hatred of that close-cropped lawn and of the impeccable gravel on the drive, and the very sight of Winnie Melburn was like a whiplash on his face.

"And that's a lie!" cried Tommy Michael. "Don't you think I know you now? You're all a pack of liars! Don't you think I know? Liars or else fools like me. Don't I know why you ever looked at me twice? Because I could hit a golf ball and you wanted to hit one, too, or else you wouldn't have noticed me any more than if I'd been a yellow dog. That's it—a yellow dog. And it was all funny to you, wasn't it? Fun to watch me make a fool of myself? I guess it must have been to see me think I was just as good as you. I guess you must have laughed."

"That isn't so!" In spite of his astonishment Winnie Melburn answered quickly. "It may have been at first. I heard what Sherwood said ——"

"You did, did you?" Tommy Michael's mouth grew thin as he tried to erase the agony from his face, and then, in his wretchedness, even pain was gone. "Then, I guess that's all. I know where I am now, all right. It's the first time I ever knew, and I guess he had a right to laugh. I never ought to have said a word to any of you. I'm not like you, and I won't ever be. I guess that's all."

And Tommy Michael turned without waiting to hear what Winnie Melburn answered, and walked down the Jellett drive, past the rhododendron bushes and through the Jellett gates. But once through those gates, his walk became almost a run. Tommy Michael was running, or almost running, away from Warning Hill. Not until much later did he realize no matter how fast you travel or how many friends you spurn or bridges you may leave crashing into smoky ruin, it does no good to run away.

Already memory was on his back, grimmer than Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, for drink could never shake its hold. Yes, memory was lashing him already, and goading him on toward hate.

XXII

TOMMY MICHAEL always said the idea of their laughing was the worst. He could seem to hear them laughing as he hurried down the road. There was Sherwood's hoarse, high shout, and Mr. Jellett's chuckle, and perhaps by then Marianne, too, was laughing softly, ripplingly, in little waves of sound. Just behind him, no matter how he hurried—her laughter seemed to be just behind him, although the road was empty and he was far away from Warning Hill. On that causeway which crossed the marshes toward Michael's Harbor the wind was blowing fresh and strong. It caught at him playfully, with little, caressing, invisible hands, just as the wind had always, as long as he could remember, but her voice was in the wind, mocking and driving Tommy on.

"I meant it just in fun—just in fun," the wind was saying. "I never want to see him again. No, never, never, never."

And there was only one wish in him definite and clear, which everyone must know. He wanted to go home. Once inside those crumbling gateposts of the Michael grounds, the bushes would shut him in and there would be a shadowy something which would bring him peace. There would be a friendly something, and the wind would change its tone. There would be a whispering in the trees, and the leaves and the dead vines would be moving as though someone else was there.

And once he got there, it was true. The sun was going down, covering the land with a soft, forgiving light. It was the time when shadows grow as long and as distorted as the darkest thoughts, falling suddenly across the very lightest places, silent warnings of the dark. And the breeze was going down with the sun, sinking to the faintest murmurs. The lulling of the wind was like the passing of a storm. Up through the elm trees rose the walls of the Michael house, gray beneath their cracking paint, taller than he had ever remembered, and solemn with a mystery of their own. And softly, invisibly about Tommy Michael were moving the ghosts of other sorrows and the memories of all sorts of vanished things which gather about old places and never wholly go. There were a thousand mournful hopes and fears, moving and restless with the setting of the sun, and they made him think half-finished thoughts, formless, unconsoling, and yet tranquil in their sadness. Those ghosts were trooping from the door of the carriage house, with its sagging roof. They were wandering along that choked path that once led to the water through a mass of shrubs and weeds.

Yet, by the shore the waves of the Harbor were fresh and new. Tommy Michael wondered sometimes what led him to the shore. It must have been because he had played there so often long ago. The summerhouse where he had played was a formless thing covered by its vines, and the grass, already sere and brown, was tall about it, billowing softly in the dying wind. And Tommy did not seem to matter. Nothing seemed to matter as he stood there. Across the mouth of Welcome River the houses of the town stood faintly white, like graves, and the elms above them were like the trees on plates, and the sky behind them was very red.

Through the pain in Tommy Michael there ran memories of frayed ribbons of mornings beneath the sun. It must have been the brilliancy of the grass which brought him so near to the beginning. It was not hard for Tommy to think back. He was lying in the grass. His father was standing above him in his checked suit, leaning on his cane.

"No?" his father was saying, and you might have thought his voice had never gone. "Well, you'll see what I mean some day. The world isn't made for people out of the ordinary running."

There was a frightful clarity to it, and then all about him memories were darting through the dark—his father's voice, his mother's voice—and then there came a surge of loneliness so bitter that it was almost fear. The grass was moving in the dusk, exactly as though someone was running on it with a noiseless step.

It must have been that loneliness which made him call, involuntarily, in a tortured voice. It did not seem absurd, out there in the dark, to call on something that was lost, never to be found.

"Spurius!" He was calling to something that was gone, and he gave it that same old name. Even when his own voice broke through everything, he could not stop himself. "Hi! Spurius! Are you there?"

There was a rustling—nothing more—only the rustling of the wind, and he was all alone. That magic he once had known had never been; and Tommy Michael was all alone, faced with the most terrible truth that man has ever learned.

"There's only me," said Tommy Michael. "Yes, there's only me."

And that was how Miss Meachey found him, standing by that ruined summerhouse, staring at the grass. When Tommy Michael first saw her, surely he had a right to be startled. She was walking down the weed-choked path with a long dark cloak about her, like a shadow come to life.

"Is that you?" He heard her call before he saw her. "Is that you, Tommy Michael?"

Then Tommy saw her, tall, dark and bareheaded, and all wrapped in her cloak.

"Who—who are you?" asked Tommy Michael, and he did not know. Except once when he had shaken hands years back, he had only seen her from a distance.

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"I'm Miss Meachey," she said—"Isabel Meachey. I'm the Jelletts' governess. Don't you know?"

Tommy Michael did not answer. She was nearer and he could see her clearly.

"No one sent me," said Miss Meachey. "I just came. I thought you might be here."

"But what did you come for?"

Miss Meachey still was good to look at. There was hardly any need to think how much more beautiful she must have been ten years before, as she stood there in the dark.

"Because you need someone," Miss Meachey said. "You may not know me, but that doesn't mean I don't know you. I know all about you—everything. There isn't much for me to think about. I've watched you all the time." She paused and Tommy saw that she was smiling. "Poor Tommy Michael!" Miss Meachey said. "You'll let me call you Tommy? You don't mind? Why did you ever love her?"

"Did you come here"—it was not strange that Tommy was incredulous—"did you come here to be kind? It's too late, I guess, for anybody to be kind."

Miss Meachey nodded. "I know, but that's just why I came. I suppose it does seem queer to see me all at once, all alone in the dark, when you've never seen me before. I never thought, because it seems we've been friends for so long. I know so perfectly just how you're hurt."

"How do you know?" It was all very curious. It no longer seemed strange that Miss Meachey should be there. Before she ever told him he knew there was a sadness in her, and a disillusion exactly like his own. Miss Meachey, too, was hurt. The only difference was that she had suffered it so long without complaint, as women can.

"Don't you see?" There was an eagerness in her answer. "Because we're on the fringe of things, and we're the saddest people in the world, brought up to something that we've never had, and wishing for all sorts of things—wishing, wishing. If we don't take care we get to be the courtiers—and the courtesans. And it's dreadful. . . . Oh, I know."

"Yes," said Tommy dully, "I guess you're right. I guess that's what we are."

Miss Meachey's throat was quivering. There was a trembling about her lips. It was startling, because a moment before her face had been so calm.

"Don't say that. I may be, but it isn't what you are—not yet. Don't you let the Jelletts smash you. They're always glad to do it, but they haven't smashed you yet. And don't you care for the Jelletts. They'd never understand. Hate them the way I do! Go ahead and hate them and let them smash themselves!"

"Why do you hate them?"

Somehow, it was as though she had snatched away her cloak and her breast was white with scars.

"Why?" Miss Meachey raised her hand. Her fingers gripped his arm.

"Because they don't know what it is to be decent and kind. They've forgotten all about it. They're rotten and they'll smash themselves like—like rotten apples. That's the way they'll go."

It was ugly—that idea of Miss Meachey hating them all the time.

"What's the use?" Tommy sighed and shook his head. "I know just how you feel. I suppose you thought you were as good as they were too. What's the use? I know better now and"—through the darkness he could see the lights already twinkling on Warning Hill, tiny specks against the sky—"and nothing can ever happen to the Jelletts. They'll be laughing." Tommy Michael's voice broke. "I wish I was dead. I wish ——"

And then Miss Meachey began to laugh. It was not pleasant to hear her, and she still held his arm very tightly.

"I know," she said; "I've wished it, too, and I used to think they were wonderful, but they're not. You wait and see. Do you know what happened tonight? What do you think Grafton Jellett found after you went away?" Miss Meachey laughed again. "He found his wife had run away with his secretary. Yes, she ran off with that blond Hewens this afternoon. Does that make you feel better? It's just beginning. They'll all go down to smash. And I'll tell you something more. I might as well. Do you know what Grafton Jellett thinks? He thinks I'm going to marry him. And I'm going to laugh in his face. I can do it now—laugh right in his face. I've got enough of his money—and I'll laugh at him. I'll laugh ——"

Miss Meachey had begun to laugh already. She threw back her head and her shoulders shook at the immensity of her joke, whatever it might be.

"Don't!" cried Tommy, because the sound was terrible. "Won't you please be quiet?"

"Why don't you laugh too?" inquired Miss Meachey. "I had to tell someone, and I thought you'd like to know. Are you still thinking about Marianne?"

"I wish," cried Tommy, and again it seemed as though everything was breaking, "you'd leave out Marianne."

"Then leave her out yourself," replied Miss Meachey. "You're the one who'll have to do it, because she won't leave you. She'll want you again. She'll change her mind before tomorrow because she cares about you, Tommy. In her way she cares. You'll have to do the breaking. She'll want you back again."

"She can't want me much—not after what she said."

It was worse than if Miss Meachey had never told him that Marianne cared.

"Oh," said Miss Meachey, "they never mind what they say. She had to say something hard to make things right. That's why I say they'll hurt you if you love them. You won't be the only one. There's a girl in the village now, and I suppose she cares, but wait till Sherwood's finished ——"

Bitterly, sneeringly, Miss Meachey spoke, and it was an ugly thing to hear. Between the words he could feel the venom and the pain, and all at once Mr. Jellett's house was like a hideous dark shape. And he knew that it had smashed him. All at once he knew. Slowly on the harbor breeze the last fair thought was leaving Tommy Michael. Out of the shadows Miss Meachey had come to send it spinning with her laugh and her twitching face. Slowly Tommy Michael raised his head.

"What girl are you talking about?"

"Haven't you heard?" inquired Miss Meachey. "If you hadn't been away you would. It's the Street girl—Mary Street."

Tommy Michael drew in his breath and something seemed to be pressing on his chest. He could remember so well. He remembered with a sharp tenderness that choked him and hurt his eyes. It was not so long ago, there in the beginning, that she was standing barelegged by Welcome River, her hair in wild wisps across her face, staring across the harbor to that magic place where the houses stood, tall like castles.

"Tom," she was calling, "you take that boat. I want to see you go. You tell me what it looks like, Tommy, when you get back home."

And all that time he had been away, and now his boat was on the rocks, with that big sail that would carry him so fast. The waves upon the rocks were lashing at him—not waves of water but more like tongues of flame.

"She is, is she?" Tommy Michael was startled by the sound of his own voice. "Well, I'm enough for the Jelletts. You tell Sherwood that for me. You tell him to keep away from her or Mal will kill him when he gets home, or else I will if I get back."

Miss Meachey gave a puzzling answer. She clapped her hands together twice. "Well," said Miss Meachey, "now I'll be glad I came."

"You'll tell him?" said Tommy. "I'd tell him myself if I had time."

"Yes"—Miss Meachey's eyes were bright—"I'll tell him, Tommy, and you'll feel better now. It is always better to think of someone else. I wish I'd seen you long ago. I always wanted to. Don't forget. . . . And now I'll tell you all about the Jelletts. You'd better know it all."

After she turned and left him at the gate he never saw Miss Meachey again. It was singular to remember that he and she had only talked that solitary time, for she was like an old friend as he watched her walking up the road to Warning Hill. She had told her whole life, and it was curiously like his own. It left him dizzy and tired. She had told him enough and more than enough about the Grafton Jelletts—all sorts of little tarnished things that were better left unsaid.

XXIII

MARY STREET was the only one at the station to say good-by when Tommy Michael left for the war that night. It was curious that he should have felt badly about it, for after all she meant nothing. They had hardly spoken since that night when he came back from Warning Hill nearly five years before, but he was very grateful when she walked with him to the train. It kept his thoughts away to have her stride beside him, slender and silent through the dark.

"Mary," he said, and as she turned toward him he knew that she was still thinking everything he used to think. The dark was still mysterious to her, and the sun was bright, and anything might happen, no matter how impossible.

"Yes," she said.

"Thanks for coming."

"Why not?" she said. "You were lonely. So was I. We're always sort of lonely, aren't we, Tom?"

He never knew how much he told her or how much she may have guessed. Once their hands touched, he remembered, and for a second, though a hundred windows were lighted on that street, he and Mary seemed to be entirely alone, walking in a shadowy silence where she only knew the way. It was only when he touched her hand. Afterward his head was aching and he felt very tired.

Not until the train came in could he make up his mind to tell Mary Street what he wanted. Just when the train came in, Mary threw her arms about his neck and kissed him right where everyone could see.

"Good-by, Tom," she said, "and you tell me all about it when you get back home." She was standing beneath the lights of the station platform, looking at something beyond him, and a wisp of her hair was blown across her face.

"Mary," he said, and stopped.

She did not answer. Her silence was like that silence in the garden by the summer-house when he had called in vain. And he knew that he was leaving something—not Mary, but something of himself.

"Mary," said Tommy, "I want to tell you. Don't have anything to do with Sherwood Jellett. I know what I'm saying. It won't be any use."

Then Mary Street's face had grown scarlet and her lips were quivering. "I guess," said Mary Street, "I know why you told me that."

"No, you don't," said Tommy, "but it's true."

"I know why." Mockingly Mary Street raised her head, and her voice followed him as the train began to move. "Because she threw you over, didn't she? So you weren't good enough for them—not you."

Mockingly she waved her hand, and he could see her try to smile, but all the while her lips were trembling as if she was angry or sorry for him—either one. And the train was moving faster. It was taking him away, as the current of his life had taken him, to regions of which he could never tell Mary Street when he got back home.

"Promise!" Tommy called. "Won't you promise?"

"You don't care." And her face was wet with tears beneath the platform light. "You don't care. You tell me about it, Tommy, when you get back home."

Would she have promised if he had spoken sooner and if the train had not

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moved away? What would have happened to them both if he had spoken sooner?

Winnie Melburn saw him in the smoking car, Tommy's face, pale and set, staring straight ahead of him, and Winnie sat down beside him as though nothing at all was wrong.

"Hi!" said Winnie Melburn. "I'm feeling awful drunk."

Tommy Michael started and stared at Winnie Melburn in blank surprise.

"I never thought," he said, "you'd speak to me again."

Winnie leaned back comfortably. "Don't be an ass," he said. "If we want to fight, haven't we joined the Army?"

All at once Tommy felt ashamed, with a leaden shame that made him sick of everything he was.

"Winnie," he began.

"Yeh?" said Winnie Melburn.

"I didn't mean what I said up there. I don't know what was the matter. I guess I was sort of crazy. I ——"

"That's all right," said Winnie Melburn, and he opened his eyes lazily. "You had to take a crack at somebody. Everyone takes cracks at me."

"I mean"—Tommy was groping for an elusive thought; his head was aching and he was very tired—"I mean I was no good. I ought to know enough to take a licking. I always get licked, and I didn't take it right. That's what I mean."

He was still speaking. He was telling Winnie Melburn everything that had happened, before he knew that he was going to tell him. He was telling Winnie about his father, and the house, and the mud by Welcome River, and of the houses that looked like castles up on Warning Hill, and while he spoke it sounded like an old story. He hardly seemed a part of it all while he told.

"That's all right," said Winnie Melburn. "But here's what you don't see. You're not any different from anybody else. Everybody's about the same—good and bad—no matter where you see 'em. You think it's money, but you're crazy in the head. There're kinds of people, that's all—some you like and some you don't. It doesn't do any good to kick it all over when you're mad. You're still the same kind, whether you want to be or not. And what I say, if you want to fight, we're going to the war, and if people throw you out you're not their kind and you ought to be glad."

Winnie Melburn took a gold cigarette case from his pocket and tapped it softly with a delicate forefinger.

"The trouble is," he said, "you think everybody who carries one of these is like everybody else that does. You've been talking half an hour and that's all you've been saying. What difference does it make if you're the same breed of cat? Here, take the darned thing. Take it!"

"Here!" cried Tommy. "What are you doing that for?"

"Oh, don't argue!" sighed Winnie Melburn. "Take it when I tell you. There, now do you feel any better? You ought to. You're just as good as I am now, except you're not so drunk. And what I say, if you want a fight, we're going to the war."

Winnie Melburn smiled cheerfully. Apparently the idea of the war pleased him, for he began to sing in a way which made others in that car turn and stare at them, the very same song he had laughed at earlier that afternoon. It was the one about not raising my boy to be a soldier. As Tommy Michael listened he clutched at the back of the seat in front.

"Can't you sing something else?" he asked. Winnie Melburn stopped and asked him why. "Because it makes me think." And he did not want to think.

"About Marianne?" inquired Winnie Melburn airily. "Don't be such a hog. Do you want to know something amusing? She gave me the sack just before you came in. You're not the only one."

Winnie was a better man than he was. Tommy could never understand why Winnie should have been the one to go. They were in a patch of woods all cut with little paths. The trees were small and broken, and branches with fresh leaves were on the ground. They were standing up, both of them very dirty, and Winnie was lighting a cigarette, when all that woods became a shrieking torment, like other woods at the end of marches through the dark. When Tommy staggered to his feet there was nothing left of Winnie Melburn but a heap of rags and blood—not a face and not a voice. Winnie Melburn was nothing any more.

XXIV

TOMMY MICHAEL thought he was through with them. It showed how little he knew of the world, or of the Jelletts either, to have thought he could get away for good from the Jelletts or from what the Jelletts meant.

Tommy Michael was thin and pale, and his uniform was old. There were three gold V's on his left cuff and one on his right—eighteen months and wounded once.

Fifth Avenue was filled with motors, for it was five in the afternoon. There were hundreds, thousands of them, all new and shining, like the cars which once passed his house going toward Warning Hill, and once he heard a clattering of hoofs. Perhaps you remember that carriage that rolled in solitary splendor, back in 1919, like the last of a species, but vigorous and new. A pair of bays drew it, in silver mounted harness, a coachman and a footman were on the box in silk hats and plum-colored suits and silver buttons. It was a pure association of ideas. When Tommy Michael saw that carriage he always said he did not seem to be upon a sidewalk. He was standing on the edge of a dusty road and that other carriage was rolling by.

"Now there's a fine turnout for you," his father was saying, "though personally I wouldn't check those horses quite so high."

And really it was the most singular thing. Tommy Michael said that nothing which had happened made the slightest difference.

He had not escaped in the least from anything he used to think. His uniform was shrunken and creased; his shoes were scarred and scuffed about the toes. The voices on the sidewalk and all the roar of noises upon the air became hushed before the slapping of those hoofs upon the asphalt. He could even hear the jingling of the curb chains as the pair of bays went past and again he thought that he had never seen anything so splendid. There was exactly the same insolence and splendor which he had known before, and nothing he had seen or done had diminished it one jot.

"It's just the same," he found himself saying; "it's just the same."

And then he knew, in spite of everything, that he was Tommy Michael still; that he had lost himself for only a little while. It had always been the Jelletts, and it was the Jelletts still. The idea which they personified was mocking him, laughing at him again, in the voices all around him, and he could not get away. That was what Tommy always said. He could not get away.

"Tommy!" He remembered how he had started when he heard his own name. "Hey, don't you know me, Tom?"

Mal Street was the one who saw him. He did not seem just right to Mal, because, though Tommy looked, he did not appear to see. Mal was in a private's uniform which was a good deal too small. His face was very angular and brown and mobile; that same wild face where anger and humor ran unchecked. Even the Army had not managed to take the slouch from Mal's shoulders. From looking at him you could imagine what he thought about the Army and all discipline in life. A lock of his hair had slipped from beneath his cap and was dangling across his forehead.

"Buddy," said Mal, "they can't make me salute you now. I got out yesterday. Say, who won the war?"

Tommy began to laugh, and all at once everything was better.

"The M. P.'s," said Tommy.

"Yeh?" said Mal. "And who helped the M. P.'s?"

"The Y. M. C. A.," said Tommy.

"Yes," said Mal, "you know your stuff. But I won some of it, now, I'm saying, when I wasn't in the pen."

Mal was sure to have been the sort you saw around the guardhouse who never fitted in. But it was not a time to think of that. The sight of Mal filled Tommy with a nostalgic pain.

"And now," said Mal, "I'm going back home, I'll tell the world; just as soon as I hit the station, kid. Ain't you coming too?"

Tommy always said it was very strange that the sight of Mal and the sound of Mal made him want to go back again. It seemed as though a black veil that was all around him began to shake. Something bright and peaceful came in little flashes through his mind. It was June and the sun would be out—the long summer sun. It would be sparkling on the water. It would make the shadows dance through the trees. He could remember. The waves would go rippling on the shore, more and more loudly as the sun went down and shot a final beam toward the houses on Warning Hill.

"Not yet," said Tommy. "I don't want to go back, much."

Then Mal said a surprising thing, because you would not have thought that Mal had the intuition.

"Oh," said Mal, "it's them Jelletts, is it?"

Tommy looked up quickly, his face a painful red. For some reason Mal's guessing only added to his humiliation.

"How did you guess that?" he asked, and he did not seem to have been away at all, and it all might have happened yesterday.

"Mary," said Mal; "she wrote."

"Mary?" Then Tommy remembered something else. "Is—is she still playing around with Sherwood Jellett? Look here; I said ——"

Sometimes it struck him as curious that he had nearly forgotten, for all at once he knew it was the only thing that mattered in the wreck that he had left behind. Mal Street leaned toward him. His eyebrows came together in a thick dark line.

"If there's any worrying about her," he remarked, "I'll do it, and I guess Mary can look out for herself. Don't you worry. Hell's smoke! You ain't afraid of them Jelletts?"

"No, you fool!" Tommy always said that he was startled by his own anger, because he could not understand why he should have been angry. Mal seized his shoulder. For once Mal displayed marvelous good sense.

"Then you come back home," said Mal. "Say, you've gotta come back home. Pa's laid up with rheumatism, but you can stay with us. What'll it get you being yellow and not wanting to come back? I guess you've been in lots worse places than our house, and don't call me a fool when you're a bigger one. Honest, Tom, you come back home. You've been there before."

And then Tommy knew that it was the only thing to do. No matter what might happen, he could not get away. Sooner or later he would have to see the Jelletts in the flesh, instead of imagining he saw.

"Will you take me in if I come?" He asked it almost humbly, and it was like the ending of a struggle, and the glow of Mal's friendliness was all about him.

"I said so, didn't I?" said Mal.

"Then, thanks," said Tommy. "I'll be down tomorrow night."

"I'll be down to meet you, kid," Mal said; "right when the train comes in."

That was how Tommy Michael got back, and sometimes he said that he never knew when he would have come if it had not been for Mal. But Mal Street, in spite of what he promised, was not there to meet the train.

It was eight o'clock on one of those misty evenings such as come in early June. The air was thick and gray and smelled of the salt water. That was the only difference from a hundred other places in the dark—the damp smell of the sea. It was like memory, but ever so much stronger. It was the town and everything he knew, and days were in it which he had never known.

Tommy brought nothing home with him but his trench coat, which was torn and patched, and one of those *musette* bags, slung across his shoulder. He did not expect anyone to recognize him, but they did. He should have remembered how wistfully he once had watched the passengers from the evening train. Old Mr. Quinn, the baggage-master, dropped the handle of his truck, and Jimmy Griffin, who ran a car for the taxi service—for there was a taxi service by that time—jumped down and left his motor running.

"Hi, Tom," said Jim, and Mr. Quinn of an older and more courtly school, said, "Welcome back," and they shook hands. It was curious, Tommy sometimes thought, that they knew him so well, when he had nearly forgotten both of them. They were like fixed objects in some room which he had left years back, and now that he had opened the door of that room again, it was exactly as he had left it. It had been waiting for him all the while. It seemed to him that all of Michael's Harbor had been waiting, and that it was his place, and that there would be something always waiting whenever he got back home.

There were all sorts of things he wanted to say. All sorts of thoughts were crowding through him, but he did not speak them.

"Where's Mal Street?" he asked instead.

"With his old man, I guess," said Jim. "Jim Street's got the rheumatism so he can hardly hobble. It's what comes of being out in boats. Are you going any place?"

"Thanks," said Tommy, "I'll walk. I'm sort of used to walking."

"Hey!" he heard someone calling as he stepped into the dark. "Did you see him? Tom Michael's got back home."

It never occurred to him to think it strange that Mal did not meet him. The wind was coming from the northeast. It was whispering through the trees. Now and then drops of water would fall from the elms and splash upon the sidewalk. The lights from the houses along the street turned the mist into millions of little glowing specks. Down toward Welcome River his heels clicked sharply on the bricks, and he remembered how his father's heels had clicked one morning ever so long before, and how the old drake had whispered by the door. He remembered later that all the while he walked he had not thought of Mal.

It was the stillness of the Streets' dooryard that made him uneasy first—indefinably uneasy. No dog barked, for the last of the water spaniels had been buried years ago. A light was burning very dimly in the kitchen window, but no one opened the door when he walked up those rickety back steps. Tommy never knew why he went in without knocking, except that he had been used to acting on instinct. It must have been some instinct that things were not right which made him snatch at the knob before he thought, and step inside and slam the door behind him.

A lamp was burning on the kitchen table. The sink was full of dishes and the kettle was steaming on the stove. Jim Street was seated near it in a grimy upholstered chair. He was gripping at the arms with ugly distorted fingers; he was trying to pull himself up, but as Tommy looked he sank back with a grimace of pain. Mary Street was by the table. Her hair was loose as it had been when she was a child.

"Well," said Jim, "git up and take his bag, Mary. Don't you see it's Tom?"

"What's wrong?" said Tommy.

He had not intended to speak so sharply, but anyone could see that something was very wrong. It was written on Jim Street as plain as print, and Mary gave him an odd look when she pushed back her chair, half questioning, half defiant.

"It's Mary." Jim Street's eyes were on her, dull and burning. "She was aiming to run away with that young Jellett—run away tonight. And I guess you know what

(Continued on Page 165)

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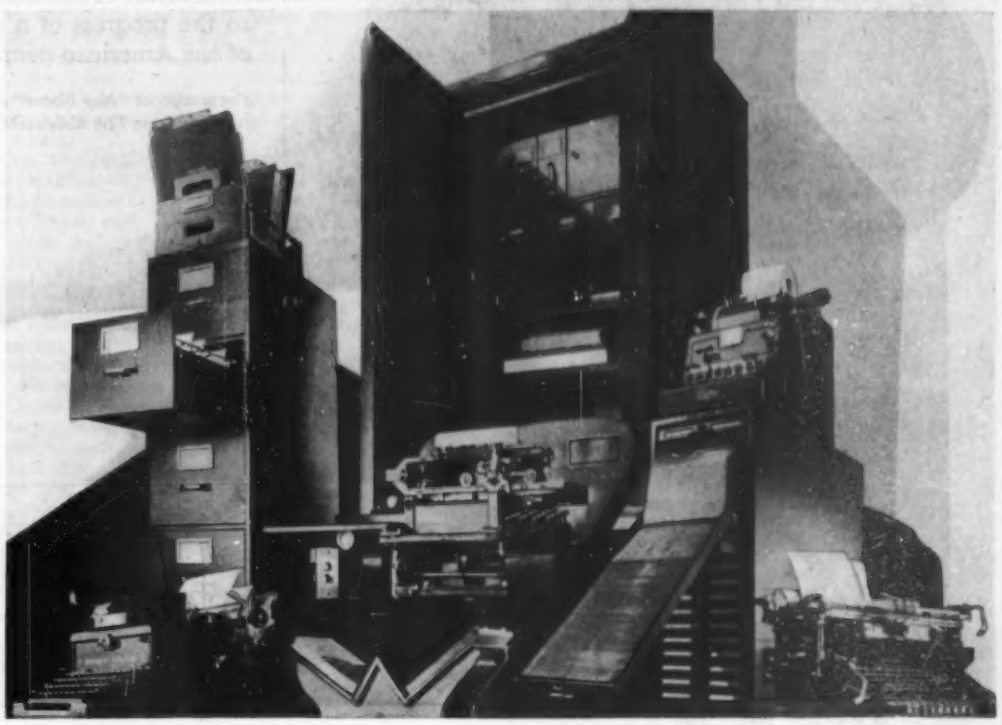

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The MILWAUKEE ROAD

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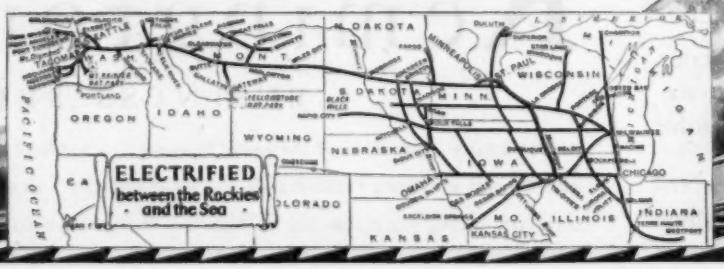

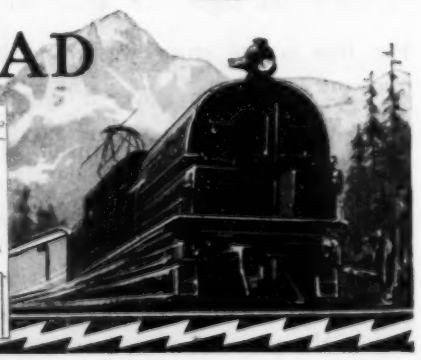

(Continued from Page 160)

that means—when the Jelletts run off with our women. Mal found it out. Mal guessed. He's gone up there now."

"Sherwood?" said Tommy. "Sherwood going to marry her?" He looked stupidly at Mary, and Mary looked at him, wide eyed and pale. And Tommy knew that Sherwood had never intended anything like that, even before Jim Street spoke.

"Marry her?" roared Mr. Street. "What would he do that for? He asked her to go to New York with him. That's what. And she was going to go, I tell you. She was going to go, but Mal's gone up there now."

"Up where?" Tommy Michael still looked at Mary. It was the Jelletts still. Perhaps he should have known, but somehow he had never thought that Mary would do it, or that she was so much like him.

"Where do you think?" Jim Street's voice came to him dully, like a voice through a wall. "Up to Warning Hill. He'll show him—Mal will. There're some things we haven't got to stand. He'll smash him good and proper, just like I would if I could walk that far. Damn them Jelletts! It was tonight. She was all ready to sneak out. . . . You stay where you are, Mary. He'll get what's coming to him, and you won't stop it."

But Mary Street hardly noticed. She was looking at Tommy, and she spoke in that far-away voice of hers, as though none of the fury touched her.

"I was planning to be away," she said, "before you came."

"There," said Jim Street quickly, "you hear her? Not even ashamed to admit it. . . . Tom, keep your back to the door."

All the time the kettle was hissing and bubbling on the stove and the room was very close, and it seemed, as Tommy listened, exactly like a dream. It had that same grotesqueness that robbed everything of logic. It was the Jelletts. It was the Jelletts still. He felt the same hot hate that the Streets must have felt. It was a hate that made him dizzy, and it took away his breath.

"Tom"—Mary was pulling at his coat—"you've got to go and stop Mal. Tommy, won't you go?"

It was as incongruous as a dream when Mary pulled at his coat. Something inside him was breaking like the ice on Welcome River in the spring, and his mind was swirling like the water, with broken thoughts upon it.

"Mary," said Jim Street, "you shut up! Don't listen, Tom. We'll show them Jelletts they don't own the town."

Mary, wide eyed and white, was pulling at his coat. "Tommy," she pleaded, "I don't care what anybody thinks—it isn't that. But you know Mal. He's mad enough to kill someone. He'd—oh, won't you hurry, Tom? Mal brought his gun along!"

Brought his gun! Tommy might have known. A harebrained quality in Mal would make him do just that. For a moment the floor seemed to sway beneath Tommy's feet, and he heard himself speaking from a long way off.

"How long has he been gone?" he asked.

"Not more than twenty minutes," Mary Street said. "He went up by the road."

Tommy was used to thinking quickly by then, and now his thoughts moved too fast.

"All right," he said; "then he won't be there yet unless he got a ride. . . . Bring the lamp, Mary!"

"Hey!" shouted Mr. Street, half pulling himself from his chair. "Where are you going?"

"To call a taxi," Tommy said. "I'm going up with Mal." There was no use telling Mr. Street the truth. Tommy knew him well enough for that. He had known enough of resentment and clouded passion.

The Streets had a telephone near the stairs. He stumbled over some old boots before he reached it. And half a minute later he was asking for Mr. Grafton Jellett on business he could tell to no one else.

It surprised him that there was no tremor in his voice. He did not seem the person who was speaking. It still seemed like a dream. He seemed to be watching himself half wearily, half critically, without much wondering at anything he did. But at the same time he became aware of a logical sequence of events. They were rolling toward him down a declining slope, like stones and gravel on a sandy hill, until they crashed in that fantastic end.

"Is that Mr. Jellett?" he was saying. "Is Sherwood at home? . . . It's important, so please don't interrupt. . . . In about five minutes Mal Street will be there, looking for Sherwood. You know who I mean. When he comes have all the men on the place ready to grab him. And you'd better hold him till I get there. I'll be up right away. Be sure you get him, that's all! . . . I'd rather not tell you over the telephone. . . . Oh, you want to have it, do you? Very well. Sherwood was going to run off with the Street girl. . . . Yes, that's exactly what I mean. And you'd better do what I told you. I'll be up right away."

Then he was calling the taxi service. And then he was mopping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"There, Mary," he was saying. "It's all right now. It doesn't do any good to beat the Jelletts. There'll only be some more."

It was still like a dream. He did not seem to be the one who was speaking. Mary was clinging to him, sobbing, her face buried in the wet of his trench coat. And there seemed to be nothing more to say.

The floor was still unsteady beneath his feet. He always said it was as though something he believed in—something almost tangible had been knocked away from under him. There seemed to be nothing more to say. And yet he was speaking. A sharp agony of surprise and resentment made him speak.

"Mary," he was saying, "do you love him?"

Her head moved and she looked up at him with that wide, frightened look in her eyes which he remembered best. "No," she said. "Love him? No, I don't."

He was surprised at his relief. Everything seemed better when she said that—better and more certain.

Her hair was on his shoulder in wild coarse waves. He found himself smoothing it very gently, and he seemed to see himself doing it from a long way off.

"Then what made you?" he asked. "Mary, won't you tell me what made you?"

"I guess," she sobbed—"I guess I can do what I want as much as you. Can't I have a chance at something too? Can't I want to see something else?"

It was not strange that Tommy knew what she meant. He was thinking a long way back, and he knew they were different from the rest—both himself and Mary. They had both tried in their own way to reach something beyond them—something that glittered and was gone when you touched it. At least they both had tried.

"Mary," he said, and he knew that he was right. Neither of them was made for it, that was all. "We ought to have kept away from Warning Hill—both you and me."

"That's all right for you to say," she sobbed. "You know all about it. What do you keep asking me things for? It won't do any good to keep asking—asking! I wanted to get away before you got back. Oh, don't say any more! It won't do any good. I knew you wouldn't care."

Now it was very stupid of him, he sometimes thought, to be surprised at that.

"You didn't want to see me?" he stammered. "You were going to run off with someone you didn't care about because I was coming back?"

"Tom," she sobbed, "I wish that you'd stop talking!"

Of course it was stupid of him. But the idea which dawned upon him was like a blow. It stunned him. It sent the blood tingling to his cheeks. "Mary," he said in dull bewilderment, "you're not trying to say ——"

She looked at him and nodded and turned away her face.

"Good Lord!" said Tommy Michael, and his eyes were very wide. "I never thought of that!"

And it was true—Tommy Michael had never thought at all. And even then he did not seem to be the one who was speaking.

Even when he reached the Jellett house it was all unreal. He could almost believe that he was imagining, as he had imagined so often once, that he was standing before the plate glass and iron grille of the Jelletts' door. He noticed absently that Hubbard's face was white.

"Mr. Street has arrived, sir," said Hubbard. "He is in the library with Mr. Jellett. Will you please come, sir?"

Only a few of the lights were burning in the hall. The stairs went upward, seemingly for an immense distance, into shadows. The two suits of armor by the fireplace were like figures guarding a gaping gate.

"Mr. Michael, sir," said Hubbard. After passing through the hall the library seemed startlingly alight. Everything was stark in a glare of brightness which made Tommy blink. Mr. Jellett was standing, staring blankly at the room. He turned slowly as Hubbard spoke, and recollected a sensation of surprise when Mr. Jellett faced him. Mr. Jellett looked ever so much older. There seemed to be little weights at the bottom of his chin and cheeks, pulling at the flesh above and drawing it to wrinkles.

"Ah," said Mr. Jellett, "there you are, eh?"

Tommy did not bother to answer, for the sight of Mal Street held all his attention at that moment. Mal was sprawling on one of the leather armchairs, livid, with blazing eyes, and a truckle of blood was running down his cheek. A man was standing on either side of him and one was behind his chair, and all their clothes were very much deranged. Henri, the chauffeur, was one of them; the second was that groom who had handed Tommy a letter once, and the third was Campbell, the foreman of the place. On another chair Sherwood was sitting. There were beads of perspiration on Sherwood's forehead.

Sherwood was in evening clothes and his hair was rumpled. Upon perceiving Tommy he got up and scowled.

"So you're the boy who spilled the beans, are you?" he remarked. "What the blazes 's all this to you?"

"Be quiet!" said Mr. Jellett and took a step toward Sherwood.

"Why should I be quiet?" said Sherwood. "I remarked: 'What's all this to you?' It isn't any of your business, is it?"

"Will you be quiet?" said Mr. Jellett.

"No!" said Sherwood. "No, I won't. Why can't you be calm like me? That's it—calm. Don't shoot! I'll marry the girl."

"You'll what?" Mr. Jellett's eyes flickered and the veins stood out on his forehead. "Be quiet," he said softly. His voice was most unpleasant when a glimpse of his face went with it. "Don't you see the servants?"

Sherwood looked around slowly and put his hands in his pockets. "Yes," he said. "What of it?" And then he looked at his father and grinned. "This is going to be one in the midriff for you," remarked Sherwood. "And I don't care who hears me say it! As long as you've been so sharp and found out all about it, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll marry her if I can't get her any other way—that's what! Now, think that one over and stop the argument."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Jellett, "you'll be saner after you and I have a private talk. Now get out. I've got business here."

"Would you mind telling me," said Sherwood, "why I shouldn't marry her if I want? She's a sight better than Meachey, when you come right down to that. And really"—Sherwood lighted a cigarette—"don't look so worried. We'll stay in the Social Register. And now you've caught me on the home plate ——"

Mr. Jellett's expression did not change. He did not move a muscle. He simply said: "Get out!"

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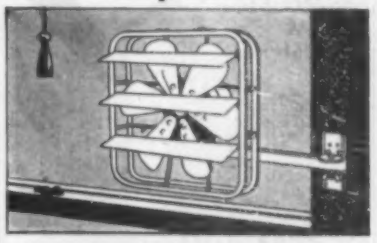

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Sherwood nodded and rubbed his hands. "All right," he said; "nightie-night," and walked toward the door.

Just then Mal lurched forward in his chair so suddenly that they snatched at his shoulders. "That's a lot of bunk!" roared Mal. "You little liar!"

Sherwood, however, was already out the door and the door was closed behind him.

"You're wrong, Mal," said Tommy. "He means it." You could tell he meant it from the way that Grafton Jellett looked. "Golly!" said Tommy Michael. "I never thought he ——"

It was the last thing he would have thought. A most curious thing. It never occurred to him that Sherwood was enough in earnest to go through with it. And Tommy was the one she cared for. She had as good as told him that. It was exactly like a dream without an end or a beginning.

"Golly," said Tommy again, "I never thought of that."

"Neither did I," said Mr. Jellett, "if you want to know."

There was a revolver on the Empire writing table. Tommy crossed the room and picked it up. It was an Army revolver, such as the infantry sometimes traded from the artillery on the theory that revolvers never jammed like automatics. For a moment Tommy balanced it on his palm, and finally slipped it into his pocket and looked at Mal again.

"Let him go," said Tommy, "and go out. He'll be all right now."

And then, just when those men were going out, the strangest thing occurred. Perhaps it was the light in the room, or a fleeting look of Mr. Jellett's, but Tommy Michael knew all at once that nothing was the same. He always said it seemed as though a mist was rising from his mind, and everything was clearer, like water in the early morning when the wind blows over it with the rising of the sun.

"Michael," Mr. Jellett was saying, "I want to thank you very much."

As Tommy looked at Mr. Jellett it was no longer like a dream, and nothing was the same. Grafton Jellett was only a little man, plump about the waist, with sagging cheeks and nervous, swollen fingers, and that room of his was an ugly room, overstuffed and overfurnished. There was nothing splendid about that room or Grafton Jellett either. They both possessed a sort of vulgarity that was curiously the same. For the life of him he could not imagine why Mr. Jellett had ever made him ill at ease, because all at once he knew that he was a better man than Mr. Jellett. He could look straight at him and actually, instead of awe, have nothing but a feeling of supercilious dislike.

"That's all right," said Tommy. "You understand how all this is, don't you, Mr. Jellett?"

"Yes," said Grafton Jellett, "there's no use beating about the bush. I won't beat. I don't have to ask you to keep quiet about it, do I?"

"No," said Tommy, "of course you don't. . . . Come on, Mal. Let's be moving on. Mr. Jellett understands, and he'll do everything he can."

Mal moved his head slowly like a drunken man.

"Aw," said Mal thickly, "to hell with Mr. Jellett!"

"No," said Tommy, "don't say that. It doesn't do any good."

"That's right. That's sense," said Mr. Jellett.

"Come on, Mal," said Tommy. "Mr. Jellett is going to do everything he can, and that's all anyone can do now."

"Look here," Mr. Jellett looked at Tommy dully, "if you've got any idea that you're going to bully me ——"

"Bully you?" Tommy Michael looked at Mr. Jellett with faint distaste, but Mr. Jellett's eyes were dull as a misty window.

"Yes, bully me," said Grafton Jellett. "You needn't try that on me, by gad. If you think for a single minute my son is going to marry any little—I won't say what."

"No," said Tommy Michael, "I wouldn't, Mr. Jellett."

"You wouldn't, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. "Who the devil are you?"

For a moment they stood looking at each other and neither of them moved. But Tommy Michael's mind was ringing with an elation that was like wild music, and his blood was tingling. Though he always said that he could not analyze that elation, he knew that it meant the end of something black which had always been with him. A spell that had been cast upon him was leaving him forever. Mr. Jellett's anger was gone in a second, and again his eyes were like misty windows, very stupid and very dull.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Jellett slowly; "I didn't mean to lose my temper, Michael. It's a bad habit—always is. Excuse me. I've been having a devil of a time lately. Everything's upside down, and this is a nasty business. I only mean Sherwood can't. That's what I mean. And—and confound it! He means to do it."

Mr. Jellett walked to the fireplace and pushed a bell.

"Whisky, Hubbard," said Mr. Jellett, "and cigars. Two glasses. By gad, I need a drink!"

Tommy Michael stood looking at Mr. Jellett, and Mal Street cleared his throat.

"To hell with you!" roared Mal. "I'd rather have her ——"

"Be quiet, Mal," said Tommy. "You leave this to me. You understand what he wants to say, Mr. Jellett. All anyone can do is keep things quiet, and they can count on you. That was all I meant."

"Count on me, eh?" said Mr. Jellett. All at once Mr. Jellett looked years older. That poker face of his was not what it had been once, for suddenly all sorts of thoughts rippled behind it. "Yes," he said, "you can bank on me. There's been—er—trouble enough here. I'm sick and tired of trouble." As he finished, there was a clinking of glass and ice. "Set it on the table," said Mr. Jellett. "That's all, Hubbard."

"All right," said Tommy Michael. "Now we'll be going, Mal."

"Wait a minute." Mr. Jellett nodded toward the tray and glasses. When Tommy thought of it later he understood how amazingly fast Mr. Jellett must have been thinking. "Wait a minute, Michael," said Mr. Jellett. "I'm not through yet. Will you have a drink?" He did not bother to glance at Mal. Already Mr. Jellett had eliminated Mal entirely.

"No," said Tommy; "thank you just as much."

"No whisky?" said Mr. Jellett. "You're making a mistake. It's a special distiller's selection. Well, here's looking at you. There isn't everybody who'd have handled things so well. I want to thank you, Michael."

"That's all right," said Tommy, but a look at Mr. Jellett told him it was not all right. There was a gentle flickering about Mr. Jellett's eyes and anyone could see that Mr. Jellett had something more on his mind than gratitude.

"And now," said Mr. Jellett, "I'm going to talk to you frankly." Mr. Jellett set himself down solidly in one of the leather chairs and took a sip of his whisky. "Michael, things have been in a devil of a way up here. Of course you've heard—everybody has, but never mind. I remember when you were here last. If I offended you, forget it, will you?"

He was surely trying to get at something, but what was more than you could guess.

"It isn't always I speak frankly." Mr. Jellett glanced at Tommy dully over the edge of his glass. "People have been talking about us. There's been too much talk already—talk, talk, talk—and I won't have any more. Michael, you come from the village and you know the girl. This thing has got to stop. Sherwood's got to stop or it will be the limit. People are getting the most confounded ideas about us. Now, listen, Michael; Sherwood can't marry that girl."

Mr. Jellett slowly raised his hand and leaned back in his chair more comfortably.

"I'm going to say something that may surprise you, but I'm willing to back it up, and you won't lose and I won't lose. There's been too much gossip. There's been—but never mind. Michael, how much will you take to marry her yourself?"

Yes, Mr. Jellett was himself right to the very end, and nothing could alter Grafton Jellett. Right in front of Mary's brother he asked it, naïvely, without a qualm.

"What!" cried Tommy, but Mr. Jellett stopped him before he could go on.

"Now, wait a minute," said Mr. Jellett placidly. "I'm talking sense and I know when not to bargain. Of course this is a sacrifice for you—of inclination, but not a social sacrifice. It would be different if this were common property, but we can arrange all that. You've always been in the village, and if I know Sherwood she's good-looking. Now, what would be more natural? Name what you want, Michael. I'm on the paying end."

Mr. Jellett paused, as he might have paused at a directors' meeting, set down his glass and placed the tips of his fingers together, and there he sat, a plump little man in a carefully pressed dinner coat. It all was most astonishing, because he was so insignificant and looked so very dull. As Tommy Michael stared at Mr. Jellett, for the life of him he could not think of a word to say, and yet he was no longer surprised. It was remarkable to remember that surprise left him in a moment. He remembered that a gilded clock chimed on the mantelpiece in a sweet birdlike way. Mal was the one who spoke first. Mal pushed toward Mr. Jellett so violently that Tommy seized his arm.

"Hey " cried Mal. "What do you think Tom Michael is, you old fool?"

"Wait," said Tommy. "Don't say that." The strangest thing about it was that he did not grow angry. "Mr. Jellett's only trying to do the best he knows how."

He knew he was perfectly right. Mr. Jellett was doing his very best. He was trying to bolster up a wall, invisible but none the less real, which was crumbling all about him. There was a marvelous certainty about Mr. Jellett. He at least was serene in his confidence that all the Jelletts were of finer clay. He was only using Tommy Michael as he had used people all his life. "They are rotten," Miss Meachey had said. "All of them are rotten." As far as Mr. Jellett went it was not so.

"That's right," said Mr. Jellett. "That's what I've always tried to do—my best. I've built this house for my children. I've given them everything, and if all I've got back is"—Mr. Jellett pursed his lips and for a second his eyes grew narrow—"is a plugged nickel, I can't help it. I'm taking a licking when I thought I'd never take another. Say the word, Michael. My check book's in the drawer."

There was more to it than anything that Mr. Jellett said. There was a hint of so many things which Mr. Jellett had tried to do, all of which had failed. And Tommy had a new conviction which he had never possessed before. The Jellett house was crumbling like the Michael house. Its gardens would be choked with weeds some day, and the paint would be off its shutters, and Grafton Jellett guessed it. There were forces with which he could not cope.

"I'm sorry, sir ——" Tommy began. It was surprising to remember that he told Mr. Jellett he was sorry.

"Sorry, eh?" Mr. Jellett leaned forward slightly. "There's nothing to be sorry about for you. You can do this perfectly easily and no one will think less of you. You're just that much different from us. You can see what I mean? You couldn't once, but I'll bet you see it now."

"Yes," said Tommy, "I know what you mean. There is that difference."

He would always be a village boy to Mr. Jellett, no matter what he did.

"Well," said Mr. Jellett, "always let the other fellow make the offer if you can. If

(Continued on Page 168)

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OVER 100,000 MOTORISTS ARE RIDING ON FAFNIR BALL BEARING SPRING SHACKLES

(Continued from Page 166)

you won't, I will, and I won't be sharp. I'm not forgetting what you did tonight. There are reasons to me why money doesn't count in this. What would you say—to a hundred thousand dollars?"

Involuntarily Tommy looked at Mal. Mal's face was blank. His mouth was opened wide.

"I'm sorry." Tommy dusted his fingers against his trench coat very carefully. "It won't do any good to talk like this."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Jellett. "That's more money than you'll ever make—and here, I'll throw in something more. I'll have you here to dinner the week after it's done—both of you. How's that?"

"Thanks." In spite of himself Tommy felt his lips twitch. "I don't want to come to dinner."

"You don't want to, eh?" said Mr. Jellett and leaned forward. "Then what the devil do you want—more money?"

"No," said Tommy Michael, "I don't want anything at all."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Jellett. "Two hundred thousand, and give me that land down by the beach."

It was like him, still to be thinking of that land right to the very end.

"Come on, Mal," said Tommy. "Let's be going."

"Confound it!" Mr. Jellett was on his feet. "What the devil's the matter?"

As he answered, Tom Michael found himself smiling suddenly, not altogether pleasantly. "Take the land down by the beach," he said. "I'll give it to you. Take it and go to the devil!"

"Eh?" said Grafton Jellett.

"I mean it," said Tom Michael. He was not afraid of Mr. Jellett or anything he stood for. "You can have it and keep your money. I guess money's all you've ever had. And I wouldn't speak to me about this again if I were you."

Tommy turned on his heel and slipped his arm through Mal's and pulled Mal toward the door. He did not look back at Mr. Jellett, nor did he answer when Mr. Jellett spoke.

"You think it over," said Mr. Jellett. "You'll be back."

"Aw, go to ——" roared Mal.

Then they were out in the hall.

"Now look, Mal," he was saying; "there isn't any use ——"

And then he stopped with his sentence in the air. Another door had opened, making a rectangle of light, and Marianne was standing in it in a dark blue dress, with bare white arms and shoulders, and Tommy stopped and his heart was in his throat.

"Why, Tommy," said Marianne, and her voice was very soft, almost a whisper.

She had been waiting all the time. Tommy could tell that much, in spite of her surprise.

"I didn't think"—there was a catch in her voice that he had often heard before—"I'd be so glad to see anybody, Tommy."

"Didn't you?" said Tommy.

Now it was very strange. Her voice did not ring right and neither did his voice, and yet his heart was hammering and all his blood was in his face. She had never seemed so delicately beautiful or so desirable to touch.

"Tommy," said Marianne, and nodded at Mal, "Hubbard will show him out."

"Will he?" said Tommy in a queer, choked way, and he hardly knew that he was answering. All that night, he always said, his mind played the strangest tricks. It kept jumping backward almost to the beginning, and he was thinking that nothing was ever wholly over. Inside you were the embers of everything that happened, ready to flare up again when the fire was raked. "Thou turnest man to destruction!" Now it was odd that he should remember his Aunt Sarah reading it years ago. "Thou carriest them away as with a flood: they are as a sleep ——"

"Silly!" Marianne was whispering. "Of course he will. Tommy, come in here. I want to say something. I want ——"

"No," said Tommy, "not tonight. I've got to be going home."

"Silly," began Marianne. "You don't know what I want. If you did ——"

It was curious to realize that nothing mattered to Marianne. Not a thing that had happened had made an impression, and she would always be wanting while anything was left to want. Tommy's hat was on a high Italian chair. He stepped toward it.

"It might be something you wanted once, Tommy," ended Marianne.

Something very remarkable had happened. He no longer wanted anything the Jelletts had to give.

"Why, Marianne," he said, and laughed. Hubbard had appeared by then and was standing by the great front door. "All right, Hubbard. Good night, Marianne."

Always, no matter how carefully he considered, all his memories of that night were unconnected and grotesque, but behind them all was an elation which he could not quite define. There was a softness in the mist and a vigor in the wind which filled him with a deep, new strength, and all the while he was thinking. He was thinking the strangest thoughts.

They only came clear to him when he was at home, for he stopped at his house that night. He remembered he was standing in the dark front hall, with a match flickering in his hand. There was oil in the glass lamp on the table still, though it was thick and yellow. The wick hissed and spluttered in a most uneven way before the flame caught hold, and there was a pervading damp and musty smell, and mysterious creakings in the dark. Then, as the flame grew higher, he saw the dusty wall paper and the mirrors and the chairs, and at the same time he must have seen the rest. The dinginess did not depress him, nor the damp or cold, nor all the memories with it. He found himself staring into the mirror, and he could see his own shape in the dusty glass, with wide eyes and mouth.

"Do you know what?" he heard himself saying. "Do you know what?"

His own voice rang back at him through the stillness, but he was not surprised. At last a revelation was on him, for at last he knew exactly what he was thinking and why he felt so free. It was only what so many had endeavored to tell him all that while—his mother, his Aunt Sarah, old Mr. Danforth, and the rest—but until then he had never believed. All that while he had been struggling with an idea which at last was broken down—the most absurd idea, and yet the only one which had mattered in his life. For his struggle with that idea had led him where he stood, staring at the guttering lamp wick while the smoke curled up toward the ceiling.

And he knew what, just as surely as though a voice had told him from the dark. He had grown stronger and they had not. Yes, he had grown stronger every time he had hit the ground; and somehow everything that lay behind him seemed soft and bright, as though a kindly beam from that lamp had struck it. Of course no one was there to hear him, but, nevertheless, he spoke out loud, because in some way his speaking seemed a perfect vindication; and he always said that he could almost believe that he was speaking to something, though nothing was there at all but the silence and the damp.

"Do you know what?" said Tommy Michael, and his voice told of his own surprise. "I'm better than they are—that's what. And what's more, I have been better all the time."

And that was almost what he told Mary Street, but not quite that. She must have known he would come back that night. She must have been waiting for him and she must have heard his step, for she was in the yard to meet him. The street light was burning and a branch of an elm tree moved across it, making restless shadows, just as it had moved that other night when he came back from Warning Hill.

"Hello, Tom!" she said, and her voice was far away. And he saw her fingers playing with the edge of her dress. And then he saw her smile. That was what he remembered most clearly, because she very seldom smiled. "Aren't you going to tell me all about it, now you've got back home?"

He was back again from a far place which she had never seen.

"He wanted to marry you," said Tom.

"Yes?" Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Of course he did. Aren't you going to tell me anything more?"

"There isn't much more to tell," said Tom. But all at once he felt very much at peace, and happier than he had ever remembered feeling. The shadows were dancing between them quickly, merrily.

"Mary," he said. "Mary dear, I ——"

"Yes, Tom," she said.

"There isn't much more to tell, except —— Mary, I ought to have known it, but I wouldn't have if it hadn't been for you. You're better than the lot of them, Mary. You have been all the time."

(THE END)

THE ADMIRABLE OSWALD

(Continued from Page 21)

ain't up to you to testify against yourself, neither."

"Against myself!" exclaims Oswald. "Why, I did it for you."

"For me!" yawps Bull.

"Of course," says Thistledown. "Had I remained silent you'd have continued battling for an injustice. And certainly you wouldn't have cared to be in such a position."

"I'll pick my own positions," growls Grogan. "You're here to play ball, not to look after my morals. . . . Get up there and bat."

We've one on when Oswald goes to the plate. He takes a count of two and three, and then bangs a burner up against the right-field wall, scoring a run and planting himself on second.

"You got no luck at all today, have you?" I remarks to Bull.

"I'm not worrying," returns Grogan. "He'll fall down and break the dishes soon enough."

"I doubt it," says I. "The kid can catch and the kid can hit. I'm afraid he's going to curse you with what you need."

We score three runs in our half of the fourth, and in the fifth we knot the count with the Lizards. In the sixth we get a beautiful opportunity to take the lead. With men on second and third, Spud Mahoney comes to bat, and Spud's death and taxes for a single or a long outfield fly.

The first pitch he fouls out of the park. The second's a called strike. Figuring the pitcher'll now waste a couple, Mahoney's not quite set for the next heave. It's a low one on the outside—a trifle too far outside it seems to me. Spud starts a swing, but pulls it in time.

"Strike thruh!" barks the umps. "You're out!"

Mahoney hurls his bat to the ground and makes a savage spring at the blue coat. Graney, the Lizard catcher, jumps in between them. The mob pours in from the benches and the diamond, and in the excitement the Sox runner on third leaves the bag to cut in on the mêlée. Graney, who's holding the ball, slaps it on him and our side's retired.

That puts the rage in spades, but the umps is not to be bluffed. He orders Spud to the showers and gives Bull thirty seconds by his watch and chain to get his pay roll off the diamond and resume play. While Grogan and his journeymen are backing off the battlefield I happens to catch a flash of Oswald. He's leaning against the grand-stand barrier jotting down something in his pretty little notebook.

We lose the game seven to six, despite a couple of snappy doubles poled out by Thistledown, and it's a grouchy bunch I meets up with in the clubhouse. Mahoney's still there crabbing about the dirty deal the umps had hung on him, and getting plenty of sympathy, especially from his sand-lot side-kicker, Gil Martin.

"I got half a mind," growls Spud, "to lay for that blind crook outside and crowd his teeth down his throat."

There's a derisive laugh off in a corner and I pipes Oswald gazing contemptuously at the big outfielder. Mahoney's lips tighten white and he takes a threatening step forward.

"You giving me the bird, you ——"

"If that's what you call it," says Thistledown, getting lazily to his feet. "Your whining annoys me, especially since you haven't a whine coming. That third strike of Lacey's was perfectly good. He just made a sap out of you with a roundhouse curve that a blindfolded camp-fire girl could have banged out of the lot."

"He did, did he?" snarls Spud. "I'll break you in two, you ——"

"Go on," urges Martin. "Take him apart. Let's see what makes the fresh fathead tick."

"The idea of him hitting anybody amuses me," says Oswald. "A fellow that hasn't spunk enough to be a good sport hasn't got what it takes even to beat up his bedridden old mother. I don't believe there's a bite in a whole carload of either of you."

"No?" yelps Mahoney. "Well, chew on this!" He leaps at the rookie, swinging a wild right that'd have laid Thistledown like a rug had it landed. But it doesn't. In fact, it never even gets fully under sail. Without moving a step, Oswald thrusts Spud's arm aside and crashes his free fist into the big boy's chin, pivoting the full weight of his body into the wallop. Mahoney's head snaps back on his shoulder blades, his knees jackknife beneath him and he topples to the floor, face down. Rubbing his bruised knuckles with a silk wipe, Thistledown casts his kindly eyes about the clubhouse.

"Anyone else feel like killing an umpire?" he asks with a smile. "I'm batting for him today."

The sudden and unexpected knock-out of the toughest guy on the team leaves the boys too dazed for a comeback. As for Gil Martin, he's too busy trying to bring his pal back to life and its responsibilities to consider any outside propositions, no matter how inviting.

"What's going on here?" demands Bull, suddenly busting in from his office.

"Just a few easy steps in improving the tone of the club," returns Oswald lightly.

"You aiming to take a crack at everybody that hollers about a raw decision?" barks Grogan, after getting an earful of what the shooting's been about.

"Not exactly," says Thistledown, "but I am going to defend my interests."

"Your interests!" exclaims Bull.

"My interests," repeats Oswald. "I'm a unit in a team that has an excellent opportunity of winning the pennant and I'm investing my time and skill toward that end. Any player who gets himself thrown out of a game impairs the full strength of the Sox and my chances of sharing in the World's Series money. I reserve the right to take any steps that'll protect my prospects."

"Well, I'll be ——" gurgles Grogan.

(Continued on Page 173)

MILLIONS OF MOTORISTS THE WORLD OVER

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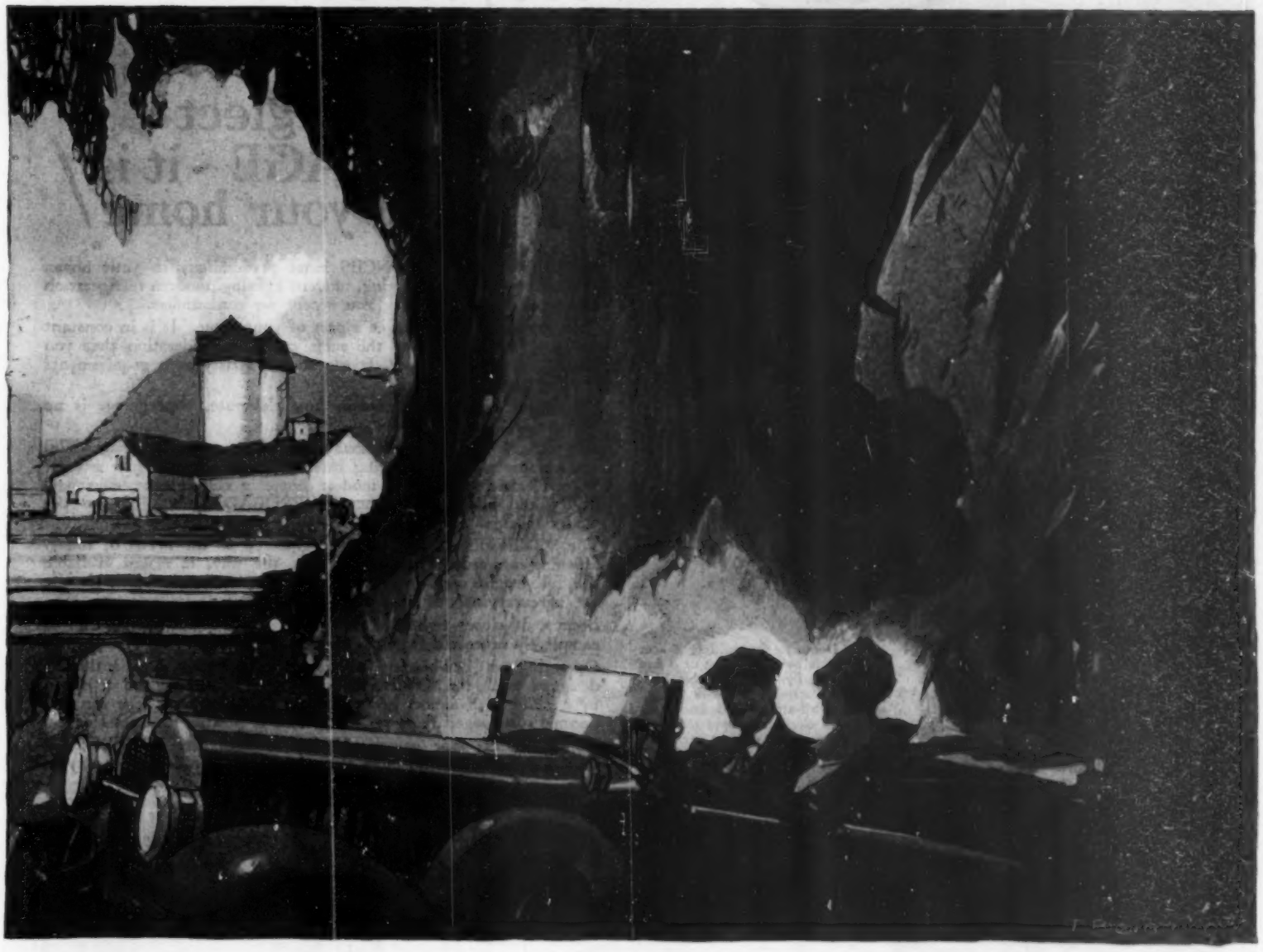

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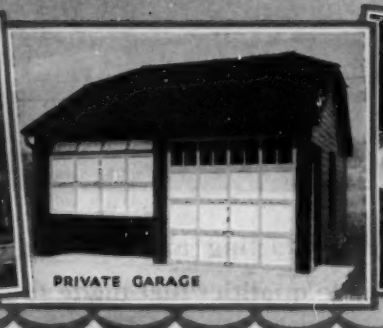

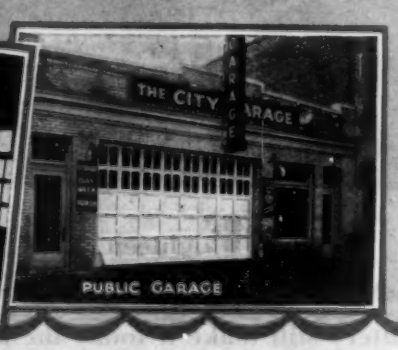

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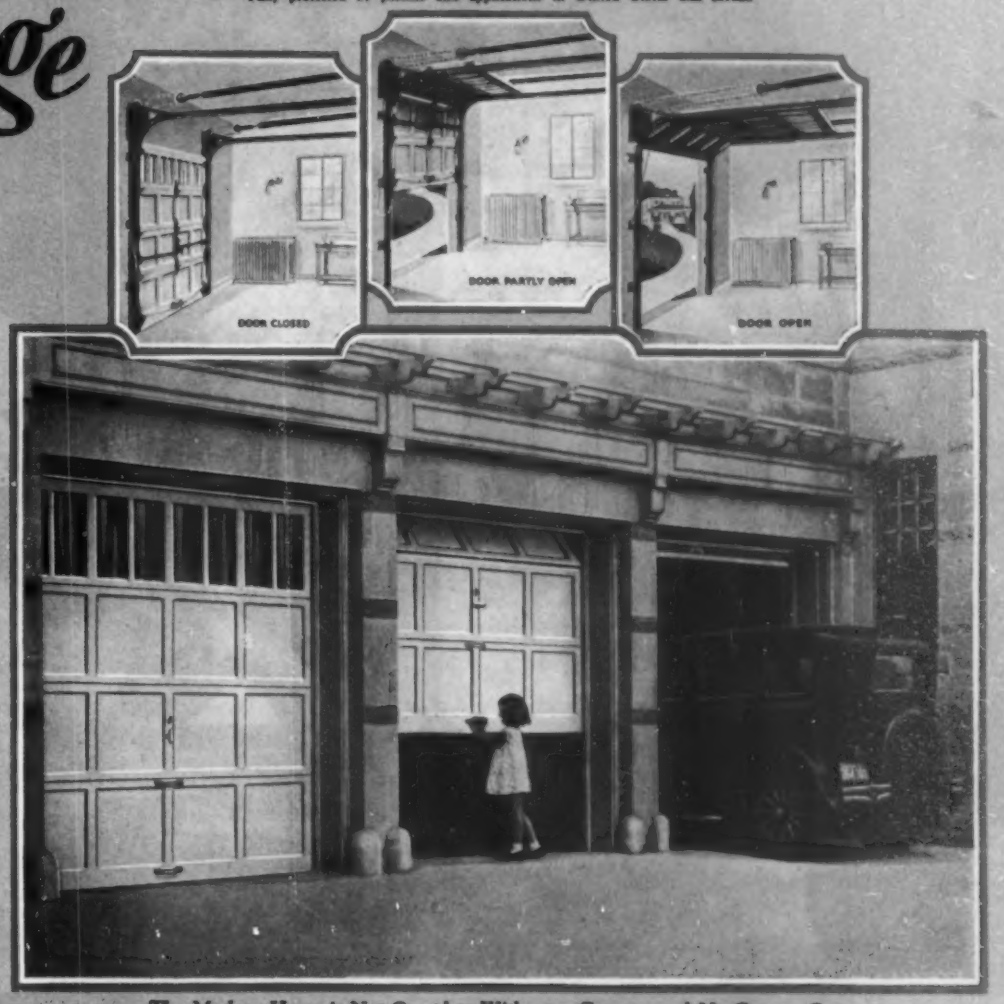

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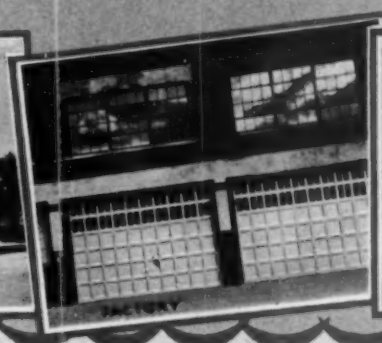

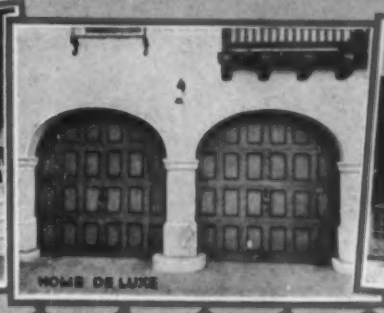

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(Continued from Page 168)

"Because of Mahoney," goes on Thistledown, "we lost a vital game this afternoon twice over. I'd have been up following his strike-out in the sixth and my double'd have scored the two men on instead of being wasted in the next inning. In the ninth Mahoney's sub killed us off by hitting into a double play, when a bunt would almost certainly have tied the count. Mahoney could have laid one down without any trouble. This is the eighth time," adds Oswald, referring to his notebook, "that he's been chased this year. I trust it'll be the last time."

"Have I the privilege," asks Bull, sarcastic, "of taking up matters with the umpires now and then?"

"Oh, yes," says Thistledown. "Your temporary absence from the team would be merely a social loss."

III

THE respect inspired by the lullaby he'd hung on Spud's chin and the bang-up brand of ball he produces soon brings the Sox to a friendly feeling for Oswald. Even Mahoney's wounded pride is salved once he learns it was not a casual cub who'd bumped him off but the intercollegiate welterweight champ. Personally I find him a likable kid.

Bull, however, remains a hold-out. Though he uses Thistledown regularly behind the plate, he can't get over the fact that the tail of his authority has been stepped on. The strange peacefulness that's come over the team also irritates him.

"All the snap's out of 'em," complains Grogan.

"Maybe it is," says I, "but it doesn't show in the lost-and-won column."

"It will, though," grumbles Bull. "It's not natural for birds like Martin and Mahoney and Fillmore to take everything handed 'em without a peep, and what ain't natural can't be so good. I was reading just the other day where the sucker analysts claim guys go cuckoo from suppressed desires."

"Perhaps they do," says I, "but I'll bet more guys go goofy satisfying 'em. Anyway, those lambs of yours are managing to suppress a desire for a poke in the puss without any ill effects. Oswald's got 'em so ——"

"Yeh," cuts in Bull with a scowl, "he's got 'em so now, but wait till the boys come out of it."

But they don't come out of it. The contrary's the case. I don't pretend to understand all the whys and wherefores, but as the weeks go by Thistledown develops an influence over his playmates that's little short of hypnotic. Probably it's the combined power of a punch and a pleasing personality. At any rate, he's got the toughest terriers in the Big Time feeding from his fingers like so many trained seals. They flutter about him on and off the field, hang on his words as if they were handlebars, and even copy his clothes.

"We're getting to look more like a chorus and less like a ball team every day," snorts Grogan on piping Shoeless Sam Fillmore attired in a cane and sponsoring cloth-topped kicks and pearl-gray socks among other sartorial effects. Two years before, I'd dug him out of a section of the canebrakes where they sew themselves in for the winter and where the only socks ever heard of are the kind you take on the jaw.

"Get out of my park," yelps Bull, "and don't dare show up here again without an orchid."

"What's the idea, Sam?" I asks. "Getting married or buried?"

"How do I strike you?" grins Fillmore.

"In a heap," says I. "You look so gilt-edged I could clip coupons off of you. Where's the tea?"

"Tea?" echoes Sam. "What tea?"

"I don't know," I returns, "but you're all laid out and embalmed for one, aren't you?"

"Naw," says the big oaf. "If I was going to a tea I'd be wearing an English walking suit and a silk hat."

"Would you have shoes on," inquires Grogan, "or not?"

"You can't joke me no more," declares Fillmore. "I got too much confidence in myself now. Thistledown told me swell clothes'd give me a lot, and believe me ——"

"You can stand a hodful of it," interrupts Bull. "If you'd had some the other day you might not have whiffed with the bags loaded."

"It wasn't my fault," protests Sam. "That last strike Joyce called on me almost hit the pan, it was that low."

"I didn't hear you doing any hollering," says Grogan.

"Why should I holler?" comes back Fillmore. "Everybody makes mistakes. That's why they put rubber mats under cuspidors. Anyhow, it works out all even in a season. I guess the umps call as many good ones balls as they do bad ones strikes. According to Oz ——"

"Never mind Oz," barks Bull. "You can listen to him when it comes to what the well-dressed bum'll wear at dog fights this fall, but I'm the only 'according to' in these parts when you're playing ball."

"Sure," says Sam, "but you wouldn't want me to do nothing that'd get me kicked out of the game, would you? It wouldn't be fair to the fans."

"The fans!" gasps Grogan. "Where do they cut in on the argument?"

"Leave me out," returns Fillmore, "and take another good player like Babe Ruth, for example. Folks fork up plenty jack to see him in nine innings of baseball. If he gets himself chased in the second, ain't he robbing the cash customers out of seven innings? Suppose Barrymore or Rin-tin-tin walked off the stage in the middle of the first act ——"

"Judas H. Priest!" bellows Bull. "Are you comparing yourself to the Babe?"

"Why not?" shrugs Sam. "Everybody says we stand alike at the plate, and Oz claims ——"

"Out of my sight," snarls Grogan, "before I bounce a bat off you."

"Shoeless certainly has the gospel according to St. Oswald down pat," I remarks when the swamp angel beats it. "All the boys have. Mahoney pulled the same line on me the other day."

"The way they listen to that rah," growls Bull, "you'd think he was a Moses just come down from Mt. Sinus."

"Even so," says I, "you got nothing to get hot and bothered about. The Sox are behaving, Tabor's happy, and we're dancing merrily about the pennant pole."

"Yeh," mutters Grogan, "but it ain't natural. Even the umpires are getting all upset."

"What's the matter with them?" I asks. "Are they missing their rations of rough stuff?"

"Sort of," returns Bull. "I was talking to Bill Joyce yesterday and he has the idea he's being given some kind of a silent razz. It's making him peevish. You know how it is."

"I know," says I. "Mrs. Mulcahy's feeling low because her Saturday-night beating's been overlooked. You tell Joyce he'll have to make the best of it—that we can't afford to jeopardize Thistledown's pennant prospects."

IV

WE START out on our last swing around the circle practically on even terms with the leading Lizards, but what's left of our schedule's so much easier than theirs we figure to be Sitting Bull's daughter, Sitting Pretty. The boys are hitting, the pitchers are delivering and everybody's hopped up with high hopes except Grogan, who never counts his chickens until they've crossed the road and been locked in the henhouse.

"I've seen apple carts upset nearer home than this," says he, and I sort of get the idea there are a lot of things that'd make him happier than a rag on our flagpole.

We open on the road with the eighth-place Badgers, a set-up if there ever was one, especially with Lefty Doane, our ace heaver, in the box, but the set-up sets us down six-three. A weird one pulled by Bill Joyce, who's been assigned for our sins to loop the loop with us, contributes largely to the result.

In the seventh inning, with two down and a three-two roll call on the Badger batter, Lefty uncorks a fade-away that breaks a couple of feet from the plate and cuts it in two, belt high. Anyway that's the way it looked from where I stood in back of the pan.

"Four balls!" snaps the umpire.

Even the Badger's surprised. He hesitates a bit and then ambles off to first, forcing in a run. With all of Oswald's training, this is too much for Doane. He slaps his glove to the ground and starts for the plate, but he doesn't get far. Thistledown meets him halfway, gently turns him around, and on a whispered word Lefty shambles back to the box.

In the meantime, however, Bull's come up with a rush and a roar, and Joyce is hearing things about his eyesight and his general defectiveness that'd put the umps in a home for blind morons if they were only one-tenth true. Affairs are reaching a crisis when Oswald returns and deals himself a hand.

"Now, chief," says he, "you may be right, but it's Joyce's honest judgment——"

"Who asked you?" cuts in the umps, turning savagely on Thistledown. "I don't need no rookies to O. K. nothing I do."

"But," stammers Oswald, "I was only trying to ——"

"Never mind what you were trying," snarls Joyce. "Any more sarcasm out of you and I'll throw you out of the game so fast you'll have to send back for your shoes. If you got anything to say, why don't you spill it right out, instead of pulling that soft, sneaky stuff like you been doing?"

Thistledown shrugs and walks away. In a few seconds Bull follows and the game's resumed, but we're through for the day. The forced-in run's taken all the starch out of Doane, whose control is a byword in the league. He's pounded to every corner of the lot in the remainder of the seventh inning, and before he's yanked in the eighth he's walked more men than Coxey led to Washington.

"We'll get that kind of a dirty deal right along now," predicts Grogan after the game. "Who ever heard of an umpire giving a sucker an even break? And that's what we are now—a bunch of suckers. They'll call 'em on us with their eyes shut the rest of the season. That's what Thistledown ——"

"Maybe," I suggests with a grin, "he won't be so hot for peace at any price after that load of hot tar Joyce handed him."

"Oh, yes, he will," comes back Bull. "He isn't taking any chances with those prospects of his. The funny part is the sap doesn't even savvy he's getting us in Dutch with the umps. Like I told you, guys like Bill ain't used to soft soap and ——"

"It'll work out all right," I interrupts. "After all, what'd it have got us if Lefty had taken a poke at Joyce and been set down for a week or so? Where'd your pennant be then?"

"Well," he growls, "my pride's worth more to me than a pennant. I'd rather be last than a laugh."

That evening a bunch of us are gassing in the lobby of the hotel when Dan Craven, an old sport writer, drifts into our midst.

"What's happened to you birds?" he asks.

"How do you mean?" I comes back.

"If Joyce'd walked that Lizzie a couple of months ago," says Dan, "it'd have taken the police, the fire department and a couple of regiments of light horse to bust up the riot. That deal today was the rawest I ever did see, but you fellers took it like ——"

"—— gentlemen," finishes Spud Mahoney. "Why shouldn't we? I guess that was a strike, but everybody makes mistakes. That's why they put rubber mats ——"

"Sure," horns in Shoeless Sam Fillmore. "Besides, ain't an umpire in a better spot to see a play than anybody else? Nix on

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scraps. The fans plank up their dough to see a ball game, not to hear a lot of barrelhouse beefing. Suppose Babe Ruth was to ——"

"You said it, boy," cuts in Gil Martin. "The umps do the best they can and you newspaper guys ought to lay off 'em. Would you like some bozo off on the sidelines to tell you how to run your sport page and take a poke at you every time you got a guy's batting average wrong?"

"Am I being kidded?" demands Craven.

"Not any," returns Fillmore. "We just had it figured out for us where we kicked ourselves out of a pennant last year and where we were giving the umps and the fans a dirty deal, and this season we're acting according. . . . Say, where's there a good place in this burg to get a manicure?"

Dan sticks around with us long enough to get the whole inside of the Sox' reform, and the next day the razzing Bull's been afraid of starts in Craven's rag. It's picked up by the other sport sheets and in a week we're the heaviest-lampooned layout in the country. Kidding yarns about us are so thick they crowd the love nests out of the tabloids.

There are cartoons of the Sox taking tea between innings, sappy interviews with Sam Fillmore and others on the new baseball ethics, pieces praising Thistledown and such other hoop-la as is calculated to make Grogan froth at the mouth. And what it is calculated to do, it does.

"I'll be laughed out of baseball," rages Bull. "Did you see where Dan Craven calls me Goody-Goody Grogan? I got half a mind to stage a couple of rows with the umps just to show them fresh sport writers that ——"

"Better not," I advises. "Oswald might bounce the same bunch of fives off your chin that he bounced off of Spud Mahoney's. That boy's going to let nothing crab his pennant prospects—not even you. And the worst of it is he'll have young Tabor with him."

"I'll kick that rah of his off the team if it's the last thing I do," yells Bull.

There's little danger of him doing anything of the sort, for the simple reason that Thistledown's the only catcher we have. Holt's laid up with the flu and Davis' busted finger's in such shape it'd be suicide to put him in back of the plate.

Despite the kidding the Sox play bang-up ball. Joyce gives us the benefit of very few doubts, but base hits are base hits no matter who's umpiring, and we get plenty of 'em all around the circuit. We reach the Lizards' park all even for first place and with a five-game series to finish up the season.

Doane bags the first with a shut-out, but we drop the second and third on some dumb base running and weak sticking in the pinches. Again Lefty climbs into the breach and we cop the fourth.

The fifth and deciding mêlée develops into a pitchers' battle, despite the fact that neither team's so hot in the box from the standpoint of past performances. For seven innings not a man gets beyond second.

In the eighth we do our stuff. Mahoney, the first lad up, walks on four successive wide ones. Oswald singles through short and goes to second on a low throw to nip Spud at third. Two on and none out. Martin, batting for the pitcher, dims the beauty of the prospect a bit by fanning, but Fillmore cracks a curve against the leftfield wall for a double, scoring Mahoney and Oswald. Sam's left on second when the next two Sox flivver, but a pair of runs at that stage of the proceedings is not to be sniffed at. The Lizzies can do nothing in their half of the inning, nor does our part of the ninth add further to the count.

"Well," I remarks to Thistledown, as the opposish comes in for its last fling at the flag, "seems like you're going to cash in on your prospects."

"Thus justifying my system," returns Oswald happily. "Know where we'd be today if we'd had as many men chased this season as last? I figured it out this morning. In third place."

"That so?" says I. "I guess peace does pay."

"Always," says he.

Gregory, now in the box for us, whiffs the first Lizard on four pitched balls. McComas, the bird over whom Thistledown and Grogan had had their initial run-in, is up next. He scans a couple of bad ones, fouls off another pair and then singles to short right. That appearing to be an idea not without merit, the third batter does the same thing. A walk follows and the bags are populated thicker than Belgium. In a flash our sure thing's been changed into a grave doubt.

Gregory's yanked and Dawson, a southpaw, is sent in to pitch to Bill Hannegan, the most dangerous sticker the Lizards have. Bill whales away at the first heave, but it's a weak fly to left that's easily trapped. Much to my surprise, McComas leaves third after the catch and heads hellbent for home, a sucker gamble under the circumstances. I quits breathing as Oswald sets himself to take the throw-in, but he snags the ball nicely and meets the runner's slide with it. Up in the air goes my cap. It's all over but the ——

"Safe!" waves Joyce.

I'm stunned, but in a second or two I'm out of it and heading the angry mob from the bench to the plate. Oswald's talking to the umps when I get there, and so are several others, but I grabs off an earful of the youngster's chatter.

"You're mistaken, Mr. Umpire," says he quietly. "I tagged him at least a yard from the plate. Didn't I?" he appeals to McComas.

"Naw," growls the Lizard. "You missed me a mile."

"The runner's safe," snaps Joyce, "and that's all there is to it. Play ball!"

"But I tell you he's out," insists Thistledown, with the first show of heat I'd ever seen him display. "Doesn't my reputation mean ——"

"Pipe down, Oz," horns in Spud Mahoney. "Bill's just made an honest mistake and ——"

"Sure," says Sam Fillmore. "Everybody makes 'em. That's why they put rubber ——"

"What do I care about your reputation?" yelps the umpire. "You know as well as I do you didn't tag him. You're just ——"

"I think," cuts in Oswald, gazing steadily into Joyce's eyes, "that you're a dirty crook and an incompetent ass. See if there's any question about this tagging you."

He draws back that deadly right of his, but Spud jumps in with a rush and blocks it. "Nix," he pleads. "Wanna get yourself chased? Forget it. They've got two down and only one in."

"Yeh," says I, "and we haven't any other catchers."

"Nobody can call me a liar!" blazes Thistledown, and tearing himself free of Mahoney, he plants his fist into Joyce's chin. The umps staggers under the wallop, but manages to keep his balance.

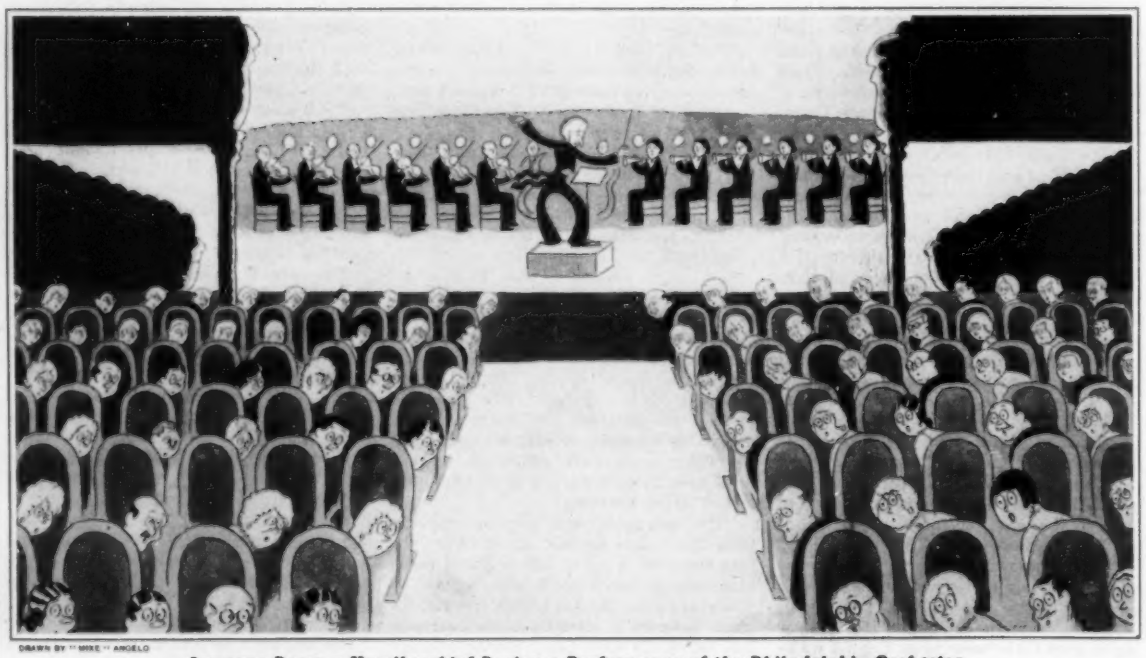
"Out of the game!" he howls.

It takes three of us to get the raging rah away from the plate in time to save a forfeiture. After things calm down a little, Bull sends in an outfielder to finish the game in back of the pan. That baby muffs a third strike—something Oswald wouldn't have done in a thousand years—gums up a throw on the ball's recovery, and the two Lizards, who'd advanced on the first score, cross the platter. We're licked, three-two.

"You certainly took your prospects for a nice ride," says I to Thistledown a bit later. "Kicked yourself out of the game and out of the pennant. Why the ——"

"The rotten crook," mutters Oswald. "I'll get him outside and crowd his teeth down his lying throat."

There's a derisive laugh—from Spud Mahoney. And Bull Grogan smiles.



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SAPPHIC ODE

(Continued from Page 17)

"Impossible boy!" said the old lady, highly pleased. "You mustn't flirt with me. Tck, tck"—Charlie was kissing her transparent hand in farewell—"do you want to dazzle me with all these flourishes you learn in that wicked, gay world of yours?"

Charlie hailed a taxi and drove to Cléo's apartment. He had promised to take her down to the opera house, as was often his custom on the days she sang.

Her car was before the door when he arrived and she was already in the lobby, pacing back and forth like a panther behind bars. Her eyes flashed blue fire at him through the white veil which she always wore when going to work.

"You're late!" she hissed. "I don't need you!"

"Rubbish!" said Charlie. "Just because you choose to be early doesn't make me late!"

They went out to the car together, and he remarked a new chauffeur, but the maid, Germaine, was already inside with the costume bags and wig box. Good old Germaine. She had stayed for two months with Cléo now; although he knew that she wanted to go.

"*Bon jour, petit chou!*" Charlie said as he climbed in, and she giggled appreciatively.

The tragic muse beside him, however, gave no sign, but settled back in her corner and drew her sables up to her eyes. As they entered the park the lights of the Plaza towers shone ravishingly through the purple dusk. Cléo always loved them and Charlie waved a fat hand toward them encouragingly.

"Look, my love!"

"I can see them without your help!"

"Br-r-r, how cross we are!"

"No, I will not have you say that! Oh, if you only knew what has happened, you would be sorry for me. And by the way, tell that old lady friend of yours that I cannot dine tomorrow."

Charlie knew better than to argue. He cast an interrogative glance at Germaine, who slightly narrowed her eyes and gave a suspicion of a shrug. So, there was something really the matter!

"Come, come, *cara;* brace up!" he said to Cléo. "You are on your way to sing Tosca; a rôle you enjoy."

"Pfah! What is Tosca? Nothing, I tell you!"

"What do you mean—nothing?"

Cléo sat up suddenly and put back her veil. Her eyes were still snapping. "Charlie, it is outrageous. Mattbender will sing the Isolde here!"

Charlie whistled. "You don't say! When?"

"For her première in a fortnight. And she can have all the rest if she wants them!" Her breath caught, her hand flew to her throat.

"Now, darling, don't talk. You haven't got the part exclusively in your contract, you know. And why worry? Mattbender is fat and wooden—a fine Isolde she'll make!"

"But she can sing, Charlie; she sings like an angel! Did I ever tell you what I did for her when she first came over? Why, she was nobody! And now she insults me every chance she gets!"

"You've told me many times, and you mustn't talk, I say, in this cold air. Why, the biggest favor the woman can do you is to sing one of your rôles, the poor, misguided wretch!"

They were turning out of Seventh Avenue at the opera. "I'll show you they can't walk over me like this; you'll see!" she replied cryptically as she stepped to the curb. She paused there a moment, to the ecstatic delight of some passing flappers. "And maybe I'll come to your dinner after all, Charlie," she called gayly, forgetting her throat. "That man Godfrey Boone can be useful!"

Charlie stopped for her after the performance, but Germaine reported that she was closeted with the director himself, and that her voice sounded angry. "I won't wait, then," he decided wisely, but in consequence he was nervous all the next day. He had agreed to be at the Folwells' early to help support his hostess' trepidation, but he telephoned the Hanni apartment at 5:30 to make sure that she was still intending to go.

He got the new secretary on the wire. "Yes, indeed," she said crisply. "She's beginning to dress at six."

"Have you an idea in what?"

"Should I tell you?"

"Certainly," said Charlie.

"Madame is wearing gold, with topaz jewelry."

"Ah!" said Charlie, and mopped his brow.

Before even the fish course was brought in Charlie feared that the evening was ruined. He had to admit that Cléo was behaving outrageously, and he could see that she was nervous and for some reason not sure of herself—overeager. She covered her water glass with her palm when the waitress came to fill it, so that bits of ice skated across the table, and she chose a moment of general silence to lean in front of little Mr. Stevens and address her hostess concerning the mushroom soup which had just been placed before her.

"I must show you how to make this much better," she said amiably, as one doing a great kindness. "All it needs is a tablespoon of sherry and a little temperament." She considered it thoughtfully, sadly, ate a little, and pushed it away.

"*Pass 'mal auf!*" she called sharply to Charlie a moment later, having just experimented with a bit of her sole. "There are bones!"

"Oh, I'm sure not," quavered poor Mrs. Folwell. "Daisy is usually so careful!"

"Yes," said Cléo, laying down her fork, "there are bones!" She put her hand to her throat. "I have to be a little fussy," she told the wildly staring Godfrey.

It was much worse, however, when the braised duck and wild rice appeared—a dish she particularly fancied. "But this is marvelous!" she cried happily, flinging herself heart and soul into a thorough appreciation of the food. She bent her head and for a while conversation flowed peacefully on without her. When she looked up at last, she smiled at Mrs. Folwell.

"I don't dare ask for more," she said deprecatingly, as if the omission were a breach of etiquette, "but I'm sure that Mr. Boone—you want some more, don't you? It's excellent!"

She turned to Godfrey, but he was no longer off his guard. He bowed. "I was just hoping it might be passed again," he agreed in even tones.

"Sensible man!" cried Cléo, and when the dish was brought him she relented. "I believe you may put just a little slice on my plate, after all," she whispered like a naughty child.

Boone helped her with deft and courteous hands, and together they plunged into a discussion of the Tour d'Argent ducks in Paris.

Across the way Lucia Crane, with tight lips, made a pretense of listening to Charlie, who conversed somewhat frantically into her right ear, but her well-bred eyes found themselves constantly desiring to stare with chill antagonism at the golden, preposterous creature beside Godfrey. To her utter amazement, he seemed to be enjoying himself, and yet she had noticed the sudden stiffness and patent resentment which he had been at some pains to conceal on first perceiving his fellow guest.

Lucia was really a nice girl, and although she was late in becoming engaged, she knew that Godfrey was well worth waiting for. She was very happy that winter; so that she consented to pay a little attention to clothes and was almost smart as well as patrician in appearance. She habitually matched her natural intelligence with a gracious and sympathetic manner, upon which there was newly resting a softer, winsome bloom. Her entire circle of friends and his approved the match, and they were planning to be married in Easter week.

Charlie had just finished a description of the Alps from Mottarone and was attacking his soufflé, when she reached the end of her endurance. Since the second plate of duck, Cléo and Godfrey had been entirely engrossed.

"Tell me, Mr. Duke," Lucia asked, "must one take them at their own valuation to be their friend?"

"Er—what's that?" Charlie stammered. "Ah, yes, you mean the singers? In a sense, yes. Now there was Plançon, for example. You don't remember Plançon, of course."

Lucia was glad to respond that she did not. She was examining Hanni covertly. Astonishing hair—it couldn't be natural, and yet it suited her so perfectly. She was younger than Lucia had supposed—not a trace of the forties about her chin yet. Just under Godfrey's age, she conjectured. Certainly the woman was exquisite, beautifully groomed; nothing blatant except those thickly darkened lashes. And the gown! The dress of a lady, but simply screaming Paris. The topaz earrings and bracelets—they, of course, were sheer genius. How Lucia hated her!

Mrs. Folwell gave the signal just then to withdraw, and Lucia rose dutifully and went to offer the old lady her arm. Mrs. Stevens fluttered from her chair and fell in behind them, but Cléo made no move. Seeing the ladies departing and the maid arriving with cigars, she gave a cry of dismay.

"Do you really want to smoke one of those vile things?" she asked Godfrey. "I've no desire to go and play puss-puss with those women. Let's find a corner somewhere and I'll tell you the most amusing thing about Richard Strauss."

Godfrey bowed. "I should be enchanted," he said, although he had not failed to observe Lucia's scorn.

"There's a hearth fire in Elsie's sitting room," suggested Charlie, indicating a door through the hall. The maid went ahead of them and turned up the lamp.

"Oh, now this is *gemüthlich!*" cried Cléo, settling down among the lace pillows on the sofa. "It reminds me of Vienna. Ah, there you must come to see me, Mr. Godfrey Boone! There I can show you something! Color, romance, leisure to think and to live. What a pity—what a pity, that I have not known you before!"

At ten o'clock Mrs. Folwell appeared in the doorway and made a clucking noise. "What are you talking about—you two? Of course I know it would be over the heads of poor amateurs like the rest of us, but we'd like just a glimpse of the famous lady, Godfrey, so don't be selfish. Besides," she added pointedly, "there's a brand-new piano in the other room, just waiting."

Charlie, who was supporting his hostess' arm, pinched her suddenly with such ferocity that she screamed. Cléo stood up and narrowed her lids. So outraged was she at this hint that, fortunately, she found no words. She began to quiver like a trapped animal, and Charlie felt a desire to run. He knew only too well the storm signals. Godfrey stepped in, however, as promptly as if he had saved situations of this sort all his life.

"Cousin Elsie," he said, "I promise faithfully to come over and try that piano for you later this very week. I should be much too embarrassed tonight. I'm sure you'll excuse me."

"But I didn't mean ——" began Mrs. Folwell, greedy little eyes still upon her illustrious guest.

(Continued on Page 178)

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(Continued from Page 176)

"Of course you didn't," he interrupted firmly. "Would Saturday at teatime do?"

Cléo turned upon him a grateful look, half admiration, half dismay. Charlie knew what she was thinking: How dreadful to live in a world where one had to dodge and beat about with so much care. Out of sheer perversity she was suddenly seized by a capricious idea. "Come," she said to Godfrey, "you have never heard me sing *Lieder*. I think you may like to."

She swept past Mrs. Folwell and the others as if they did not exist, straight to the new piano in the formal parlor. A large bronze Venus of Melos, rising from a sea of red-velvet waves, stood upon it, flanked by a vase of roses, a portrait of the Folwell grandchildren, and a full-sized violin of ornate *faïence* porcelain. Cléo thrust the Venus into Godfrey's astonished arms; the roses and the rest she removed indignantly to the floor.

"Fancy insulting a fine instrument this way!" she cried. Then, sitting down, she ran her fingers dreamily over the keys for a moment, her head thrown back, her eyes veiled. In a soft, infinitely seductive and emotional half voice, she began to sing Die Sapphische Ode, that *Lied* of Brahms which, above all others, is illumined by the pale witch fires of romantic sentiment:

"Rosen brach ich Nachts mir am dunklen
Hage;
Süsser hauchten Duft sie, als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Aeste,
Tau, der mich nässte!"

She sang the second verse in English, with just the ghost of a smile for the inadequacies of translation:

"So thy kisses' fragrance has caught and held
me,
Kisses caught by night from thy lips' red
blossom,
Tho' from eyes with deep emotion glowing,
Tears were flowing."

Boone leaned upon the piano for a moment or two, feeling, to his intense chagrin, a lively quickening of his pulse, a strange tingling of his eyeballs. He knew that he had rarely been so moved by so simple a raid upon his susceptibilities, and wondered, with swift panic, how reliable were the defenses of maturity. When he was eighteen he had walked the floor all night after hearing his first Tristan, but that was twenty years ago. Deliberately he drew away his gaze and compelled himself to go and sit beside Lucia, whose stricken face smote him through the mists of his absorption.

Somehow the evening ended quickly after that; Hanni did not sing again. Drooping her golden head above the keys, she sighed deeply. "Cléo is tired now," she said. "Charlie take her home?"

Everyone rose. The Stevenses fluttered away like leaves. Charlie Duke enveloped his charge in her sables, called her car. She kissed Mrs. Folwell's cheek. "A nice dinner," she murmured, "but don't forget the sherry in the soup!" To Lucia she merely held out her hand, but to Godfrey she said, with slow emphasis, the one word, "*Vorspiel*," and pulled down her veil.

Vorspiel—prelude—the hint of greater things to come! Godfrey Boone mused upon this with a strange sense of perturbation as he sat beside Lucia in the taxi and held her cold, slender hand in his. He had hardly noticed her silence until she spoke.

"Dearest," she said, "you are certainly the politest man alive. I'm sure that Hanni thought you positively *épris*. Oh, what a dreadful party!"

Godfrey turned and looked at her sharply. Was she miraculously clever or merely blind? The former, of course. What a perfect wife she would be to him! Her attitude, however, compelled him to some measure of honesty.

"If so she was right to a certain extent," he declared. "I considered her charming."

Then Lucia, too, became suddenly truthful. "Oh, Godfrey," she cried almost shrilly, "you couldn't! You, with your fastidious regard for the niceties of life. Why, she has the table manners of a peasant!"

"For once, my dear, you are wrong in your estimate," Godfrey told her. "Madame Hanni knows as well as you do what is what—no matter where or how lately she may have acquired the knowledge. She has merely decided to discard what she considers nonessential and insincere. I like her point of view—it is extremely refreshing."

"Extremely rude, I should say. She was abominable to your cousin Elsie. Did you hear her criticize the soup?"

"My dear Lucia, can't you see that she was only trying to be friendly and helpful? I admit it's not our way; it's even funny, if you like, but she meant so well."

"Meant well! Godfrey, really! Well, then, she's stupid—that's all one can say. As a matter of fact, I didn't hear her say one intelligent thing all evening."

"On the contrary"—Godfrey was surprised himself, at the way he was flying to Cléo's defense—"on the contrary, the woman is extremely intelligent. Illogical perhaps, but very keen, and the most perfect cosmopolitan I ever met. Well, of course, it shows in her work. One might have known."

Lucia was glad when they reached her street, that this ordeal was over. She felt herself getting out of hand; in fact, she could not resist a parting feline dig.

"Good notices in the Globe for Hanni are assured, I perceive. Of course, that was what she wanted. What an easy victory! . . . Good night, my dear. Don't trouble to come in with me!"

"Good notices are assured her by her art!" he retaliated, and felt thoroughly in the wrong. It was as near a quarrel as he had ever come with Lucia. He started after her, but the door closed firmly. Yes, after all, an easy victory! He called himself all kinds of an ass as he walked home that night, trying to beat out of his brain with the exertion of rapid physical motion that picture of a golden head bent above the piano keys, the subtle voice in his ear of the Sapphic Ode:

". . . . through the laden branches moving
above me,
Dewdrops falling.
So thy kisses' fragrance has caught and. . ."

Oh, what rot!

But the effort was vain. He turned eventually toward the office for relief, and found Painter in a great stew over a news item just out in the first edition of a rival sheet. Felicie Mattbender was to make her season's debut as Isolde before Christmas!

"I'd like to know where the leak is!" Painter raged, running his hands through his hair. "If they beat us to another item, I'm going to accuse the opera company of rank favoritism!"

Boone smiled urbanely and gathered up the proofs of his Sunday article to correct, but he felt warm and uncomfortable. His opinion of himself was professionally zero; Cléo had told him that bit of news at dinner. He could have telephoned it and saved Painter this humiliation! He lost himself in his work for an hour, perhaps, but when he got to bed at three, with the milk cart banging bottles all along his block, he had not forgotten a single flicker of Cléo Hanni's eyelashes, a gesture of her long white fingers.

At four o'clock the next afternoon he was indignant and somewhat contemptuous to find himself, with a collection of old Italian songs under his arm, on his way to see her. She had suggested this, but he had never meant to go. Well, to be frank, he had feared all along that he might. It was almost a relief when Germaine, answering his ring, told him that madame was out.

"But monsieur can easily find her, madame say. See"—she urged him politely to

(Continued on Page 181)

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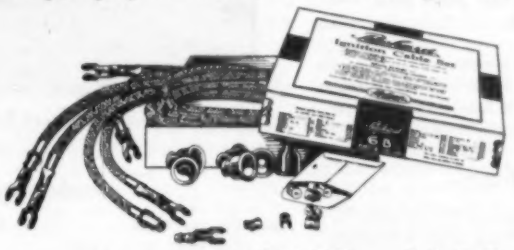

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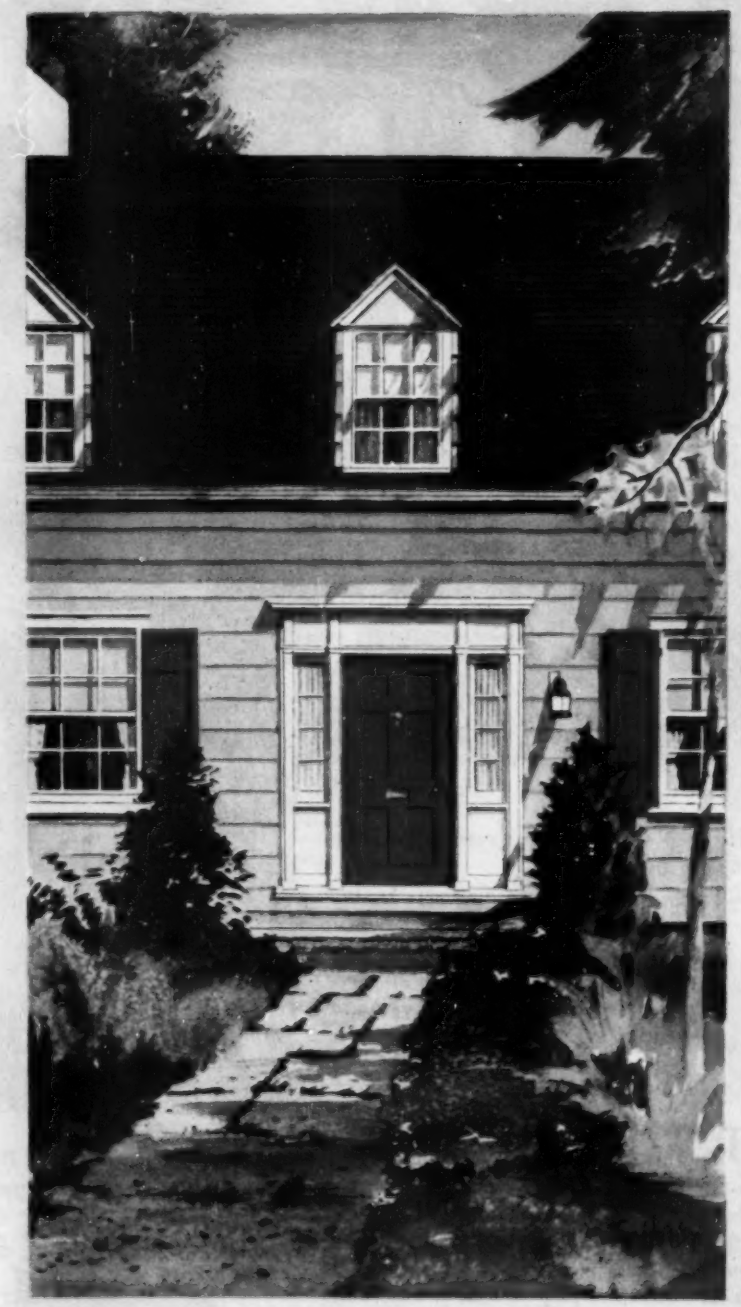

W. S. Stair house, Bellerose, Long Island. Color scheme by Lewis E. Welsh, architect.

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the window, whence there was a glimpse of the park trees—"down zair, beside ze little *lac*."

"I'm sorry, but I must get to my office," he told the maid. "I'll just leave this music for her. Please present my compliments and my good wishes for tomorrow's performance."

He intended to go directly to the Subway, with such unforeseen escape miraculously offered, but his feet carried him straight across the avenue into the park. She was there, not far away, in a dark-green coat and hat, with grayish furs, leading her Pomeranian, Fafner, upon a leash.

She smiled gayly under the immoderately low visor of her hat when he joined her. Her cheeks were pink; she looked very young and full of vitality. He saw with pleasure that she walked with wide and rhythmic steps, even as on the stage.

"Ah, the glorious air!" she cried, drawing deep breaths. "It is life to me—this park. I walk here every day at this time; I like to watch those big white clouds; they remind me of the snow mountains. Do you know, Mr. Boone, what we think of when we sing the great rôles? The Alpine peaks—those heights of everlasting ice. Have you seen them?"

"Ah, have I?" ejaculated Godfrey. "I make yearly pilgrimages!"

"Yes, Valhalla!" she agreed.

They turned up together toward the reservoir. "Never downtown, because of the zoo," she explained. "Darling animals, always so bewildered and so dignified in their cages, and so honest. Not like us humans."

"Fancy your adoring mountains and animals," said Godfrey, falling into step beside her. "Do you know, Madame Hanni, you are, in fact, exactly as you should be."

"*Dio mio!*" cried Hanni. "What an accusation!"

"But I assure you, the popular conception—the fictional prima donna, she of the thousand lovers and the late suppers—must be an invention of the tabloids."

Hanni paused and faced him. "Well, after all, Mr. Godfrey Boone, you know very little about me, don't you? You are very clever, but you are guessing."

"Heavens, you don't want those other things believed, do you?"

Cléo laughed heartily. "My dear man, I long ago ceased to care about anything at all but my work."

"Ha, I knew it! There you are! You see, I'm right!"

"And if it interests you, I lead the life of a nun. One can't think and have lovers, too, you know. Well, it doesn't interest me. It's merely the price one pays."

Godfrey felt sorry for her, inexplicably—or perhaps it was because she so obviously expected it. It seemed suddenly to be his responsibility, his burden—this tragedy of her work-ridden existence.

"And as you, who are so sympathetic, can well believe, I am very lonely."

Godfrey felt his foolish heart torn in his bosom. "Of course you are—of course. Mountain peaks are lonely places. I know!"

Perhaps he shouldn't have said that last; it implied almost too much. Where was his cherished reticence suddenly gone?

"Do you, also?" cried Cléo, pausing again and laying a hand upon his arm. "*Na, Gott sei Dank*, there seems to be another human being in this terrible city after all! Let us go back quickly together now. It is late. Heh, Fafner, *du Schmuztfinck!*"

She stooped down and released the little dog, pulling a ball from her pocket and tossing it lightly into some bushes. As the tiny creature scampered joyously off, she turned, faced the sinking sun and threw back her head. Looking straight into Godfrey's eyes, she smiled, slowly, enigmatically.

Had a mirror been offered then to reflect for Godfrey his own answering smile and his outstretched hand, he would surely have gone away and shot himself.

But instead, around the edge of the bushes wherein Fafner rooted came a tall girl, pink-nosed, a little wind-blown and set of face, as one who walks from resolve rather than delight.

"Lucia!" cried Godfrey quite idiotically, as he dropped Cleo's hand.

"Why, hello, old thing! How are you, Madame Hanni?"

"Oh, Lucia, you blessed aristocrat; that's poise for you," thought Godfrey.

"I'm tearing right along, if you don't mind," Lucia added, scarcely slackening her pace, "because I'm late to mother's tea."

Cléo stared after her. "Ah, *Dio*, she has a mother! Just think how happy she must be," she said, as if to herself. "Mine died last year, you know, one night while I was singing Venus. They wouldn't even tell me. So I, too, got there too late." She added under her breath: "Poor, poor mamma! Hers was not a tea party."

Boone, now rapidly recovering, looked at her in amazement. Here was genius! With a few words she had managed to shift his sympathies back to herself against extraordinary odds. With half of his mind he appreciated this, even while the other half was befogged with the insinuation of her reliance upon him. He thought he saw tears on her lashes, but he could not be sure.

At the gate she insisted that he leave her. "I just sneak in through the apartment lobby as quickly as I can. People stare so. I'd like you to come in and let me sing to you, but alas, I have to think of tomorrow!" She tapped a little word book which she held and puckered up her face. "Hard work and no fun!" she pouted. Godfrey found himself suddenly consoling her with futile mutterings and inwardly condemned himself. As if it could be anything but the most enormous fun in the world to do her magnificent job! He watched her entering the tall doors of her home, and challenged his own sense of humor with the idea of running after her and kissing her hand.

Cléo Hanni never sang a better performance of the great Götterdämmerung Brünnhilde than on that following afternoon. The matinée audience, usually so bent upon suburban trains or afternoon teas, hung about eternally at the end, shouting and hysterical, flinging programs into the air and pounding with canes upon the chair backs. She went home too exhausted to speak, and was put straight to bed, happier than she had been in months. She read a new detective story with her supper and went to sleep at nine.

Godfrey Boone, however, his heart still pounding oddly under his impeccable vest, sat in his office struggling and perspiring far into the night in an effort to relieve through words his emotional agitation from the performance. When he finally succeeded, he should have been abashed, so revealed stood his soul for all to read, but he only sighed with a sense of inadequacy and frustration. "Did you hear the Oath on the Spear, Breed?" he asked as calmly as he could contrive. He found his voice still treacherous in speaking of it.

"Oh, yes, sir; I looked in," answered Johnny, embarrassed before his chief's enthusiasm. "Pretty fine!"

"Very creditable," snapped Painter, who preferred to remain hard-boiled.

Boone was offended. He opened his score and sought solace in contemplation of the miraculous pages. "Do you recall this passage, Breed?" he asked, unable to hold his joy in silence. "That figure in triplets for the bass clarinet, just under the voice?"

Breed cast what he hoped was an appreciative eye upon the notes. He couldn't read music that way, but of course Boone mustn't suspect it. "Ah, yes," he said; "one of my favorites."

But when Godfrey had gone down to the composing room to see his proofs, Johnny turned gleefully to Painter.

"The old man certainly has it bad," he said. "Do you know, if I hadn't seen the way he acted that afternoon Hanni had been in to see him, I'd be inclined to say that he was caught in the lady's toils."

This was practically what Charlie Duke told Cléo on Sunday noon at her bedside, whither he had been summoned to assist at the ritual of reading her press notices; only he included her in the accusation.

"I haven't seen you exhilarated like this, my pearl, in many a moon," he declared. "The affair with Ian Darrow was pale beside it."

"That odious creature!" cried Cléo. "Don't remind me of him!"

"And in a way it's too soon to tell. But I must say you acted shamelessly at poor Elsie's on Thursday, and I'll wager my hat you've seen him since. Now, as to your performance yesterday; it was pretty good; in fact, it was magnificent. But this"—he held up Godfrey's burning column between thumb and forefinger, as if it might explode—"this is a poem, a love sonnet, a manifest declaration!"

"Don't be silly," said Cléo, thoroughly delighted, and beginning to read it again for the fourteenth time. "He says quite a little about Wagner too. But anyway, the man's engaged—that little human icicle of his took pains to tell me the minute we met."

"Darling, that's only spice in your wine, as you know that I know. But I warn you, keep away this time; Lucia Crane is too nice a girl to have her heart broken."

"Oh, Charlie, go to the devil!" said Cléo petulantly. "Or why not go and visit your sister in Washington for a while? The only breaking heart around here is mine, and who cares? The thought of Mattbender doing the Isolde is making me ill! I could hardly sing yesterday, but did anyone notice it? Not they!"

"A fine state you'd be in if they had!" Charlie interrupted.

"I suppose she'll do the Brünnhildes too. Oh, how can the management be so short-sighted? I ask you! Vienna knew better; she was no one there. Why, when she first came over here, she hadn't even decent shoes. She ——"

"Puss, puss, shut your green eyes and pull in your claws. I'm ashamed of you!"

"Oh, well, what's the use of anything?" sighed Cléo, pushing the drift of newspapers from her bed. "All I want is to be let alone."

"You'll have your wish," agreed Charlie, "as far as I'm concerned, for I really am running down to Washington tomorrow. I'll be back for the new Isolde, however. You'd better plan to have a box that night and take me with you."

"Do you think I want to hear a note of it? Mattbender as Isolde! That's funny!"

"You wouldn't miss it! But you'll probably do your gloating at rehearsals, where no one can see you, dreadful woman!"

"Will you get out!" shrieked Cléo, covering her ears and springing up in all the majesty of a discarded Ortrud robe which she wore out of compliment to her Gothic bed.

She began to pace the floor violently, and Charlie heard her whistling for Germaine with shrill insistence as he slammed the front door.

Cléo decided to walk in the park; then remembered that it was Sunday. However, spoiling for some sort of emotional outlet, she ordered her car, put on a new red hat which previously she had avoided as too obvious for her type, and descended upon the opera house. She hoped that a rehearsal might be in progress and the director there and willing to fight with her.

She was quite right; there was a rehearsal—the dress rehearsal of the Marriage of Figaro, which was to be revived on Wednesday—one of those semipublic affairs to which critics were invited and to which everyone remotely connected with the opera company could and did bring a friend. Hanni suddenly found herself caught in the violent eddies of this audience coming out through the narrow office

(Continued on Page 183)

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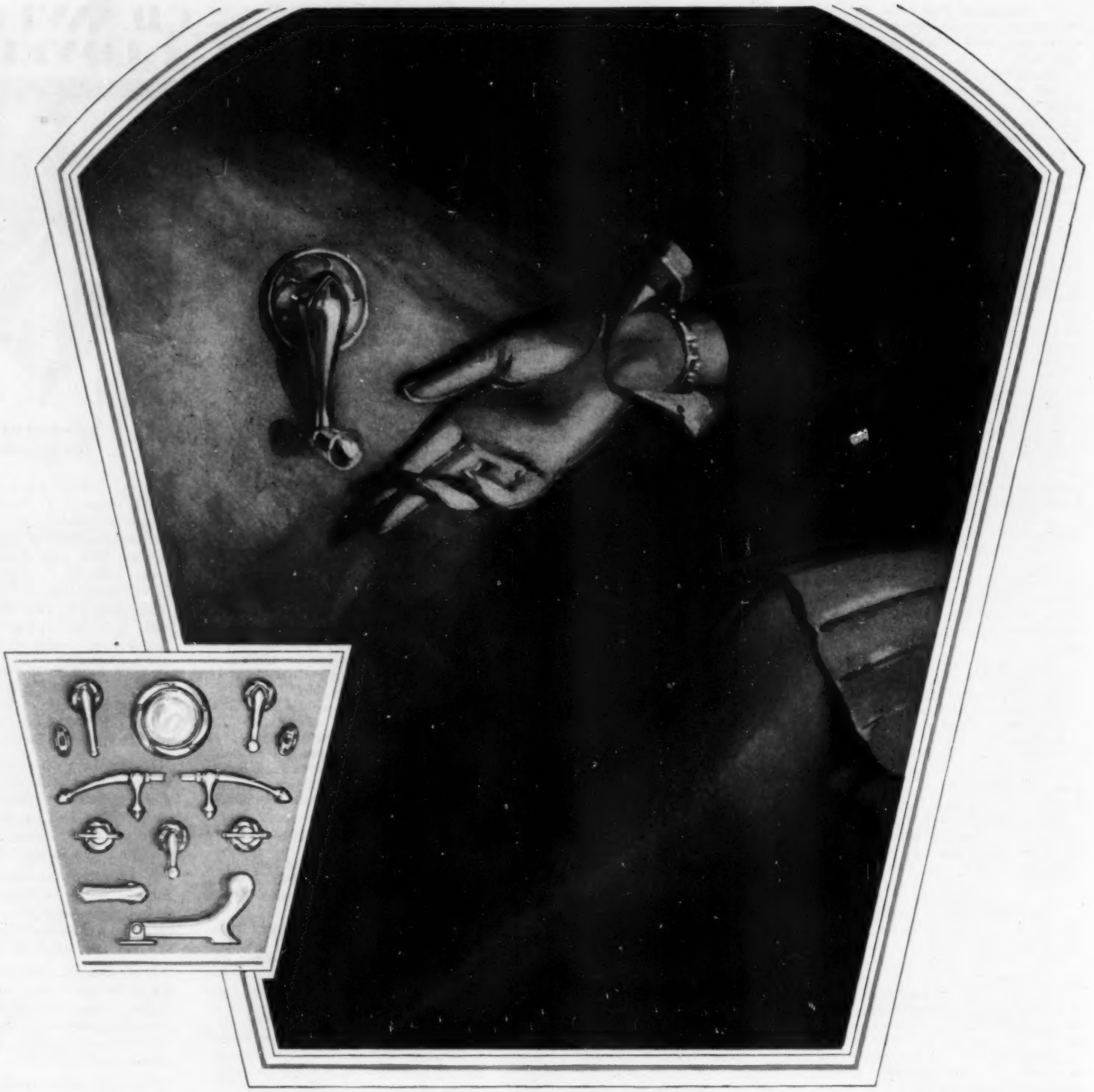

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(Continued from Page 181)

lobby, so sought refuge in the telephone booth to keep from being recognized.

From here she heard the scraps of passing conversation and was instantly concerned to note her own name under discussion. "There was talk of putting Hanni in for the Countess," a cultured voice remarked, "but, thank heaven, they didn't! Imagine her explosive method applied to Mozart."

"Yes, it's a pity, isn't it, that such a great artist permits herself those liberties?" answered another. "It was quite noticeable yesterday."

"Boone spoke well of the performance. I didn't hear it."

"Boone, blah! It's his religion!"

"Nevertheless, my dear fellow, the public reads Boone for their Bible. She's safe enough under that shield."

"Well, the test comes next week. We'll hear Isolde sung for once, not shouted, when Mattbender does it."

They began to move nearer. Cléo closed the glass doors with an angry slam and glared through them at the two men. One of them saw her—it was Jensen of the Post. His face was so funny that she laughed in spite of her rage. Then suddenly she noticed Godfrey Boone approaching. Still smarting from Jensen's remarks, she regarded Boone with rapidly increasing favor, and mentally dressed him in the silver armor of Lohengrin—her defender! Opening the doors a little, she waited until he was beside her, and tapped on the glass. Apparently he was alone. He looked up, startled, blushed crimson, recovered himself, bowed, and edged a little out of the crowd.

In another minute he was standing in the entrance to the telephone booth effectively screening her from view.

"Why, hello!" said Cléo, as if he had surprised her. "Do you know, I'd forgotten about this tiresome rehearsal. I came down to see the director, but it's impossible now. Do you mind standing right here awhile? I don't wish to be seen."

Godfrey minded very much. Lucia and her mother had been right behind him in the crowd. They would catch him up any minute.

"I'm very sorry," he began, "I ——"

"Don't apologize," said Cléo. "Just don't move a single inch."

"But ——"

She tapped his shoulder lightly with her glove. "Hush! Turn around. Just pretend I'm not here!"

Godfrey pretended it very desperately indeed. Mrs. Crane's hat was just visible; soon her eyes would find him.

Cléo leaned toward him from behind. The vaguest suggestion of *muguet* found its way around to his nostrils.

"You were very kind to me in your paper," she whispered; so close that her breath stirred warmly just back of his ear. "You understand me and I love you."

A lump of ice dropped down Godfrey's spine, all the blood in his body rushed into his head. His defenseless ears turned scarlet, but he managed to reply steadily, crooked-mouthed, without turning: "It is you who are kind."

Lucia was coming nearer now. He nodded easily to some colleagues and broadened his shoulers. He heard Cléo laughing softly, then wantonly she began to sing, in the smallest possible voice:

"Roses culled at night from the darkening hedgerows ——"

His impulse was to turn and rend her, to beat her into silence, to run from her in confusion. No, why not be truthful? Actually he desired nothing in the world so much as to face about and clasp her tenderly, passionately in his arms. He cursed inwardly and clenched his fists. The soft voice went on:

"Kisses caught by night from thy lips' red blossom ——"

"Oh, there you are, Godfrey!" Lucia was a little disheveled and cross. "Isn't this ridiculous? Why couldn't they let us out the regular way? We're positively trampled, and it's so late! Well, at any rate, here's the telephone. Mother thinks I'd better call up the house about luncheon."

Godfrey blushed wretchedly. Beads of perspiration sprang out on his forehead. "We'd save time by going right home," he protested. Behind him the Sapphische Ode ended in a smothered giggle.

"No," said Mrs. Crane, "I want Lucia to call up."

"No," said Godfey, "I think it's unwise—very unwise."

"Don't be absurd, Godfrey! Step down and let me in." Lucia pulled at his arm. He resisted. "Are you crazy?" she cried, shocked by this incivility. And then suddenly she saw. Her hand dropped limply. "Oh, excuse me," she said icily, as Cléo, rosy and laughing under her red hat, leaned back against the wall and panted elaborately, as if she expected everyone to be as merry as she. But Lucia had turned without a sign.

"I think," she said, taking her mother's arm, "we had better not stop to telephone after all. I'll see you at tea," she said pointedly to Godfrey over her shoulder.

"It was luncheon, not tea, he was coming to," objected Mrs. Crane. "Now, with us."

"No, dear," Lucia firmly guided her toward a taxi. "He is detained. Tea! And do you mind, mother darling, if I see him alone?"

"Of course not, dear!" Mrs. Crane looked sympathetically romantic.

That night Godfrey Boone wrote a crushing review of a hopeful young soprano whose debut he was compelled to hear in the line of duty. He felt no compunction, no dread of her innocent blood upon his head; for him the world was suddenly too full of singers—or of women, for that matter.

Within the space of a few hours that day Cléo Hanni, most famous of prima donnas, had told him that she loved him and the girl he was going to marry had told him that she did not.

For a week he plunged frantically into his work, writing two magazine articles and a long and recondite Sunday discourse on Bach. He went feverishly to hear orchestras and violinists; he positively ate up pianists, and even consented to see the new Spanish dancer.

"But no opera!" he told Painter and Breed. "I'm fed up with it. It's an intolerable abuse of the intelligence."

"But surely, the new Isolde?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I'll cover that."

He found himself, by chance, however, returning to his office past the stage door of the opera house one night, just as Hanni, having sung, was coming out to her car. He saw the little group of admirers surge about her, heard them call her name; but of her he could make out little enough—a tall figure in furs, a white veil, a handful of roses torn from a sheaf the maid was carrying and tossed to the crowd. But as he shrank against the wall and tried to pass by quickly, he found his heart pounding again, and the sense of physical oppression and spiritual disquiet which that dreadful Sunday had established suddenly became an unbearable torment.

Shortly after midnight, when his copy was done, he decided definitely that he must see her, and at once. He went out to the corner and called her number in a booth.

Germaine answered the telephone in a scandalized whisper: "*Mon dieu*, but it is too late. And madame 'ave sung just now."

"I know," said Godfrey, "but if she's not asleep, give her this message: Mr. Boone must see her."

The maid was gone a long while. Three people stood outside the booth glaring at him. Finally the soft French voice spoke less guardedly in his ear: "Madame say 'All right, come on.'"

Godfrey was embarrassed as he announced himself a little before one o'clock, but the hall man regarded him without interest. "You can go right up," he said. "She's expecting you."

Crimson, resentful, Godfrey rode the elevator with brooding dignity and rang the bell. The most difficult moment of his life was doubtless before him.

If he expected to find Cléo recumbent and truculent, he was greatly in error. She sat upright at her dining-room table, feeding Fafner titbits from the remains of a generous supper lately spread before her. She was dressed in some sort of trailing white garment which he vaguely associated with one of her rôles, and there was still a hint of garish make-up on her face.

"Well, well!" she cried. "What will you have to eat? Some creamed tripe? Germaine will heat it for you."

He made what he hoped was a gesture of not too much repugnance.

"It is somewhat unconventional," he said, "but I would like to talk to you alone for a moment, if I may."

"Whissht!" said Cléo to Germaine, and, rising, went to the door and closed it sharply upon the maid's retreating figure. She pinched out some of the candles—"Exactly as she does in Tosca," thought Godfrey—and returned to her chair, leaning forward to select a bunch of grapes from a center dish. She ate one and looked at him inquiringly.

"I have to see you while I have the courage, so you must be tolerant," Godfrey spoke rapidly. "I am free to tell you all these things because Lucia has very properly disposed of me. And, oh, my dear, you must have guessed, you must know, without the telling! My love for you is bigger than any experience life has offered me, except perhaps, music itself—Tristan und Isolde, the *Lieder*. And they are themselves a part of you, of course."

"Yes?" said Cléo. "Yes? And?"

"But I cannot go on—that's just it! There is no happiness for you in anything I can offer. My profession, your art, my meager salary, my detestable disposition! I've come to say good-by to you, Cléo Hanni, and ask you to forgive me. I'm going back to the treadmill only until something opens for me that will take me away from here. I'm afraid to go on seeing you, even on the stage. And in the meantime"—he rose and bowed almost formally—"I want to thank you. I shall always be eternally grateful for those glimpses of the snowy peaks which you have given me."

Cléo pushed back her chair and went to him. She touched him lightly on his sleeve. "Come," she said. "Don't be so tragic. Sit on the sofa with me."

"No!"

"Yes. Now see, I am not dangerous! I will sit here and you there. . . . So! Now, silly man, let's be friends! Why"—she smiled disarmingly—"I don't care if you write once in a while that I give a bad performance. We are all human! And as dear Geraldine used to say, 'A knock is a ——'"

"It would never do, I tell you! Oh, my dear, can't you see? Let me go!"

Cléo turned away from him in her corner and put her head down on her arms as if she were all at once unutterably weary. "Why must you?" she asked huskily. "There are so few of us who understand one another, and I am so desperately lonely."

Godfrey, who had been praying for strength to remain stonily where he was, felt a sudden, mysterious relaxing of the tension. The rôle of lover was always embarrassing to him; Lucia had not required it, and through all his present madness he had been subtly uncomfortable. He gazed upon Hanni now with something of relief. Once before, he remembered, in the park, she had adroitly diverted his sympathies to herself. She was in all things an artist. The critic in him revived.

"You cannot know what unhappiness is," Cléo went on bitterly. "To have my beautiful rôle, for instance, in alien hands! Those are the things which kill us! Why,

(Continued on Page 185)

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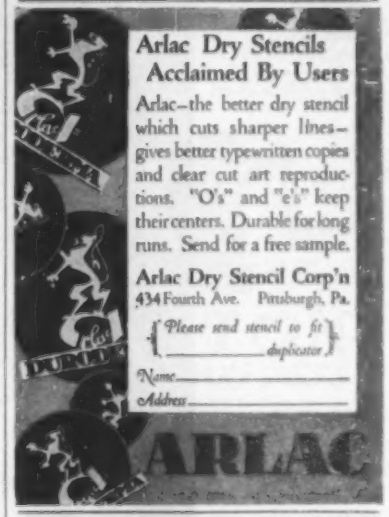
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ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

(Continued from Page 183)

when the Mattbender first came here"—quickly the imminent tears retreated; she sat up, hard and bright—"she had scarcely decent clothes to wear. I hear her sing once in rehearsal one day, and I go to the director and I say 'Why do you pay this fine artist so little that she cannot even dress herself? It is a scandal!' And what do you think? Now she gets more and has success and does not even speak to me if we meet on the stage. And they give her also my Isolde!" Cléo's voice sank to a moan and her hands flew to her throat. Her eyes dilated with a child's expression of dismay. "I have sung tonight! I shouldn't speak; I shouldn't even cry as I want so to do. I can't have anything like other people!"

Her cheeks, however, were already wet, and the make-up beneath gave her a strange eerie quality, a frail unreality which was not essentially hers.

Godfrey looked at her and knew himself lost unless escape was immediate and complete.

"Don't distress yourself so, my dear," he said tenderly and cooly, as if all his blood were not pounding like drums in his temples. "You will always have a wonderful life, it could not be otherwise. But this is a shocking hour and I must go at once." Solemnly he leaned over her and kissed her forehead, seized his hat and stick and sped down the hall.

Cléo stared after him for a moment in perplexity, wiped her cheeks with her long sleeve, and rising, blew out all the candles. Tucking Fafner under her arm, she trailed toward her bedroom.

"Well, now almost anything can happen," she told herself. "But I have certainly given him to think."

She had indeed. Godfrey Boone bore with him to his bed that night the appalling conviction that he was going to marry Cléo Hanni. Nevertheless, after the Mattbender première a few days later, he, in common with all the other critics in New York, praised the new Isolde highly, because, in truth, she gave a fine performance.

Charlie Duke, from whom nothing had been heard since his peevish departure for Washington, returned to town on that important evening, and finding no message from Cléo at his club, went alone, with his injured feelings, to the opera. He was glad enough in the end that she was not beside him. Life was difficult at best, and the scene of Mattbender's triumph was no place for Cléo Hanni. In the morning he read the papers and considered seriously a cowardly retreat back to Washington. Shortly after eleven, however, he received two calls—one from Lucia Crane in person—a changed and tremulous Lucia, in whose mind was but one idea—and a telephone message from Germaine which conveyed the expected summons to Cléo Hanni's presence.

He found her, as he expected, in one of those white and silent fits of dejection with which she met the great crises of her profession. She lay, as limp as yesterday's orchid, under her ermine robe, her eyes staring, her lips quivering, and Fafner trembling violently in a miserable ball at her feet. There was a black shawl over the canary to keep him from singing, and the curtains at the window had been drawn to shut out a mocking, merry sun.

She acknowledged his arrival with only a slight turn of the hand toward a pile of newspapers beside her on a taboret.

"You have read them?" she asked between set teeth.

"Yes," admitted Charlie.

"You were there, perhaps?"

"I was," he confessed, in the accents of one caught in a criminal act.

"And it was really so marvelous, then? In one night Cléo Hanni is forgotten, *hein?* Poor Cléo, who has poured out her heart's blood upon that stage for seven long years! 'The incomparable Isolde,' they called her once—turncoats, traitors, worms!"

Charlie's eye lighted. Aha, rage and storm—this was the best possible sign! She would soon be up and about!

"Brava! Superb!" he applauded, patting her clenched hand. "And if my opinion's any satisfaction to you, my pet, no one forgot you for a moment. Mattbender was good—yes, she was—but you are better, and I dare the world to deny it. You'll see!"

"Ah," said Cléo, "you are, of course, my friend; you mean nothing!"

"My thanks!" acknowledged Charlie without emotion.

"But"—Cléo's breath caught again, and her eyes became wells of misery—"I have another, a deeper personal wound! That man, Charlie—that Boone—that wretched, lily-livered hero of the Morning Globe—even he! Oh, Charlie, you can't know all, of course, but even he has written well of Mattbender!"

"Dear, dear," said Charlie; "the brute!"

"You are right," she said solemnly. "But 'brute' is a word too good for him. Ah, if you could have imagined how I was nice to that man!"

"Couldn't I, just!" objected Charlie. "Why do you suppose I went off to Washington?"

Cléo ignored the interruption. Her tones were deep and vibrant with the injustice which had been done her. "I did everything—everything for him! Against all my rules, Charlie! I sang for him even! I telephoned to him with my own voice! I went to see him in his office! I—but this I should have known better than to do—you should have stopped me, Charlie!"

"I? My Lord, what now?"

"I let him fall in love with me!"

"You did indeed," Charlie said sternly, "but don't deny, my puss, that your own pulse missed a beat or two in the process!"

"Pouf!" said Cléo. "Do you think any man interests me who is nothing but a pen?"

"Well, in that case," said Charlie briskly, "I want to ask a favor. A big one, Cléo; an act of charity worthy of your generous heart. There is a little friend of mine waiting downstairs—a fine young woman ——"

"Why, of course, Charlie dear; how much does she need?" asked Cléo, sitting up eagerly. There was no rôle she adored more than that of Lady Bountiful.

"Not money, this time, dear heart. But she needs something else that only you can give. I want you to see her now!"

Cléo leaned back and felt her throat. "No, not now, Charlie. I'm tired. You know I hate to hear voices."

"She won't sing, I'll promise you. And I don't think she'll weep," he answered. "It is Lucia Crane."

"That proud, high-nosed perfection! No, I tell you!"

"She isn't very proud now, Cléo. Be big, darling; see her!"

"Oh, all right!"

It was true. Little of the old, poised Lucia remained in this wretched girl who now voluntarily walked into that least enviable of all situations—the suppliant at the gate of another woman, for the return of her lover's heart.

She laughed a little nervously and looked around her as she talked. "It seems so sort of operatic, this scene, Madame Hanni! But I don't suppose you'd really notice it. The contralto imploring the soprano for mercy, you know, and the benevolent barytone standing by.

"Oh, I don't mean to be flippant, but I'd rather laugh than cry. Am I being ridiculous? I would never think of coming to you, madame, if there was a single chance of you and Godfrey being happy together. But you don't know him, really. He isn't always the polished appreciator of art or even the companionable person of his leisure moments. Underneath he's just a little boy that has to be taken care of. And you would never have time for that, Madame Hanni. Why, you need someone to take care of you, as a matter of fact!"

"My dear girl! My poor child!" cried Cléo, taking Lucia's hand. "For that one thought you have won my respect. You shall have your man. I give him freely back to you. I promise never to see him again!"

She looked very tragic and very noble. Charlie, watching the scene with kindling eye, knew that for the moment she really believed that she was making a supreme sacrifice.

"Oh, Madame Hanni, I don't wonder that he loves you! You are very good and kind!"

"But you ought to acquaint him of this resolve," suggested the practical Charlie. "What method do you propose?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Duke," said Lucia, almost herself again. "If Madame Hanni withdraws, the rest is up to me."

"Of course, child, you are right," agreed Cléo, now in a fine glow of righteous purpose. "But I'll make it even easier for you." She pursed her lips suddenly and whistled for Germaine. "Is Miss Bird still here?"

"*Oui*, madame."

"Tell her to come at once. . . . Oh, there you are! Get a pencil and take this letter. And type it at once, so Miss Crane can mail it as she goes: Mr. Godfrey Boone, Music Department, The Morning Globe. . . . . Now say simply this one word: *'Curtain!'* After that put, 'Faithfully yours,' and I will sign it!"

"But do you think," protested Charlie, "that the final salutation is exactly appropriate under the circumstances?"

"Absolutely. Why not?" said Cléo. "One must never be rude."

It was just before the company went on tour that spring that Cléo Hanni received an invitation to the wedding of Lucia and Godfrey. She was distracted with packing at the time, but she sent at once for Charlie to go with her and help select a gift.

"What would you say to one of my largest pictures in a handsome silver frame, Charlie?" she suggested happily. "After all, it was I who brought them together, you know. They owe it all to me."

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FALL GUYS

(Continued from Page 99)

Instead, I raised the nose of the ship until it was about a hundred feet from the ground. Then I kicked the left rudder and shoved the stick over in the same direction. I was taking advantage of the knowledge which I had gathered in that accidental crack-up years before, when I had been forced down the side of a cliff. I was going into a side slip.

It was a real one, my wings being almost vertical to the ground. And if you don't think it's a peculiar sensation to see that earth approach you and the side of the fuselage, ask any pilot who has had to slip a ship into the ground. But my eyes were on a particular spot—the yellow circle. The ship was just a little behind it and it looked as though I were going to miss it altogether. However, I had forgotten to calculate the full force of that wind on my tail. I watched the wing crumple into the fuselage and into the motor. I felt a keen pain in my left side as the nose hit.

Then that ship did a peculiar thing. Standing almost vertical, it made a complete spin, or ground barrel roll, on the crank shaft and then slid backward for more than fifty feet.

If I thought I got a sensation when I saw the ground approaching me from the side, it was but a beginning to the thrill that I experienced when that airplane went into reverse.

As a matter of fact, I didn't have any idea that a ship could be made to do such a thing, and my thoughts were divided as to whether the motor would break through and land on my lap and whether I was going to be able to stop near that circle of dust. Of one thing I was certain: That anvil in the back was certainly holding down the tail.

It was all over now. Another ship had passed into the hands of the squadron. All four of the spars in the left wing were broken, the linen was torn and crumpled. Naturally, the back of the fuselage received as much damage as had the motor and propeller; for in that short flight backward it had taken a lot of punishment.

Again I was fortunate. The wreck was not on the yellow ring, but it was so close to it that I was satisfied. So, incidentally, was George Fitzmaurice.

The Lucky One

Colleen Moore came to me afterward and said that she had never witnessed anything which had thrilled her so much, and yet which at the same time so frightened her.

But just about the time I began to realize that this was my twenty-eighth crash, that sharp pain I had felt when the motor hit the ground once more asserted itself. My chest was sore and it became painful for me to breathe. So I went to my quarters and stripped to the waist. With a little extra pressure on certain ribs I found my first hunch correct. A couple of them had broken from the jolt I received as I had slammed against the safety belts.

I called the squadron together, told them that I had to go to Los Angeles, and asked them to continue under the leadership of Ross Cook until I got back.

That's the advantage to the commander of a squadron in having a capable flight lieutenant. All formations continued for the picture while I was away.

My third crash was due. That was the one for which I was getting very little money, because the plane did not have to leave the ground. Yet there was a considerable element of danger in it, because the fake wings were unbalanced and had no ailerons. And if the ship bumped into one of the trees instead of going between them the pilot was sure to be injured.

When the squadron saw that I was not going to be able to return in time for the picture's needs, they held a conference. This thing had to be done; it was up to them to see that it was. They drew straws and the one having the shortest one was to do the stunt. And from all reports it was not a question of forcing anyone to draw. Stoffer, the jester, was the lucky one. And when the time came he carefully set the ship back at the designated spot. Then, getting in, he just naturally gave it all it would take. When he passed through the trees he was making a good fifty miles an hour, and what there was left of that ship no one could use.

But the crack-up of crack-ups on that location was an accident. All during the time that we were on the location the owner of the land had begged for a ride. Either we were too busy at the time or the ships were being used as background for other scenes. Moreover, I had built them all into single-seated fighters except one which we kept for emergency uses. Baxter, however, had brought his own ship to the location in the meantime, and this was the one opportunity that the owner of the land was looking for. He asked Phillips to take him up in it, and after proper consent, Phillips loaded his passenger into the front seat and strapped himself in back.

Just What He Expected

As it was nearly dark, Phil did not take time to remove the control stick from the front cockpit, but took off for what he figured a very short hop.

It was shorter than he figured. Hardly had they got off the ground and out of reach of the flying field than the passenger found the controls, and, never having been in a ship before, he just shoved them out of the way, so he could see better over the side. That was the end of that flight. The ship nosed into the ground and went over on its back so quickly that none of us started running until it was all over.

Neither was hurt, but while they were still upside down the one in the front seat hollered back to Phillips, "Hey, is that all there is to it?"

"What do you mean—all there is to it? Isn't a crack-up enough?" Phillips said angrily.

"Crack-up? You mean this ain't just part of the stunt then?"

After our work on the location was finished we had a real test of our ability to fly, for we got to those sequences which required a concentrated attack by my squadron of seven R. A. F. planes on a regular formation of nine Germans. That meant organizing another unit. Including myself, I had eight men on whom I could depend for good formation work. I split these flyers into two groups, one headed by myself and one headed by Frank Baker, Ross Cook assuming an important position in the German formation which I led. Then, with such other good flyers as I could find, I filled up the gaps in both units.

In close formation we had to fly up through the clouds every morning for weeks, and during that entire time there were no accidents or near accidents. This is phenomenal when you consider that nineteen ships—including three camera planes—would climb through that bucket of milk that blanketed the earth, to the sunlight above, before they even started the daring mix-up. It was interesting and exciting. Sixteen ships milling around—diving, looping, spinning. Bursts from machine guns and the hum of roaring motors.

These boys were really fighting, getting a touch of the same thing that most of them had had in France. Never did you see one ship alone. Each one singled out an adversary and got on his tail until he himself was driven to protection. Ships went down in flames; others actually dropped out with a missing, spluttering motor. Nor did those of us in the battle pay any attention to forced landings until I fired a red signal from my Very pistol.

(Continued on Page 189)

Why try to GUESS *which* Tire *is* Best ?

This tire was first built to stand abuse . . . then bonded against abuse

IN the maze of claims and counter-claims, how can you be sure which tire will give you the most trouble-free service?

Certainly you can't tell by appearance. Look at any five tires without knowing the names or prices. You cannot even guess which tire is best.

But here is one way you can cut straight to the heart of the question. Dunlop Tires are first built to stand abuse, then to prove this, they are bonded against abuse.

Every advantage of the world's greatest tire-building experience . . . 40 years of it . . . goes into each Dunlop Tire. Every step of the manufacture is guarded by skilled craftsmen.

Only long-staple Egyptian cotton for maximum strength . . . only cords woven in Dunlop's own mills at Utica, N. Y. . . . only the very finest processed rubber . . . go into each Dunlop Tire.

Dunlop users know this extra quality. But Dunlop leaves no doubt.

Dunlops are BONDED even against abuse

SURETY Companies are the most prudent people in the world. Their job is to safeguard other people—bond banks against embezzlement and forgery—bond business men against loss . . . guarantee everywhere *faithful performance of duty*.

So Dunlop Tires are bonded by a Surety Bond, backed by both Dunlop and the American Surety Company.

This bond guarantees Dunlops against almost every conceivable tire hazard, even abuse.

Take the guess out of tire-buying

UNDER the Surety Bond Plan, you know exactly what you are getting—a tire built to make good, then bonded to make good.

A tire guaranteed against almost every tire hazard.

A guarantee so sweeping in its statements—so simple in its application—that any Dunlop dealer makes good in his own store—instantly.

Naturally, such a guarantee has aroused wide-spread interest. Thousands of people have asked to see the Bond. To answer these inquiries, we have prepared specimen Bonds—one is ready for you now. It is free. Even if you are not buying tires immediately, it will be worth your while to see it. Mail the coupon below—a free specimen Bond will come back by return mail.

Send for FREE Specimen Bond

THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Department 417, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

DUNLOP

BUILT TO STAND ABUSE : BONDED AGAINST ABUSE

It CAN NEVER BE MENDED WITH TEARS!

Let beautiful modern furniture protect your garments from moth damage

ONE moth egg, so tiny you can hardly see it, hatches into one of the greatest scourges of the housewife—an insect that in a short time will completely wreck a garment costing infinitely more than *prevention*, that actually *does* more than $200,000,000 worth of damage a year.

This insect, or the moth *larva*, is born naked and with a terrible appetite. It begins instantly to look for food and clothes. Your garments *supply both!* No woolen, no fur, no feather-bearing materials are safe from the onslaught of those teeth, as sharp as razors. Devastation inevitably follows!

But no moth worm hatching in a Lane Cedar Chest can live. Tests made by the Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, prove conclusively that the aroma of red cedar given off in a properly constructed cedar chest kills the undeveloped moth worm before it can do damage.

To supply this aroma, the Lane is built with aromatic red cedar panels ¾ inch thick in accordance with the Government recommendations for a moth-killing cedar chest.

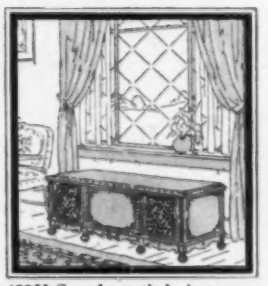
Then too, America's pioneer and foremost commercial chemists have proved that a chest to be effective against moth larvae must be aroma-tight.

The Lane *is* aroma-tight. It is so constructed with a patented *Aroma*-tite top, inseparably interlocked joints, special pore-sealing finishes and other features that the aroma is *imprisoned in the chest.* It can not leak out and lose strength in the usual manner when the lid is closed down. So its fragrance and aroma are lasting.

This is why the Lane is today in such popular favor. Not only beautiful in design, with lovely rich genuine walnut or mahogany exteriors to match other fine pieces, also in natural cedar finish; not only durable, promising generations of service, but affording unmistakable protection from moth damage.

So this summer, store your things in a Lane. Keep them safe, yet handy for a frosty morning. Remember, one garment saved from moth ruin pays for it!

Lane dealers everywhere are now holding sales and offer greater inducements than ever. Watch for your dealer's window display. Go in and see the chests.



48951-S—*An artist's interpretation of a rich old Italian chest so appropriate for hall, dining room and living room use. In finest American walnut veneers*

48956—*Aristocratic console with tasteful decorations. Top of 4-piece, matched butt-walnut veneer. Figured walnut veneer front and ends*

Whenever you see *any* cedar chest, you will naturally think of the *Lane*—the chest with the ¾ inch cedar panels and certified to that effect. But to be sure of the genuine, look under the lid for the name Lane—and the "Certified Label." Write at once for booklet illustrating late models. The Lane Company, Inc., Altavista, Virginia, *World's Foremost Cedar Chest Makers.*

LANE

Aroma-tite Cedar Chests

CERTIFIED

(Continued from Page 186)

It would all cease as suddenly as it began and we would race with one another to the field. There were no formations on the way back; it would have been a waste of time. Most of us just put the ships into a spin through the clouds.

It was during this period that Frank Baker and I put on the duel for the two principals of the cast. For more than a hundred hours we zoomed and dived on each other. We looped and spun. One Immelmann followed another as we crashed at each other from opposite directions, sometimes missing by a matter of inches. At first we tried to arrange all the maneuvers on the ground, but we found that after we ran out of our prearranged stunts we had not even started a good battle, and so mixed it up as if it were real. Sometimes he would get on my tail, and when he did he was the hardest man to shake I've ever been up against, and when I'd get him in the same position I would pump him full of dummy machine-gun bullets.

The Thin Line of Chance

Every time the squadron ships had to be filled with gas, Frank and a camera ship and I took off, hunted a cloud location and did our private dog fighting. It was after one of these flights that we came down, to find the squadrons almost ready for us to take off. Just a minor adjustment had to be made on one of the ships that was supposed to burn up.

To get this effect we had thirty-six separate smoke bombs grouped and fused together in a steel pan on the bottom of the ship. From there to the seat an electric connection was installed so that when the pilot closed the switch they would immediately throw out a cloud of smoke and fire. To all appearances, even from the ground, the ship was doomed.

In the seat of this fire ship sat a mechanic, who was busy installing the very last of the apparatus necessary for the next flight. The bombs were placed, the wiring connected. He was just about to give word to a fellow mechanic to twist the prop when the assistant director called to him:

"Mechanic of the fire ship!"

The one called jumped from the plane and reported to the assistant director.

"Is your ——"

Boom! With a terrific hiss, accompanied by a slight explosion, the ship was a mass of flames. Evidently the wiring had shorted. It was a close call for the mechanic.

From Lilac Time I went on the Air Circus, and there again performed crack-ups. One hour before I did the second one a commercial pilot took off from Clover Field, where the picture was being made, and five minutes later he crashed into the ground and was killed. Immediately afterward I took off and smacked an OX5 into the ribs of its JN 4 and walked out as usual.

A couple of high-ranking Navy officers came in to see the stunt and asked me if I'd do them a favor and crack up some of the crates that they didn't like. I thought of the old equipment which slopped up the air at Pearl Harbor, T. H., and replied that I thought they had some ships that were too old and decrepit even for crashes.

After the Air Circus I was engaged to do the aviation work for the Big Hop, and although there was no crack-up scheduled I dragged one in. In between the shots of the big cabin ships we were using, I had to carry newspaper people who were invited for hops by the publicity department. While in the air with two of these—both women—the company started to shoot another scene. We watched them from above and when they finished came in, in a slow glide. To all appearances the field was clear, but as we slid over the telephone wires at the end of the field a camera car unwittingly approached under my wing at a blind angle and I sat right down on top of it.

There were four in the automobile and three in the ship and I was the only one who got a scratch. Again I hurt the same rib that I had in Lilac Time.

We continued to work and finished the picture before sundown that evening. Then I went home and tried to get some of the oil and dust out of my skin. While I was enjoying the luxury of the hot water the telephone rang. At first I did not answer, but it was insistent.

"Hello, Dick," came the voice at the other end of the wire. "Got bad news for you. Frank Baker was killed on his way home tonight. Tried a barrel roll five hundred from the ground; something went wrong; never came out!"

Almost mechanically I hung up the receiver. This was the first time that death had struck my own squadron, but it was not the last. Shortly after that Crossan, who had been held as a relief pilot, flew down to Imperial Valley to give instruction in stunts.

"Now I'll show you how to do an Immelmann turn," he said to the student before he left the ground. And he did. When he went over on his back his wings left the ship.

With this blow just accepted came the word that Baxter had also died in the cockpit. After he finished Lilac Time he took his ship to Texas, and it was while instructing a student that the latter froze the controls. As hard as he tried, Baxter could not right the ship before it plunged nose first into the ground.

Then, shortly after I finished the Big Hop, Phillips went out. Phillips was one of my best pilots. There was nothing he couldn't and hadn't handled, from Reginald Denny's Snipes to the new trimotored Fords.

In this last picture he was flying an old S. E. 5. He had made short landings on tough fields and forced landings on rough ones. Yet, one morning when he was flying from one field to another preparatory to the day's work, the motor quit. With his usual skill he slipped into a small field and found that he was almost out of gas. He put some in the tank—just how much no one seems to know. Then once again he took off. But his motor spluttered when he was making a climbing turn. It quit. The ship fell into a dive from which it never came out.

Sick of it All

They found him sitting there with his head forward as if in a daze. But he was dead. His neck had apparently been broken, either by some object which hit him from behind, or from the sudden snap forward.

That made the fourth out of my eight in a little over six months.

Now only Ross Cook, Stoffer, Hay, Spencer and I were left. Spencer went to the hospital with severe head injuries occasioned by an accidental crash. He was not expected to live. A frontal fracture of the skull—marred for life. Well, just another miscalculation.

I was sick of it all. Not of flying. I was flying harder than I ever had in my life. Work was getting more and more difficult. Technic was required in crashes which only a stroke of luck could accomplish. Then Garland Peed was killed back East, so Alice White told me. The boy whom I had got out of jail for looping telephone poles left without a good-by.

About this time I received a letter from my father. It read:

My dear son: I sincerely hope that you are progressing nicely in your chosen profession. Your mother and I have all the confidence in the world that before long you will have reached your goal.

But it is with sincere regret that I note that you do not want to finish your university education. That is one of the few things which you cannot lose and which cannot be stolen from you.

It was my ambition for you to follow the study of law, and eventually to take up my unfinished work. I have retired, as I have so often threatened. Why don't you retire now from what you call your "game" and resume the study of law? There is my practice, my library, and the benefit of my experience at your command—also what small fortune I have saved. As your two brothers are professors, you are the only one whom I can call upon to carry on my work.

Therefore, consider very thoroughly, and endeavor to please me just this once.

Sincerely your father,
R. H. GRACE.

I sat down and figured—it would take me three and a half years to get my two degrees—a B.A. and an LL.D. What could I accomplish here in the same length of time? Already Hollywood had taken nine years of life. I had enjoyed it, asked for it, but —— My trunks packed; I did not even fly home. I took the train.

When Vacation is Over

At the station I was met by my father and mother. It was the first time I had seen them in ten years. Not since I came home in uniform. For two weeks we talked over old times. I visited with former school companions. I hunted and fished, and it was a good vacation. But it was just that. I grew restless. I told my father that I'd wire my answer to him from New York.

Two weeks in and around Broadway and then came an air-mail letter. The part that interested me was as follows:

For a month we have been trying to locate you to produce the thrill for our next picture. Perhaps the risk will be too great for you to undertake, but here is what we want: An airplane motor quits over the center of a big city. It is necessary for the pilot to land. No available space can be found, so the pilot must crash on the top of a building—preferably one of some height. Can you do it for us? Wire immediately.

Sincerely yours,
ADVENTURE FILM CORP.

Now why hadn't I thought of doing that before? I believed that my crack-ups on Wings eclipsed anything I might ever attempt—but this one? Well, it was a real man's-size crack-up. Would I do it? What a silly question!

Late in the afternoon I was on my way to Hollywood for my thirty-second crack-up. I realized one thing at last. I could never leave it.

I sat down and wrote the following note to a friend of mine in New York:

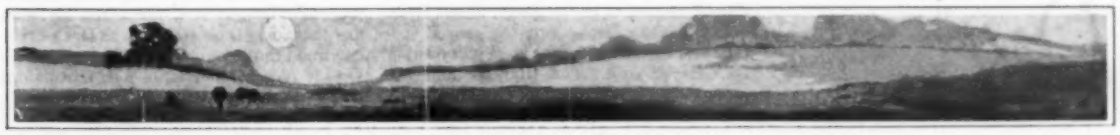
Dear N——: I don't want to be a lawyer. You know I never will. Am sorry for my friends and my father. I don't know law, I do aviation and stunts. Therefore I go back to the work I know and like. And I'm as full of pep as a spring chicken with a prairie hawk on its tail. You think not? Well, you ought to see me try to sit still long enough to write to you. I tell you I've got motors in my pants that just keep shoving me on toward that good old field, and to those crates locked up in the hangar.

Sort of glad I took Mrs. A. M. W.'s and your advice and wrote this partial history of stunt men. They're a great bunch of boys—both those in my squadron and also those who fly in the squadron of death.

Yours for happy landings,
DICK.

P. S. Did I forget to tell you that Red Thompson, who forced that Arab horse of his off the cliff, was drowned trying to swim a rapids in a picture called The Trail of '98? R. V. G.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Grace.



all countries of Europe during summer of 1929. Prices from $295 to $1074. England, Belgium, Holland, Germany and France—all expenses, $406. Tour prices include all necessary expenses from time of sailing until return. Congenial parties personally conducted by expert couriers. Delightful Tourist Third Cabin accommodations on Canadian Pacific steamships via the scenic St. Lawrence "water boulevard" to Europe. College orchestras on shipboard—just like a big house party! Large amount of motor travel in Europe. Thousands of satisfied clients recommend Guild tours. Ask for beautiful 40-page illustrated "Booklet E29."
Art Crafts GUILD TRAVEL BUREAU
Dept. 716, 180 N. Michigan, Chicago
Send for Booklet "E 29."

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.
LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
1355 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

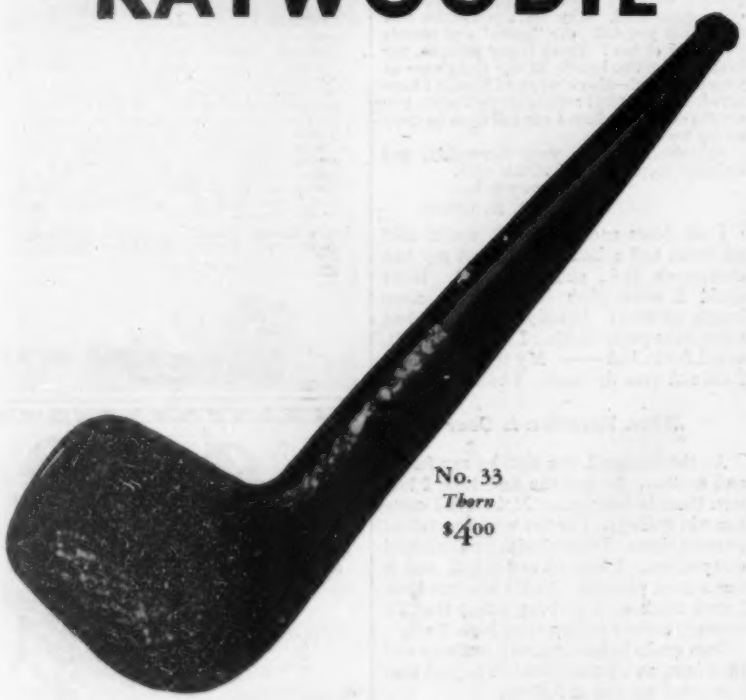
A NEW MOTO-MOWER AT A NEW LOW PRICE
The Junior Moto-Mower meets the needs of thousands for a dependable, low priced quality power mower. 16-inch cut. Other Moto-Mowers 21- and 27-inch cuts. Send for catalog.
$138.50

THE MOTO-MOWER COMPANY
2341 E. Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich.

BOOTT MILLS
LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELING
WIPES DRY

WHAT'S THIS NOTICE WORTH?
It can be worth up to $1.50 an hour, *and much more*, if you just clip and send it (with your name and address) to 1624 *The Saturday Evening Post*, 265 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for the full details of our extra-money plan. No obligation.

Drinkless
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
KAYWOODIE



No. 33
Thorn
$4.00

You can't get a drink from a
Drinkless KAYWOODIE

... If you've never smoked a **Drinkless** KAYWOODIE, you've never really enjoyed the height of pipe pleasure. Only a **Drinkless** KAYWOODIE brings out all the full, sweet, satisfying flavor of your favorite tobacco. Choicest imported Bruyere roots, over 100 styles, smooth or thorn. $3.50, $4, $5 and $7. Let your nearest dealer show you these beautiful pipes. Or write for illustrated booklet.

How to recognize the
Drinkless KAYWOODIE

The **Drinkless** attachment stops moisture from the bowl like a dam stops a stream. The word "**Drinkless**" is stamped on the attachment. There is only one *genuine* **Drinkless** KAYWOODIE pipe. You'll have no trouble in identifying it. It must have the **Drinkless** attachment and the KAYWOODIE clover leaf inlay on the mouthpiece. Any other pipe offered you as a **Drinkless** KAYWOODIE is an imitation.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc.
Established 1851 120 Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada—Civic Company, Ltd., Montreal, P. Q.
In England—Civic Company, Ltd., London

BUT, OH, THE LITTLE CARGO BOATS

(Continued from Page 15)

and scheduled delivery, it may no longer be prohibitive.

The original steam engine was reciprocating—that is to say, the piston moved back and forth or up and down. It was a simple engine—which is to say that the steam was employed only once. Shortly the steam was being used twice, once in a high pressure, once in a low—a compound engine. By the 80's the triple and quadruple expansion engines were using the steam three and four times. There development stopped. Details were improved, but the efficiency of the steam engine remained practically static.

Any piece of machinery that grows self-satisfied in this machine age is apt to awaken some fine morning in a museum. In England the fourth son of a duke, one Charles Algernon Parsons; in Sweden, Dr. Gustaf De Laval; and here, a Boston engineer and patent lawyer, Charles G. Curtis, were working on steam turbines. In Germany an engineer named Rudolf Diesel was experimenting with an entirely new type of internal-combustion motor.

Parsons patented the first turbine in 1884. A turbine rotates, turned by the force of steam striking a multitude of small blades or buckets. A rotary engine is an engineering ideal; for it does not, like the old steam engine or the present automobile motor, have to come to a momentary halt at the end of each stroke, with a resultant loss of power.

The Battle of the Century

The turbine's advantages were several. First, it squeezed more horse power out of a unit of heat, which is any engine's excuse for being. Second, it was more compact. Reciprocating engines were at about their limit in size; with a turbine much more power could be got into the hulls of ships. Third, it minimized the vibration set up by the back-and-forth shove of the older type to the annoyance of passengers and not to the benefit of the hull. It made immediate great strides in shore plants. Connecting it with a fast-turning dynamo was one thing, however; hooking it up with a slow-turning propeller was another. It worked, but with loss of power. The logical answer was the geared turbine in which the speed was stepped down through a series of herringbone gears. At first the gears gave the usual trouble of new engineering, but gradually the technic was worked out.

The Diesel is an internal-combustion motor differing from your automobile engine only in burning a cheaper fuel and in firing on compression instead of a spark. In an automobile an electric spark explodes a mixture of gasoline and air. In Diesel's engine the air in the cylinders is compressed so highly that its temperature rises to 1200 degrees Fahrenheit. At this instant a spray of hot oil is injected into the cylinders; the heat ignites the oil and it burns in a flash.

Diesel's original idea was an engine that would burn powdered coal in this cycle, but he could find no way of eliminating the ash from the cylinders. Turning to oil, he succeeded, though his motor scarcely was out of the experimental stage when he fell overboard from the Antwerp-Harwich mail packet on the night of September 30, 1913, ten months before the outbreak of war, and was drowned.

The reciprocating-engine manufacturers awoke finally to the threat of the new competition and their later engines were much their best, but the race already was over. The engine which Kipling's McAndrew had hymned a few years earlier was displaced overnight, so to speak, about 1910. When the war broke out, the geared turbine and the Diesel motor were just coming into marine use. The Olympic and the Leviathan were the last of the big direct-drive-turbine liners. The Diesel was to make the German submarine the effective weapon it became.

Some of the 1918–21 fleet were geared turbines; one, the William Penn, was Diesel motored, but most of them were reciprocating engines. The reasons are disputed. Partisans of turbines and Diesel motors will tell you that it was selfish interests and a hard-shell refusal to recognize progress. Defenders of the board will remind you that it, necessarily, was in a tremendous hurry; that such an emergency was no time for experimentation; that the geared turbine and, particularly, the Diesel, still were on trial; and that American facilities for building the time-tested reciprocating engine yet were much greater than those for building the newer types. Moreover, competent authorities still regarded a reciprocating engine as preferable for slow freighters. Engineers are apt to be radicals, but seamen always are conservative.

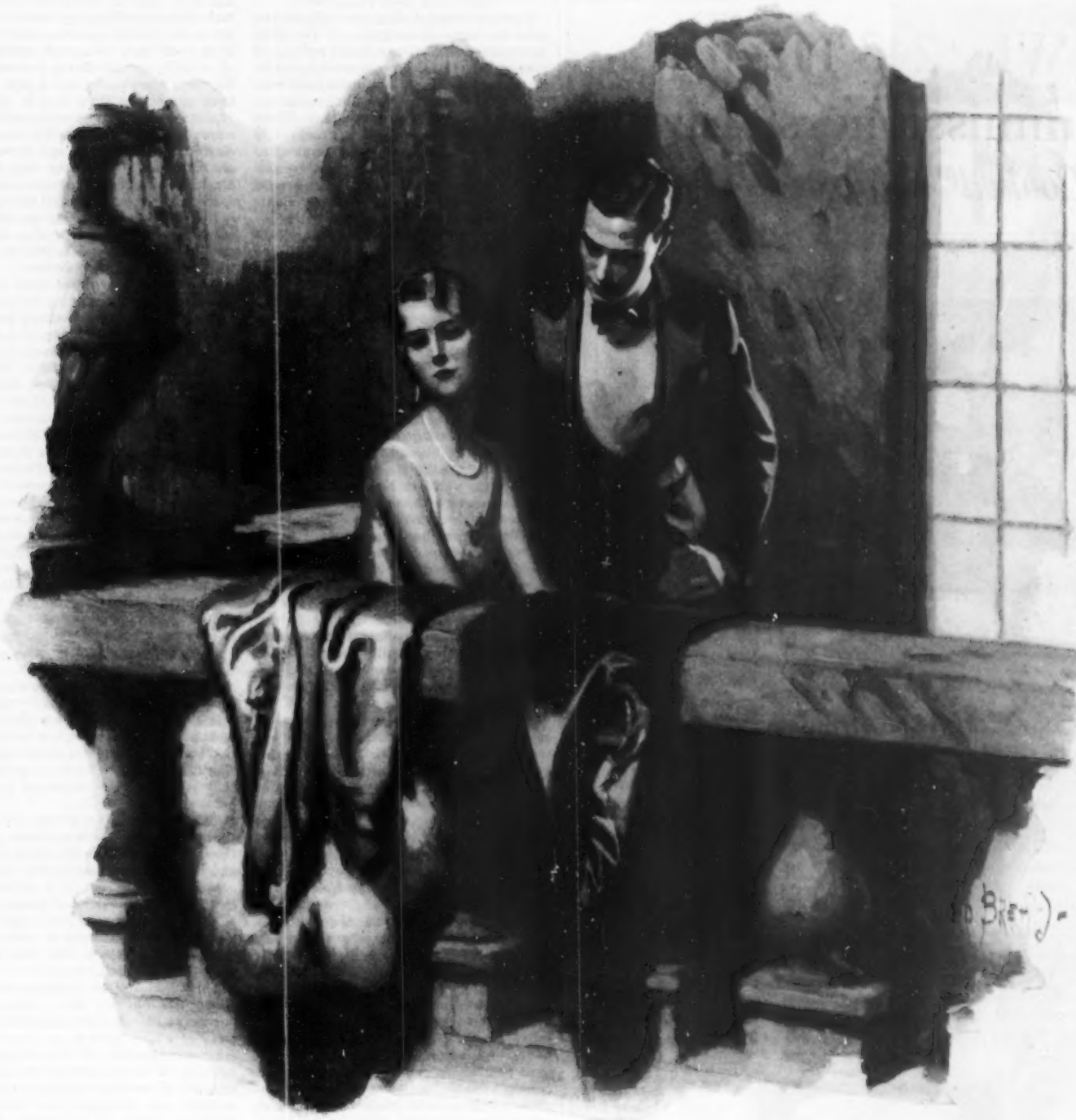
The battle today is between the geared turbine, the turboelectric and the Diesel motor—and a battle it is. It is a subject so productive of heat that a reporter must touch warily upon it. Not since the hostilities between the steam, electric and gasoline automobile manufacturers for supremacy in the early years of the century has there been an engineering scrap of such brick heaving. In Europe the Diesel is top dog at the moment; in the United States the turboelectric has the lead, and one group is as cocksure as the other. Any comparison of the antagonists here carries the proviso found in advertisements for new stock flotations: "All information is from official sources, or sources which we regard as reliable, but in no event are the statements herein to be regarded as our representations."

Last year in the world ninety-five Diesel motor ships of 6000 tons or more were launched against fifty-one steamers of all types of like size. The proportion of Diesels was still higher in the purely European figures. Except in the very largest class of transatlantic liners, the oil motor swept the European field, and now it is announced that the great new 1000-foot White Star Oceanic, largest in the world, is to be Diesel electric driven, with motors of unprecedented combined horse power.

Counting the Votes

The first motor ship of the Swedish-American Line is said to have made a profit of $1,000,000 its first year. Now the line has a new motor ship on the New York run, the Kungsholm, 21,000 tons and the largest Swedish vessel afloat, and will build a third. The new Asama Maru, largest merchant ship ever built in Japan, is Diesel motored. The Milwaukee, 17,000 tons, largest German motor ship, was launched at Hamburg in February and will be accompanied on the New York run by the St. Louis. The Italian Cosulich Line's new motor ships, Saturnia and Vulcania, are the world's biggest to date. The French Line decided in 1928 to go in for motor ships and ordered a 25,000 cabin-class motor liner for the Havre-New York service, probably to be called the Lafayette, and two motor cargo liners for the Pacific Coast trade. The Netherlands Shipping Company is building a fleet of nine 13,000-ton 14½-knot express Diesel freighters for the East Indies service. The British Nelson Line is building five passenger-freight motor ships for the South American trade. The new Furness-Withy honeymoon express, the Bermuda, is a motor ship. On the England-Australia passenger-freight run, the three big lines are displacing their steamers as fast as they can build motor ships. The Furness-Prince Line is putting four large new motorships on the New York-River Plate service.

(Continued on Page 193)



BEAUTY *plus* DEPENDABILITY

Among people who are satisfied with none but the best, linings by Skinner are considered essential to good tailoring. There is luxury and softness incomparable in the Skinner fabrics of finest silk. There is *serviceability* that has given them world-wide fame.

For topcoats and suits, rich satins and long-wearing silk serges. For women's coats and wraps, crepes and satin crepes, in exquisite tones styled to the newest mode. The name Skinner woven in the selvage is your pledge of lining satisfaction.

William Skinner & Sons, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco—Mills: Holyoke, Mass. Estab. 1848

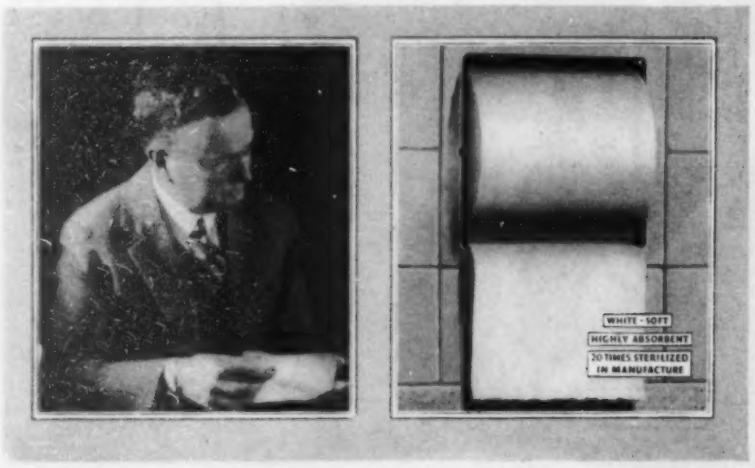
Skinner's Satins

Lining Satins, Shoe Satins and Millinery Satins

Crepes and Satin Crepes for Dress Wear

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Why 243 Health Commissioners Advise *"Cooked" Bathroom Paper*



243 Health Commissioners in 40 states advise New-Type Bathroom Paper

Fits Recessed Fixtures

Costs No More Than Ordinary Toilet Paper

MODERN science has found many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in low-grade cheap yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—"toilet papers"...papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

That is why 243 Health Commissioners in 40 states and scores of practicing physicians say "Use a paper like snow-white Northern Tissue instead of cheap, raw ground-wood toilet papers."

Hospitals use it. Tens of thousands of homes have adopted it—until today "Northern Tissue" is the choice of the most discriminating mothers.

Cooked At 302°

This new-type paper contains *only* pulp cooked at 302°.

That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

20 Times Sterilized

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed; producing an unglazed bathroom paper, free of infectious germs.

10c *A Roll*

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use low-grade cheap yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

Ask for

NORTHERN TISSUE

with the Blue Core

FREE—
TRIAL ROLL

Julia Neidle, Nurse, Dept. 34
Northern Paper Mills,
Green Bay, Wis.

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the white paper free from raw ground-wood. I enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

© NPM. 1929

(Continued from Page 190)

In sharp contrast, American shipowners, after the same investigation of the field, have turned in the same period even more concertedly to the turboelectric type. Virtually no freighters of ocean size have been built in this country since 1921, but recently, under the spur of the Jones-White Act, by which the Government is lending at low interest on twenty-year terms up to three-quarters of the cost of new vessels of certain types, there has been a mild burst of activity in combination freight-passenger shipbuilding. Only one of these—a 10,000-ton vessel for the American-South African Line, now building at the Sun yard at Chester, Pennsylvania—is a motor ship.

In 1927 the geared turbine still predominated and the twenty-one-knot Honolulu flyer of the Matson Line, the Malolo, the Southern Pacific's new Dixie, the new Clyde coastwise liners, Iroquois and Shawnee, and virtually all new passenger tonnage were of this type.

But 1928 was as decisively a turboelectric year. The three great I. M. M. liners, California, Virginia and Pennsylvania, largest American-built passenger ships, constructed at Newport News for the coast-to-coast service through the Canal, are turboelectric. So are the two new 16,000-ton Ward liners building for the Havana trade. Two years ago the Grace Line ordered two passenger-freight motor ships from an English yard, but the vessel now building for them at Camden is turboelectric. And report has it that the two new 45,000-ton or more liners the Chapman-Sheedy group must build for the United States Lines as a complement to the Leviathan, and the three new ships Dollar will order shortly will be the same.

As a further victory, marine engineers came from Europe to watch the trial trip of the California, and now the first ship of this type has been built in Europe—the 19,000-ton P. &. O. liner, Viceroy of India, just in service. When the Canadian Pacific came to order four new Duchess ships for its Atlantic service, however, it remained steadfast to geared turbines.

Meanwhile the marine use of Diesels in this country has been confined principally to tankers, tugs, ferries, river boats, dredges, private yachts such as four vessels building for the Fisher Brothers, Alfred E. Sloan, and Charles F. Kettering; a few privately owned freighters and a group of the Shipping Board fleet converted to Diesel motors, of which more later. Henry Ford motorized the Lake Ormoc as a base ship for his Brazilian rubber enterprise, and built three new motor ships at the Sun yard to haul his own merchandise on the North Atlantic. A few reciprocating engines continue to be made for lake, river and bay steamers, their first cost still being the lowest of all.

From Both Sides

This is a sort of score by innings to date, with the game far from ended. It seems logical to assume that either European shipowners or American shipowners are mistaken; for no difference of fuel supply or voyage conditions explains their disagreement. The lay reader will do well to watch the scrap, but to leave the scrapping to the experts; to choose no sides and to leap to no conclusions. The issues are too technical to be more than suggested here. When you ask a Diesel manufacturer why American shipowners have refused to climb on his band wagon, he will tell you that it is partly inanition; more, that they have been influenced by the interested propaganda of the boiler people and the big electrical houses.

Ask the same question of the other side and you will be told many things; the first, an admission that the Diesel is an important development, but one, they say, about which Europe has been a little unbalanced, with the pendulum now swinging back.

The Diesel does away with bulky boilers and their impedimenta. It burns much less fuel, and the main cost of a ship is fuel. A typical Shipping Board conversion job is claimed to consume twelve tons of bunker oil daily as against twenty-six of oil or thirty-two of coal as a steamer, with the same horse power and a gain of half a knot in speed. Such a ship can steam 17,600 miles without refueling, sufficient for a round-the-world voyage or a round trip to Australia, and its advantages in such trades are conceded. On shorter runs it carries much less oil and has that much more cargo space, and the only rebuttal offered to this is that few steamers today are offered capacity loads. The motor ship requires a smaller engine-room crew, it is cleaner and there is less hull deterioration.

Admittedly it requires much more lubricating oil and, according to turbine partisans, though it burns less fuel, it demands Bunker A, a grade costing in most ports two to two and one-half times the price of Bunker C, used in steamships. This statement has been known to blow out cylinder heads in the Diesel camp. There you will be shown documentary evidence that the Texas Company's tanker, Solitaire, and the Stone & Webster shore plant at Key West regularly burn heavy Mexican bunker oil; that two Kennecott Copper Company stationary Diesels in Alaska never have burned anything else, and that the use of Bunker C is general practice on the West Coast. Its use requires an installation for heating the oil before it is sprayed into the cylinders, but such heating, the Diesel people declare, is done regularly to the same end in oil-burning steamers.

With Fingers Crossed

Resuming the prosecution, the Diesel is accused of being an explosive engine setting up 3600 degrees of heat. Such stresses and temperatures are argued to be destructive of metals and potentially dangerous. The first cost of a Diesel is greater than that of any steam engine of equivalent horse power.

The answers for the Diesel side are that their mixture does not explode; it burns. Operation has demonstrated that stresses and heats are not destructive. First costs are higher than that of a steam engine itself, but the comparison properly should be made with the whole steam installation—engine, boilers and all. Moreover, it is argued that Diesel costs will fall when more can be made and sold.

The American Diesel industry dates from about 1912, but only now is attaining proportions, with some thirteen manufacturers, most of whom operate on licenses or by other arrangement with the European proprietors. When we declared war, one of the first acts of the Shipping Board was to commandeer all tonnage then building in American yards. A 12,000-ton freighter, the William Penn, was on the ways at the Pusey & Jones plant. Edward Hurley, then chairman of the board, sent to Denmark for two six-cylinder, four-cycle, single-acting B. & W. Diesels, installed them in the William Penn, and it became our first motor ship. Still owned by the Shipping Board, it has been operated nearly continuously since, much of the time around the world. Like many early motor ships, it was equipped with twin screws out of distrust of the dependability of a single Diesel motor.

With this precedent, the McIntosh & Seymour Co., of Auburn, New York, went to the board and got contracts for fifty-two Diesel motors of the same type. To obtain the contract, the company agreed to the unusual provision that "it is understood that the question of whether the engines are suitable and adequate for marine propulsion shall be decided solely by the owner." Furthermore, the makers had to give a year's guaranty and to insure that the motors would burn ordinary bunker oil.

Twenty-six had been built and delivered at Hog Island when the war ended and cancellation was accepted on the remainder. None was used, even tested, and this still is cited by the Diesel people as a classic

example of the prejudice they have had to combat. They were stored and their maker later sold them, on behalf of the Shipping Board, to shipowners, the War Department for dredges and one stationary plant.

There are as many different types of Diesel as of automobile motors—four-cycles, two-cycles, single and double acting and less intelligible variations, and all is not agreement in the family. The four-cycle makers argue, for example that the two-cycle type does not provide an adequate cooling period, and the two-cycle makers reply as can be imagined.

There is an engineering romance in the story of one American Diesel plant. Two young engineers fresh from a university founded it in 1885. For twenty-five years they made reciprocating engines and sold them throughout the world. Some time after 1900 a great American electrical company bought of Charles G. Curtis for $3,000,000 the rights to his steam turbine. After much experimentation with the turbine, the electric company went to these steam-engine manufacturers about 1908 and said, in substance:

"We have worked the bugs out of this engine. It is a practical manufacturing proposition now, but we are electrical people and prefer not to mix our trades. It is to our interest to get turbines into use, however, so we will hand over our patents to you if you will make them."

One of the partners was eager to accept. The other refused scornfully. He called turbines "pin wheels" and pointed out that they would be trading a world business in a time-proved engine for a mechanical toy. The electrical company went elsewhere. Four years later the reciprocating-engine business was dying on its feet.

The dissenting partner called in the other and two juniors one day and spoke somewhat as follows: "We lost $40,000 last year and will lose more this year; the reason being that I wouldn't let you make turbines. I am a poor loser, hence I am deeding over my interest to you fellows and retiring."

The other partner went to the electric company and recalled the lost opportunity. "I am not asking for anything but advice," he said. "We are looking for something to take the place of the reciprocating engine and I am going to Europe to look into this Diesel motor. Have you any suggestions?"

"Fine," the electrical people said. "We, too, would like to know more about Diesels. We will pay you $100 a day and expenses to tell us what you find out."

An American Product

The steam-engine man would not accept. Then, offered the others, they would send one of their best men with him, if agreeable. When the two had gone through nineteen European Diesel plants, they cast their votes in a hat, naming a first and second choice. One voted for a Belgian engine first, a Swedish second; the other for the Swedish first, the Belgian second.

"I want something more tangible than an American license to make some type of Diesel," the engine man said. "I want to make an interchange of stock with the European manufacturer." They went first to the Belgian. This was in 1912. He was most cordial, but declined to let them buy in. "We are sitting on a powder mill in Belgium, likely to explode any day, and in conscience I couldn't take your American money." The Swedish maker, upon whom they waited next, foresaw no such upheaval affecting Sweden, stock was exchanged and a force of Swedish mechanics and engineers was sent to America, many of whom remained here. Today the company has a Diesel business equaling their one-time steam-engine trade.

Contrarily, the turboelectric is purely an American product, in which our Navy led the way. The first use of electricity in the Navy was in 1896, when motors were installed in two turrets of the Brooklyn to turn them, and she went into action against the Spanish fleet at Santiago with this advantage. The officer assigned to the job was Bradley A. Fiske, now rear admiral, retired. Admiral Fiske thereafter was the prophet of electricity in the Navy, and due to him more than to anyone else, the naval collier Jupiter was equipped about 1914 with electric drive. Since when the four newer battleships and the two big cruisers halted in midconstruction by the disarmament pact, and later converted to aircraft carriers, have been turboelectric. The new Coast Guard ships have adopted the same combination. Its first application to a large merchant ship was in the California.

When they are not united against the Diesel, the quarrel between the geared turbine and the turboelectric groups can be as lively as the family dispute of the various Diesel types. One disadvantage of a steam turbine is that it rotates in one direction only; to back a ship a separate reverse turbine is necessary.

In the turboelectric the power is created by the same turbine, but is transmitted, not to the propeller but to electric motors which drive the propeller. The first gain is in backing and in general maneuverability. In any electric motor the maximum torque is reached almost with the throwing of the switch—that is, it gets under full headway much faster than any steam engine, as instanced by electric trains as compared with steam. Moreover, the speed of the propeller is made independent of the main engines. This instant and sensitive response to all signals is particularly vital in warships where, in the poetical prose of Admiral Fiske, "no quadrille or other dance can equal in grace and precision the coordinated intelligence, power and docility of a fleet maneuvering in harmonious obedience to the signals of the admiral—the grandest sight in all the world."

To the Rescue

In addition, an electric motor is a quiet, clean, simple machine with few wearing parts and a long life. Finally, say its advocates, electric drive is the logical outcome of American world supremacy in the electric field. The disadvantages are that it costs more, weighs more, is an additional complication and that, necessarily, there is some loss of power in transmission from one medium to another with consequent increase in fuel consumption. Whether these drawbacks are more than balanced by its superiorities is the issue upon which the turbine camp is divided.

Electric drive can be combined equally as well with Diesel motors, and is being done. Whatever the prime mover, electric drive has the enormous advantage, in tugs, ferries and like small craft, that one man in the pilot house can make all maneuvers unaided, with the same ease as one drives a motor car. For service in crowded waters, virtually all new ferries and tugs are electrically driven today, whether their engines are Diesels or steam turbines. And in the new German St. Louis, high-speed double-acting Diesels are stepped down by reduction gears.

Nor is this the only compromise reached between the rival prime movers. The new Still motor is an odd combination of Diesel and steam engine, with lower compression than a normal Diesel, but with the water in the cooling jackets raised to steam and forced to drive pistons of its own. One Still engine installed in a British ship combines two steam and five internal-combustion cylinders.

Coincidentally, the turbine has come to the rescue of old reciprocating engines in the Bauer-Wach exhaust turbine, a relatively inexpensive addition to old power plants in which the exhaust steam, hitherto permitted to go home for the day, is dragooned into turning a turbine rotor. Installed in such Atlantic veterans as the Anchor Line Britannia, it is said to have saved 20 per cent in power with the same fuel consumption.

This relentless pursuit of steam to its last gasp is characteristic of modern coal-burning practice. Since the war such enormous advances have been made in shore

in breaking the

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power plants of the kind that light and power our cities that they approach the thermal efficiency of the best oil motors and the operating economy of a water-power turbine. Very much less is being heard about hydroelectric power, because coal came awake to the threat of extinction and reformed its slothful habits. The still uncompleted Muscle Shoals hydro white elephant has cost $150,000,000 to date. Part of that excessive cost may be charged to governmental ineptitude, but engineers assert that they can build next door, for one-fifth of the cost, a coal-burning plant of 30 per cent more efficiency. Even with the lack of coal in California, the power expected of Boulder Dam probably could be produced more economically in steam plants on the spot.

Because coal would burn and steam rise by the simple process of lighting a fire under the coal and putting water over it, that was the way it was done from the time coal and boilers came into general use a hundred years ago until oil frightened the former out of its complacency. Where 95 per cent of the coal's energy had gone up the flue, now, by pulverizing it, higher pressures, superheaters, stage heating and bleeding, reheating, de-aerating and such badgering, two horse power have been made to grow where only one bloomed before.

Experimenting With Power

This improved technic has come to the aid of the marine turbine in its battle with the Diesel. The sea fuel commonly is oil, but boiler practices are the same. Up to 1915 shore and marine practice moved shoulder to shoulder, but today the best marine plants are not a third as efficient as the newest coal stations ashore.

Kipling marveled at 155 pounds steam pressure and made McAndrew sing:

I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi' tow.
Ten pound was all the pressure then. . . .
Eh! Eh! a man wad drive;
And here, our workin' gauges give one hunder' fifty-five!

That 155 had risen to 250 pounds at sea in the next generation, but on land 1200 pounds pressure and 900 degrees of heat are in everyday use, and now the P. & O. turbo-electric Viceroy of India is going into service with 700 degrees of temperature and a steam pressure that would have blown McAndrew out the propeller-shaft alley. All new steamships are employing higher temperatures and pressures, and pulverized coal has been introduced at sea.

The hotter the steam the more the power, but metallurgists have not kept up with the race, and engine temperatures both in Diesel and steam already have reached a stop signal set by the limitations of present machine steels. Much the same in physical properties as they were when McAndrew boasted of a 155-pound head of steam, they tend to "creep" and to do other as yet unpredictable things under modern working heats. When metals have been improved the art will be ready for the rotary oil motor—an ideal toward which all automotive engineering is aiming and which already is in the experimental stage. This, when it comes, will be truly revolutionary both on land and sea.

The Shipping Board, as an innocent bystander in this battle of the prime movers, has done an interesting thing. Having a quantity of idle and obsolescent vessels, it has turned a group of them into floating laboratories by converting them to motor ships, Diesel electric and pulverized-coal burners. Twelve freighters of various war types, but all of more than 8000 tons, have been changed to Diesel propulsion and already are in service. The conversion of eleven more is under way, three of which will be Diesel electric. Most types and various American makes of Diesels are represented.

It is yet too early to examine the operating results, quite apart from the controversial aspect of the case. Better motor ships could have been built from scratch for a little more money, but the board, with several hundred idle bottoms on hand, scarcely could have persuaded Congress of the need of building new ones.

These direct-drive Diesel conversions produced a service speed of around eleven knots, sufficient for the less-traveled trade routes, but still too slow for the main lines of the ocean. Seeking for something to compete on even terms with the newest foreign freighters, the board took three of its largest—the Courageous, Defiance and Triumph—12,000-ton geared turbines, built at the Union yards, San Francisco, and ordered them rebuilt to Diesel electric drive with a thirteen-knot service speed. Their old gait had been a theoretical ten knots, not always achieved. Very soon it was discovered that the horse power necessary for this increased speed would be prohibitively costly, but by some alterations of their full-bodied lines at bow and stern, the problem was solved. The first to be finished—the Courageous—is on her maiden voyage in the Roosevelt Steamship Company's round-the-world freight line and has demonstrated a service speed of better than the desired thirteen knots at a capacity load.

Two years ago the board took the steamer Mercer out of idleness and installed pulverized-coal equipment. In as much as powdered coal collects moisture and is subject to spontaneous combustion, the fuel must be ground aboard ship as it is used. Electric grinders pulverize it and in this state it is blown into the fire box much as fuel oil is sprayed. Its advantages are apparent. Though it had been tested and proved ashore, shipboard use set up new problems, most of which were worked out in a laboratory at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The Mercer is plying to Rotterdam for the American Diamond Line and the contract has been let to the Todd yard, Brooklyn, to convert the West Alsek similarly.

Meanwhile the towboat Illinois has been operating on crushed coal on the Mississippi for four years; the collier Lingan of the Dominion Coal Company is burning it, and the first installation in England has been made in two of the four boilers of the Stuartstar.

Finishing a Cast-Off Theory

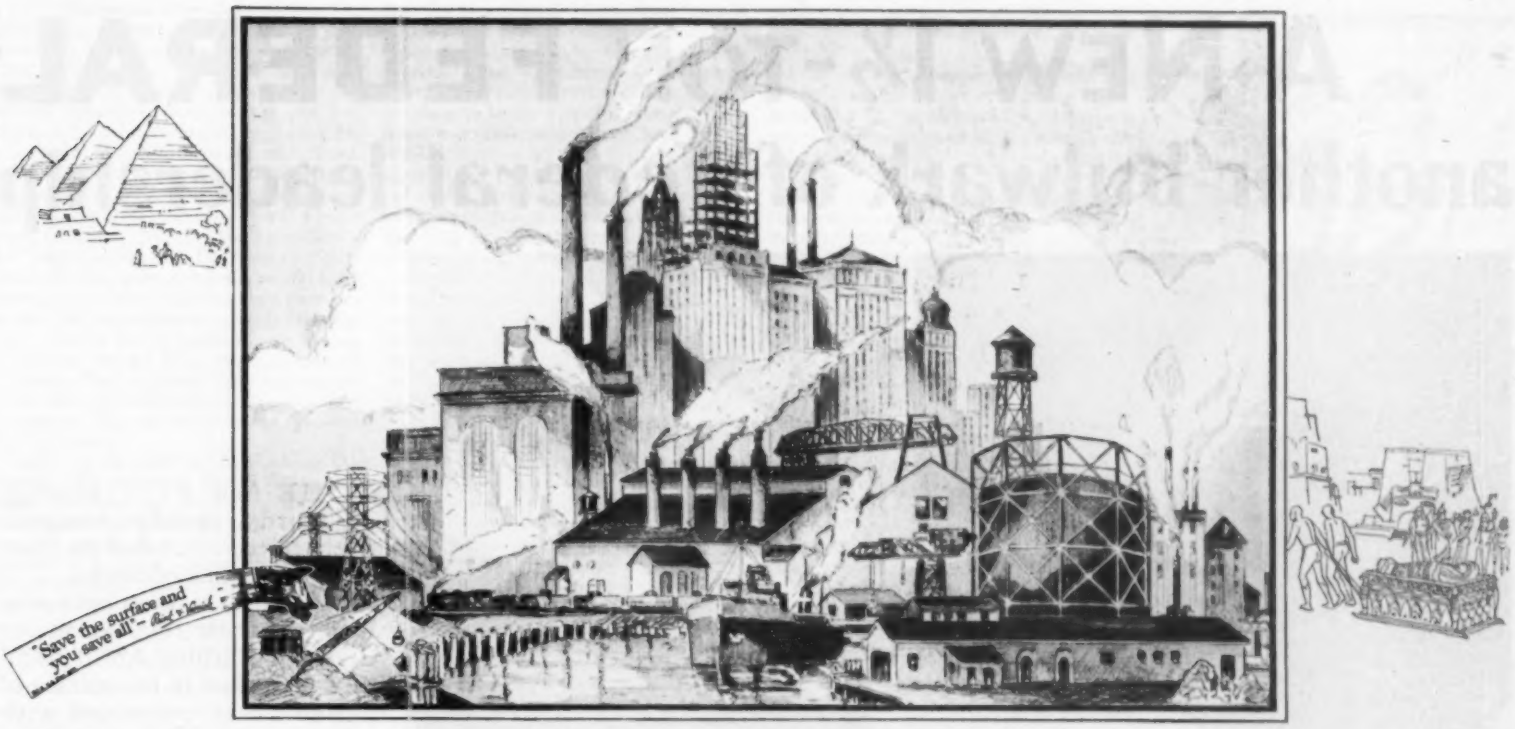
Earlier in this article it was noted that Rudolf Diesel's first conception of his motor was as a pulverized-coal burner, but that he abandoned it for oil. Diesel's cast-off theory was revived in Germany after the war by several experimenters, at least one of whom, Pavlikowski, seems to have solved it. His Diesel has run on crushed coal for four years, with the only departure from standard Diesel practice an altered cylinder head.

The importance of this achievement probably is more potential than immediate. For years the threat of an oil famine has been held over the heads of engineers, yet new production always has more than offset consumption. One of these days the old cry of wolf almost inevitably will come true. If, when the day comes, the Diesel can switch to powdered coal, it need never lose a stroke.

Having begun such an experiment, the Shipping Board might well make it comprehensive. Its applied laboratory includes no examples either of high-pressure turbines or of Bauer-Wach exhaust turbines, two important developments in the economical use of steam, once it is generated. The Lake Farley was equipped long ago with poppet valves on her reciprocating engines, but has been lying idle off Staten Island for years and no report is available on its performance. A high-pressure-boiler, poppet-valve engine has its advocates. Without examples of each of these, the board's experiment cannot be conclusive.

If this should leave the reader with the impression that American shipbuilding is in a ferment of activity, it has been most

(Continued on Page 197)



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Elastikote has been tested under the most adverse conditions on steel mills, power plants, factories, bridges and public buildings, and has proved to be the modern counterpart of Chemar. No ordinary paint withstands the ravages of wind and weather, rain, snow, sun, acids, fumes, brine and smoke as does Elastikote. For economy, wearing quality and universal utility, it surpasses any coating which we have ever seen.

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The secrets of Elastikote's extreme durability and economy are found in this free booklet. Send for your copy.

Tropical manufactures only "Custom Made" paints—each manufactured to meet a definite painting problem. These paints are distributed only through Tropical Surface Savers—a corps of trained men who know paints and painting. We have adopted this policy so that we may be certain that the proper Tropical coating is used—suited to your own particular conditions. Our customers are thereby safeguarded and real painting economies result.

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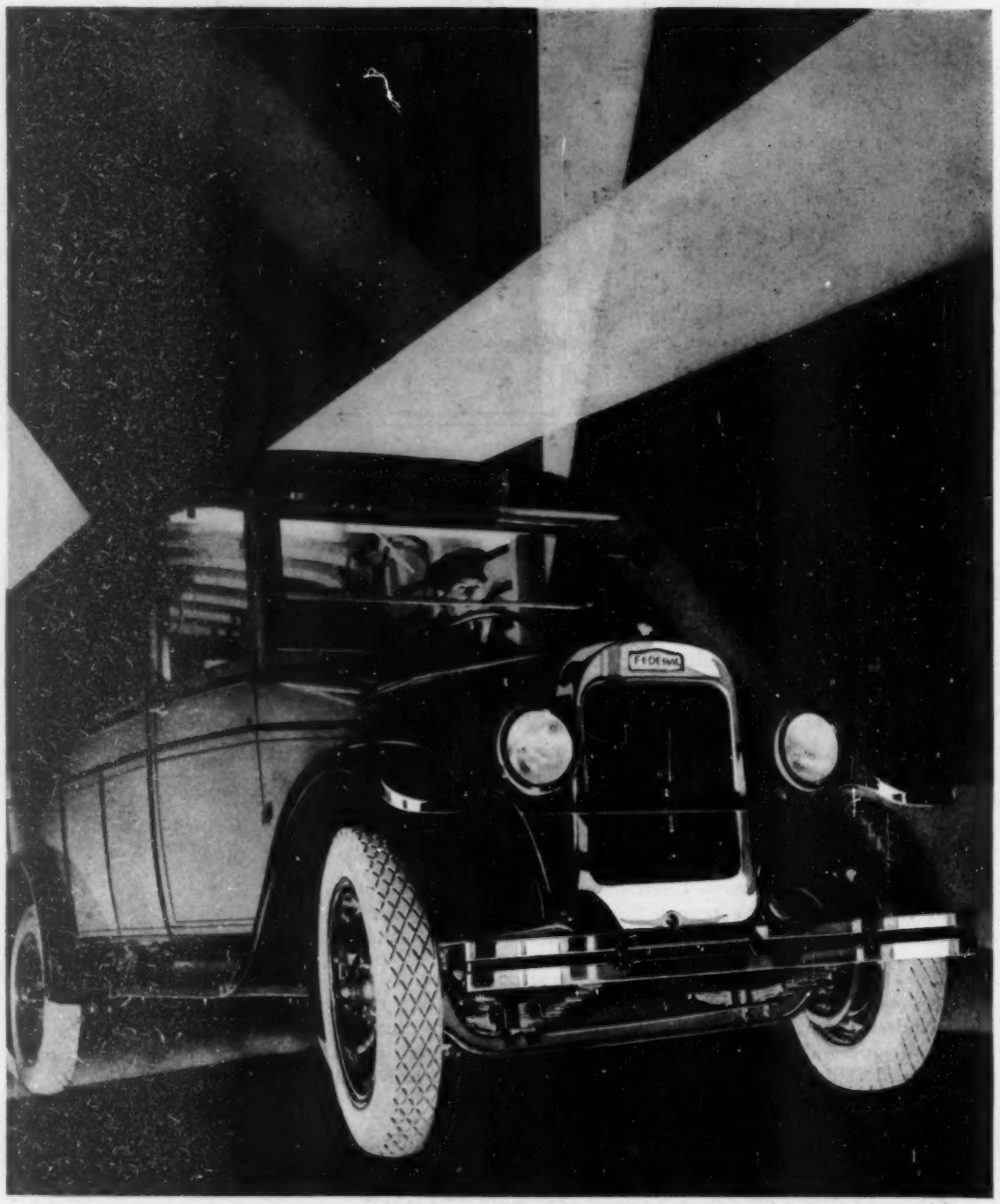

THE new F7 . . . strong, sturdy, speedy, competitively priced . . . takes its place in that long line of trucks . . . 1 to 7½ tons . . . that have won Federals their reputation for Certified Earning Ability and their high place in the opinion of business men concerned with haulage problems.

Industry . . . in the United States . . . overseas . . . knows that a truck, if it is to do a truck's work, must be *All-Truck*. The F7, like every other Federal, is *All-Truck*, down to the least important part.

Industry's appreciation of this 19-year-old ALL-TRUCK policy has brought to Federal during the first months of 1929 a 50% increase in sales over the corresponding months of 1928. It has made necessary huge additions to Federal manufacturing facilities . . . the erection of a great building that will house body and cab operations. From this building will go out, ready for immediate delivery, trucks with bodies exactly fitted to the job, economically built and economically installed, beautifully lacquered and at "one-profit" prices.

It is not alone that sales increase; that overseas business grows by leaps and bounds. More significant is the fact that each month brings proof that more and more hard thinking business men are adopting the Federal creed that "Haulage savings are net profits". And Federal continues to sell more than 7 out of every 10 trucks to people and firms who know Federals through having owned and operated Federals.

SPECIFICATIONS OF THE FEDERAL F7

Pay Load—1½ tons; Wheel Base—132, 144 and 152 inches; Loading Space—95 inches or 119 inches back of rear seat, depending on wheel base; Motor—6-cylinder, 65 H. P. with all modern refinements; Transmission—unit with motor, 4 forward speeds, 1 reverse; Rear Axle—full floating, heavy bevel-gear type; Brakes—four-wheel hydraulic expanding, emergency mounted on propeller shaft; Frame—heavy section, 5⅜" deep, ¼" thick, 2¼" flange; Cowl Dash—all steel construction; Equipment—generator, starter, horn, battery, bumper, jack, tools, and grease gun are furnished.

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THE FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK CO.
DETROIT, U. S. A. (230)

FEDERAL TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 194)

grievously misread. In 1928 only five American yards produced vessels of more than 4000 tons, and these five have contracted for an average of fewer than 2.5 vessels annually. Included are the five naval ships awarded to private yards—the only naval contracts since the war. In as much as the private yards built more than three-fourths of our naval vessels prior to the war, the disarmament pact was a body blow to them. Had not the Jones-White bill been enacted and the Panama Canal created a new passenger trade between the coasts, the United States might have reverted to the conditions existing from the Civil War to the 90's, when, after having bossed the sea for forty years, our Naval Academy had to send its construction-corps students to Europe to complete their education, because ships no longer were built at home.

Last year we built just 2 per cent of the world's new tonnage. Britain built fifty ships, Germany ten, France and Italy five each, and Japan four ships to our one. This has the sound of prosperity abroad, especially in England. Actually 60 per cent of the berths in British yards are empty, some 500,000 tons of British shipping is idle, and the unemployment in the shipbuilding trades is the highest in the kingdom. They, too, have their troubles, while Germany, deprived of virtually all her prewar shipping, has the last laugh. Having to build anew, her merchant fleet is the last word in modernity and busily at work.

Our Greater Share in Shipping

Nor is our shipping so much better off. Our exports in 1928 exceeded any year since 1920, and that pace has continued thus far in 1929; yet, in numbers of sailings and tons carried, our shipping reached its lowest ebb last year for the same period—meaning that foreign bottoms are hauling more and more of our goods again, for all our wealth of ships.

These gloomy figures, fortunately, are only half truths. The decreased sailings and cargoes are due in part to the fact that the board operated fewer ships at a loss last year. At the same time our private operators ran more ships at a profit—not much of a profit, usually, yet still in black ink. Actually, therefore, we hauled more bona-fide freight in 1928 than in any other year since 1920. Where we had a few American-flag services here and there before the war, we now—largely because of the Shipping Board effort—have vessels running on regular, dependable schedule in every world-trade route important to our exports. Most or all have been sustained by indirect subsidies, and some may have to continue to be for a while. The Shipping Board's annual losses have been falling steadily and would have been more than offset at any time since 1921 by a 20 to 25 per cent increase in ocean freight rates, which shippers almost certainly must have paid but for our government fleet competition.

An even better defense of the Shipping Board effort would be a comparison of the years 1910–14 and 1928 in our South American, Asiatic and African shipping. Before the war only five American-flag ships were operating in the first trade, and those exclusively to the West Coast of South America. We now have eighty-nine vessels, private and Shipping Board, in the South American trades, and the cargo tonnage moved last year was 140 per cent greater than in 1921, and infinitely more than in 1913.

The Pacific Mail's San Francisco-Hong-Kong service was the only American-flag line to the Orient before the war, and the average annual value of our commerce with Asia during the period 1910–14 was less than $380,000,000. Last year that commerce totaled $1,800,000,000, much of it hauled in the 140 American ships in the Oriental trades.

Foreign vessels hauled all our African business before the war, and the value of our trade with that continent averaged $47,000,000 annually. Nineteen of our ships serve the two coasts of Africa now, and the trade has grown to $200,500,000.

The freight bill for transporting our ocean commerce is $760,000,000 a year and the ships of thirty-three countries compete with us for it. Before the war our share of this, our own business, was 9 per cent; it now is 31 per cent.

We are at a permanent disadvantage in wages both in the building and operation of ships. If, in addition, we have to work with poorer tools than the other fellow, we are licked. The greatest single liability we have, then, is our war-built fleet. These ships are poorer tools, yet there are so many of them that they tend to prevent the building of newer and better.

Detroit pays its mechanics wages undreamed of in Europe, yet sends its cars abroad, pays import and other taxes designed to be prohibitive, and still outsells the home product. Why, the layman asks, cannot the American shipbuilder at least meet European competition on our own grounds?

It is a fair question—and easily answered. Every day we are making something like 13,000 automobiles; there are not that many ships on all the oceans, nor need for them. Such industrial magic as the motor industry is worked by mass machine production. Ships are not manufactured, cannot be; they are built, individually tailored. Design costs are high in shipbuilding and if many ships can be built to one design considerable is saved, but already we have too many ships of the same design. More diversification—special ships for special trades—is one of our first needs. There is no piece of machinery in a shipyard set to a fixed task, no worker who performs but one act of assembly. By good management costs always can be shaved, but the legerdemains of mass production are impossible.

"Why, then, not give up a business in which we are at a permanent disadvantage?" the layman is moved to ask. "Why not let the British and the rest carry our exports and imports for us. They are anxious to do it, and do it cheaper and better. We don't try to raise bananas in competition with Central America, do we?"

Selling Fish to Fishermen

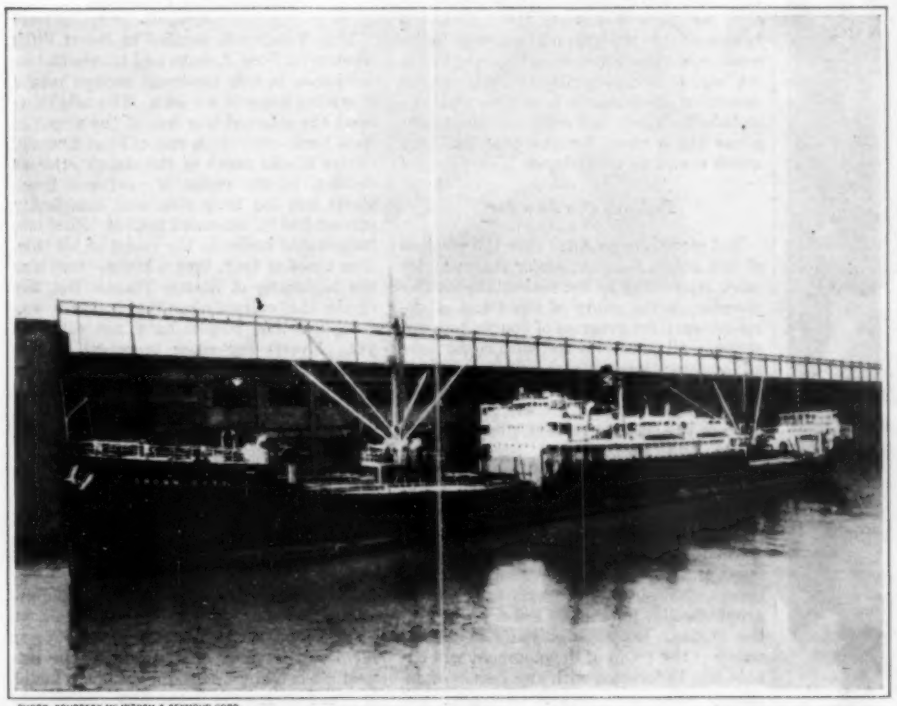
The answer is that if bananas, and bananas only, contained a vitamin without which we quickly would sicken, we would do something quickly about bananas. Ships are just that. We got along without them from the Civil War to modern times because we were living on and unto ourselves, developing a continent. Now we are an industrial nation, our margin of prosperity dependent upon selling our surplus production abroad.

"Because three millions of our homes obtain their support from the manufacture of articles which we import and export," Mr. Hoover said last fall at Elizabethton, Tennessee, "we must assure a sound merchant marine to safeguard our oversea trade from foreign discrimination."

We did not wait for the traffic before we built our transcontinental railroads; we built to create the traffic. That is precisely what we have done on the sea since the war. We have a lot of things to sell. We do not sell them merely to people who want them, as was the old philosophy of commerce. We make them want them by showing them that we use these things ourselves to great advantage.

To sell and deliver such merchandise, we need agents who believe in it. Extravagant Yankee notions are not sold by Europeans who think them preposterous.

The Dollar Line hauls a great many West Coast apples across the Pacific, around Asia and through the Suez to Egypt. British ships have operated on this route for generations, but they carried no Pacific apples to Egypt. "Whoever heard of an Egyptian eating Oregon apples?" a lime-juice skipper might well have exclaimed. "The beggars have dates, haven't they? Bless me, Oregon apples, indeed!" Nor does this point of view sell Pacific Coast canned fish to the natives of the East Indies, who were presumed to have no money with which to buy American fish, but plenty of time to catch their own. The Dollar people found otherwise. None but



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There's MONEY in It!

Increase your income! Start a business of your own! Be your own boss!

Would life be happier if you could earn more money? We'll tell you how.

Would you like to run your own business? If so, you can!

You can turn the spare hours you now have into cash. Or you can lay the foundations for a permanent, profitable, full-time business.

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The coupon below will start things coming your way.

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No matter what your sleeping program, Schilling's Outfits are always snugly packed on running board ready for use attached or detached from car.

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On the busy feet of men the world over, Phoenix socks have proved that strenuous wear and many washings do not affect their lustrous texture and fine style over long miles of service. That's Phoenix economy. Priced at 50 cents to $2 a pair.

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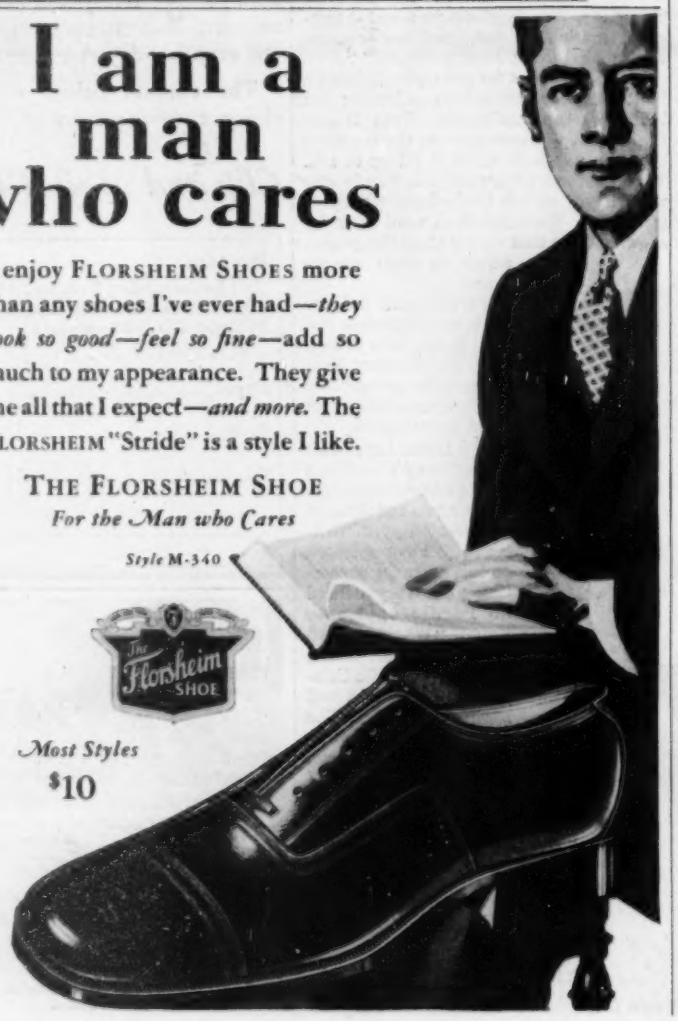
I am a man who cares

I enjoy FLORSHEIM SHOES more than any shoes I've ever had—*they look so good—feel so fine*—add so much to my appearance. They give me all that I expect—*and more.* The FLORSHEIM "Stride" is a style I like.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE
For the Man who Cares

Style M-340



Most Styles
$10

American ships ever engage in trades that do not exist.

Commerce is only one side of the picture. What ships mean in war we certainly should have learned in 1917–18. For the past seven years the great naval powers have been on a warship diet. Suppose we all agreed tomorrow to build no more at all and to scrap what we have? That is the pacifist program.

The control of the sea immediately would rest with the nation having the most, the swiftest and the largest merchant ships. That nation would be Great Britain by a margin as large as ever her navy gave her, while this country, instead of being on a presumable 5–5–3 parity with Britain and Japan, would bring up among the second-class powers. We still have a great many freighters left from the war, but most of them are so slow that they would not dare take to the sea.

As anyone should know, all fast passenger ships are naval auxiliaries. The three new Panama-Pacific liners, the California, Virginia and Pennsylvania, have six-inch-gun foundations built into them. This is no state secret. Every transatlantic liner is a potential cruiser with six-inch armament, and six-inch guns are no cap pistols. If all warships were to be sunk tomorrow, the most sinister vessels in the world would be the Aquitania, the Leviathan and the Majestic, because they are largest, fastest and potentially most destructive. The Jones-White bill was not passed solely for the sake of the merchant marine; our Navy needs more auxiliaries in war. The Aquitania and Majestic are subsidized by the British Government, as the Leviathan was by Germany, and the new 1000-foot Oceanic will fly the blue flag of the Royal Navy reserve, not the red ensign. In time of war, in fact, there is no such thing as a peaceful ship in belligerent hands. The submarines destroyed that myth finally.

Fortunately for the merchant marine, we have in the White House now a man who knows more about foreign trade than all his predecessors together.

"A merchant marine under the American flag is an essential to our foreign trade," he said at Boston last October. "It is essential to our defense. There is only one protection of our commerce from discrimination and combination in rates. We have had need to revise our vision upon oversea transportation during the past few years. It no longer comprises large numbers of tramp steamers going hither and yon. From the point of view of our commerce it consists of about twenty-five important sea routes which are the extensions to foreign destinations of our inland trade routes, upon which we need regular, ferry-like service of large cargo liners. This development of large units and repetitive operation fits with the character of our industrial development and opens wider hope for our return to the sea."

These are not the words of a man who has been told that such is the case. Mr. Hoover knows, is himself an expert. It will be something to have such a skipper.

THE TWENTY-FOUR-DOLLAR ISLAND

(Continued from Page 11)

There is no more fascinating subject of study to the New York real-estate man than the never-ending transformations that this city of magnificent impermanence undergoes, and the causes of these changes. Nothing, it would seem, more permanent and substantial could be erected than this towering city of steel and stone, yet actually no city has ever been so ephemeral and insubstantial. As easily, as quickly as a bank of clouds, it changes face and feature. Even we who go daily through its streets cannot keep track of its transmutations. On this corner, as we pass today, stands a magnificent modern office building, built, it would seem, for the ages. A few days later, when we pass again, we see there only a great gash in the earth. When next we pass that way, there stands a twenty-story skyscraper, scarcely more modern or more substantial than the building which it has replaced. We cannot remember, from month to month, what demolished church or shop or apartment house made room for the new buildings which crowd on every hand.

Follow the Leader

But more fundamental than the erection of this isolated skyscraper or that, and far more interesting to the real-estate man or investor, is the study of the trend of development; for progress of course does not strike in all directions and with equal force at the same time. Where will the next big development take place—and when—and why—and of what nature will it be? Will it be in the Chelsea section, near the East River and Forty-second Street—where Tudor City is now rising—on the upper West Side, on Riverside Drive, the upper East Side, the Bronx, or where? And will it be a residential development or commercial, apartment houses or office buildings, or loft buildings or shops? These things the real-estate man must know prophetically, for the cat must jump with the mouse. Only many years of careful study of the trend of development will enable him to forecast with any degree of accuracy where the next development will come.

Sometimes the reasons for the sudden development of a certain section are such obvious and knowable facts as the building of a new bridge or subway, and sometimes they are so subtle that the event comes as a shock to the most knowing. Who, for example, would have looked for a fashionable residential section to spring up in the shadow of the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge, overlooking Blackwell's Island? Yet that is just what Sutton Place did. This was really a case of one woman's whim, and then of follow the fashionable leader. This incentive is quite as potent in New York as it is in a small town; in either case, real-estate values follow fashionable migration.

Fashionable Colonies

Mrs. Vanderbilt decided to desert Fifth Avenue for First Avenue and to remodel an old house in this tenement section into a charming home of her own. The neighborhood she selected was one of the worst in New York—one block east of First Avenue, twelve blocks north of the slaughterhouse district, in the midst of coal and brick yards and old breweries, and completely surrounded by tenement houses. First one fashionable house in the midst of all this, then three or four, then a block—that was the beginning of Sutton Place. But the ripples that started when that big stone was flung into the puddle have not subsided yet. Every day more tenement houses come down and more fashionable apartment houses go up. First Avenue, from a street of factories and tenements, has been suddenly transformed into a street in the apartment-house class, with values jumping from $20,000 to $1,500,000. Other fashionable colonies have since sprung up on the East Side, and even the project of building Tudor City at the end of Forty-second Street, overlooking the river, is a result of that original impulse.

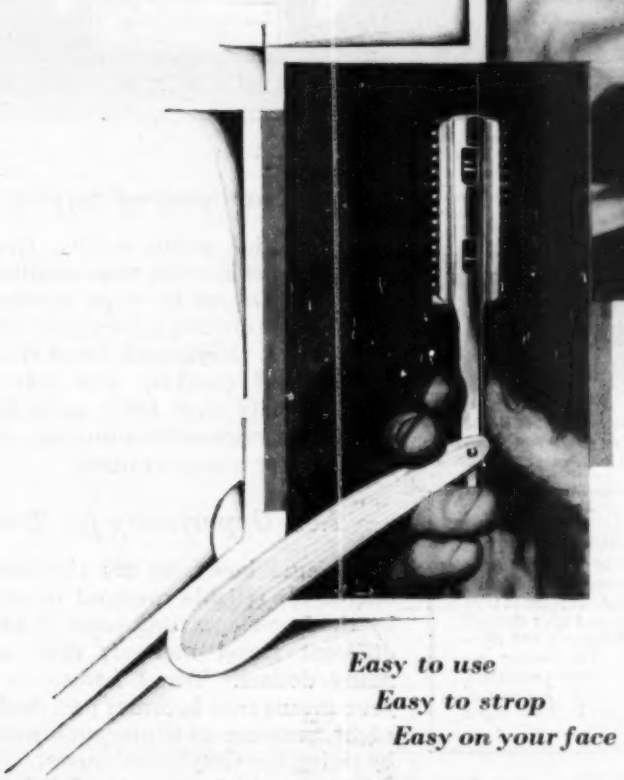
On the other hand, erecting the fashionable new Metropolitan Opera House at Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street would not increase the value of property in the immediate neighborhood; for the opera house is closed six months in the year and seldom

(Continued on Page 201)

"WHEN YOU SHAVE YOURSELF ----- use the easy *natural* stroke of the Durham-Duplex"-- *say* FAMOUS BARBERS

The NEW TERMINAL BARBER SHOP in the HOTEL McALPIN, N. Y.

The Terminal Barber Shops recommend the natural stroke and long detachable blades of the Durham-Duplex, the only safety razor that duplicates the shaving principle of the barber's razor.



Easy to use
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THINK of it! Barbers endorsing a safety razor! Not only ordinary barbers, but the most famous in the country. Why? Q. Simple. Progressive barbers realize that a good safety razor is not competition for them. It is coöperation. A well groomed skin is *a skin they love to shave.* They know that the Durham-Duplex is the nearest to their cherished "straight" razor, not only in appearance but in results. They realize that it employs the same graceful swing. The same sweeping diagonal stroke. And that the long Durham-Duplex blades have the same soap-honed, hollow-ground shaving edge. It is the one safety razor that combines the best of yesterday with the best of today, for. . .

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The Safety Razor with
The Blades Men Swear By. . . .Not At

A Durham-Duplex Razor priced to suit your purse

Interchangeable Blades 50c for a package of 5

At All Leading Dealers'

Get a Genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with one Blade for only a quarter or a complete set in handsome roll case and order for stropping attachment for fifty cents.

At your dealer's or mail this coupon to
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GREYHOUND LINES AND "YELLOWAY" STAGES *Announce*

the Longest, Largest, most Dependable Bus System in America

Coast to Coast Over Three Routes—Lakes to Gulf—Border to Border—Under Unified Responsible Management

Today on this great motor bus system you can reach almost any town, city or vacation-land in America. Greyhound Lines and "Yelloway" Stages are now under unified management.

Longest overland travel system in the world, Greyhound Lines and "Yelloway" System stretch three distinct scenic routes from coast to coast. From Canada to Mexico the Western Rockies look out over the routes of these buses. The Mississippi knows them from its head waters to the levees of New Orleans. The Blue Ridge and Alleghany countries and the east from New York to Jacksonville are directly served.

By consolidation of ticket offices and by still further extensions of service, the traveling public will benefit. One ticket will take you to any section—to almost any town—in comfort and security.

On Greyhound and "Yelloway" Lines you ride in new, luxurious all-steel buses—the last word in safety and comfort.

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Scenic circle trips in infinite variety are open to you on the Greyhound buses. Gettysburg, Philadelphia, and the Falls of Niagara, offer delightful planned trips through the historic East. Greyhound trips through the Lakes region of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota will thrill the vacationist. The Rockies and Sierras, Denver, Salt Lake and the Pueblo countries, Los Angeles and the West Coast, suggest journeys of romance and interest. Consult your local bus depot or write for "Circle Trip Suggestions."

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Standards of Service

A nation-wide public utility, Greyhound Lines accepts its full responsibility to the public. Your safety, your comfort, your convenience directly govern every employee.

Expect on Greyhound buses the highest standard of courtesy and safe driving. Your security over every mile is in the hands of a responsible company—the largest in motor transportation.

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Greyhound bus fares are the lowest ever offered for reliable overland travel. Fixed by the lower operating costs of an utterly different travel method, they save you many dollars. Travel heretofore beyond your means now becomes practical. Day or night, summer or winter, you save money by riding the Greyhound buses.

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(Continued from Page 198)

open during the day, thereby exercising a depressing effect on adjacent property. But because of its fashionable character it would cause a rise in the value of property a short distance removed from it.

By the same token, a railroad terminal does not exercise a salutary effect upon immediately adjacent property, since after six P.M., when the heavy suburban rush is over, there are few things as dead as a terminal station, even such a mammoth affair as the Pennsylvania Station in New York. Foreseeing this contingency, the managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad assisted in financing the Hotel Pennsylvania, opposite the station, in order to introduce the element of night life into the neighborhood and thus keep up values. In the same manner, the rather depressing effect of the Grand Central Station on property values was somewhat counteracted by the building of the Biltmore, Manhattan, Belmont, and Commodore hotels in the immediate vicinity.

Though bridges increase property values, bridge plazas retard them. The property immediately adjoining a bridge plaza will be lower in value than that a little distance removed; for one reason because the plaza affords little or no pedestrian traffic and motorists drive right through without stopping. Elevated structures retard values on the streets through which they run, but increase values from one to five blocks away, or within walking distance, and where the stations are located. When the structure is finally torn down, values on that street go up by leaps and bounds. Bus lines are good—better than trolley lines—since they are more flexible and make less noise.

But the worst possible structure for deadening property values—worse even than a storage warehouse—is an armory, which is used only a few nights a week.

A Bridge to Profits

The effect of a new bridge on outlying property is illustrated by the Queensboro Bridge. When it was built there was not a single building along Queens Boulevard—which today is one of the city's fastest developing sections. On the Thompson Hill section, along Queens Boulevard, inside lots, which sold as recently as 1921 for only $600 to $750 each, are now bringing $3000 to $3500.

In other near-by sections which benefited by the Queensboro Bridge, lots which sold at auction only two or three years ago for as little as $300 to $1000 each were recently resold at $5000 to $6000.

In Queens, north of the bridge plaza, we have values such as these—to pick a few from thousands: A corner of Steinway Avenue and Broadway, forty feet by one hundred feet, sold in 1910 for $20,000. It has since been resold and resold all the way up to $200,000, the price received a few months ago. On Ditmars Avenue, a corner seventy-five feet by one hundred feet sold in 1910 for $10,000. It recently changed hands at $125,000. One needs no sixth sense to realize the future of these Paterno Bridge Zone lots.

Now, to take another phase of development—or rather, nondevelopment. Almost as illogical as such unexpected building developments as Sutton Place are some of the bald spots in the city—the sections progress has inexplicably passed by. Frequently, as in a game of chess, building operations will skip over a section in the direct line of advance, leaving a bald spot, and continue again farther up.

A Tomato Barrage

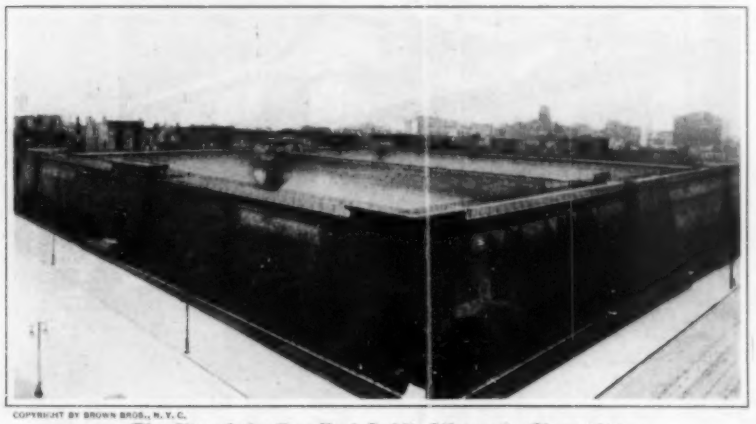
Take lower Broadway, for example—or, to go back for a moment to a classic example which illustrates many similar cases in the history of the city, take the street that should have been, but isn't, cut through just north of Grace Church. The Rhinelanders once owned a truck farm where the church now stands. Some forward-looking government official of that day, feeling that the city was about to take a sudden leap forward and that certain farms within the vicinity of Eighth Street and Broadway would eventually have to give way to the march of progress, gave orders to have the Rhinelander farm surveyed with a view to sometime laying out roads thereabouts. The Rhinelander of that day took bitter exception to this idea, and every time the surveyors arrived to stake out the street the old man met them with a barrage of overripe tomatoes; and finally, being in no way dedicated to the idea of a street in exactly that spot, the city gave up the losing fight, and even today the street skips over that block and continues its way on the other side. Development has many times been impeded, and far more seriously, by some tomato-throwing gentleman blindly devoted to his own interests rather than to those of the city.

Let us say we are flying in an airplane, not too high, over the city. Looking down, we see, right in the thick of the city, there where the tide of business runs swiftest, completely surrounded by upward-pricking skyscrapers, quiet little sluggish spots covered with low four and five story brownstone or red-brick buildings, some with front yards and the iron railings of the 80's still standing, some with large back yards devoted to Monday's wash, some with shop windows betokening a leisurely business in threads and needles.

"But," you exclaim, "I thought this land was worth $700 a square foot! How can it afford to raise only a crop of antiquated flats, dingy little shops and run-down boarding houses?"

"Because," we answer, "in this vicinity there once dwelt a man who knew how to throw tomatoes."

Take lower Broadway, for example. Broadway has more than once been the victim of expert tomato throwers. The first of our great merchant princes—no less a man than A.T. Stewart, who established the great retail shop later bought by John Wanamaker—was one of our most expert tomato throwers. One of Stewart's firmest principles was "high-class trade," or what was



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The Site of the New York Public Library in About 1893

I am a man who cares

My shoes are FLORSHEIMS because they are the choice of so many well dressed men—a shoe you'll always find where the *smartest* clothes are worn. I like their *distinguished style*, their rich leathers and perfect fit. The "Mode" is my selection.

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FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS Mrs. L. B. Robertson of Canada has been earning extra dollars with which to buy the many little extras every woman wants. Just what kind of work is it that she recommends so heartily?

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In your community you surely know a good many people who read *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, or *The Country Gentleman*. These people will be glad to have you save them trouble by handling their subscriptions. We'll pay you liberally for forwarding such orders.

Then, there are still more people who would read one or more of these publications if you call their attention to the advantages of subscribing and explain that you are our authorized representative. How your profits mount up!

Everything you need to represent us is sent you absolutely without cost. You do not invest a single penny of your own, nor do you need a bit of experience. We tell you just what to do and say—you work when it best suits your convenience—morning, afternoon, or evening.

$1.50 an Hour

You'd be surprised to know how many of our representatives, like Mrs. Robertson, are making up to $1.50 or more an hour. You'll be delighted to find how easily you can make this money for yourself. The details of our plan are most interesting. And they're yours, entirely without obligation, if you but send the coupon below.

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My best introduction is a good appearance. FLORSHEIM SHOES give me *confidence... self assurance...* their fine style speaks for good taste... their quality adds distinction to my attire. The FLORSHEIM "Stanford" is light weight, *flexible and easy fitting.*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE

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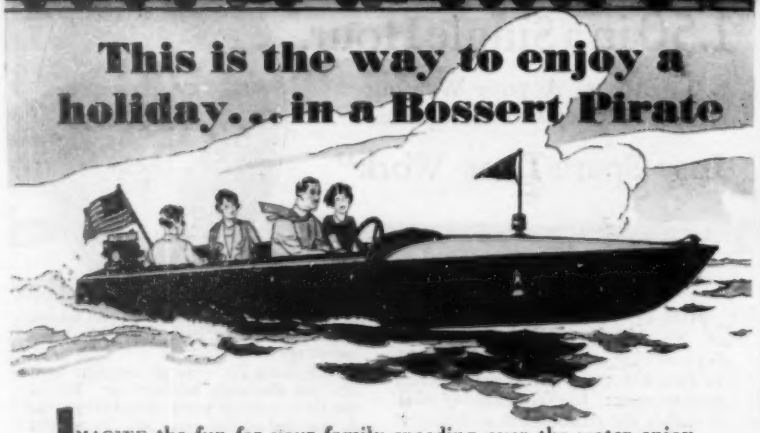
This is the way to enjoy a holiday... in a Bossert Pirate



IMAGINE the fun for your family speeding over the water enjoying clear, fresh air and beautiful scenery. No more week-end crawls for the knowing holidayist. The Bossert Pirate is his craft ... well constructed, speedy and safe.

Bossert Pirates, built at the Bossert 32-acre plant, are backed by a name which has always been a guarantee of quality.

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BETTER VALUE FOR LESS MONEY!

Bossert Pirate, Jr. $330
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Write for descriptive folder

We have a splendid proposition for "live wire" dealers who are anxious to make real money. Write us for particulars.

Louis Bossert & Sons, Inc. (Boat Dept.), 1347 Grand St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

then mellifluously called "carriage trade." So when a group of contractors began talking about running street cars up Broadway past his distinguished doors, where the ladies of the mauve 90's, their pug dogs tucked under their arms, their trailing skirts lifted modestly about their slim buttoned boots, elegantly descended from their victorias—when these insensitive representatives of progress appeared with their blue prints and their contracts, Mr. A. T. Stewart was ready for them. Well-aimed verbal and legal tomatoes completely demolished these gentlemen, who were finally forced to take their vulgar street cars up some less distinguished thoroughfare. So Broadway, south of Fourteenth Street, was saved to gentility and has never since felt the full tide of progress sweep along it.

And that was not Broadway's last stand against progress. John B. McDonald, pioneer subway builder, often told me of the heartbreaking obstacles put in his way when he, in turn, attempted to modernize Broadway. He wanted to run the first Subway straight up Broadway, and for the most part he was successful in obtaining his franchises; but when he came to that same conservative section so admirably defended by Stewart, he met with violent opposition. Property owners and business men refused to allow him to carry the Subway under Broadway in the vicinity of Fourteenth Street, on the ground that it would ruin the vaults and vault lighting of the basement stores. And in the end McDonald was forced, as he once explained to me, "to run crabwise up Center Street, and Lafayette Avenue" until at last he hit Broadway again north of Forty-second Street. Because of this, progress forsook Broadway south of Fourteenth Street.

The World's Busiest Corner

If anyone not versed in New York property values were asked: "Just where, if you were given your choice of any spot in New York, would you like a piece of property?" that man would very likely, after one swift glance at the map of New York City, bring his finger down on Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. "As near that spot as possible," I can hear him say.

And that sounds reasonable; for hasn't everyone heard that that's the busiest corner in the world?

Yet, as a matter of fact, he has brought his finger down perilously close to one of the bald spots. As we have already said, a railroad terminal in itself is a deterrent to business, and the hotels in the vicinity of the Grand Central have only partially counteracted this. Secondly, there are warehouses near the terminal, and these are always depressive to business; until recently there was an Elevated spur running along Forty-second Street directly in front of the station; and finally, for many years Forty-second Street was uninterruptedly torn up for the underground electrification of trolleys and the building of subways.

No Skyscrapers Here

The tide of progress swept up to the Grand Central and there stopped. Until only a matter of months ago, low buildings and small shops surrounded the Grand Central. Even today, east of the Grand Central, what have we? Take the block just one avenue beyond the Grand Central, between Lexington and Third avenues. There is not a single building on that block more than five stories high, there are many only two or three stories high—ramshackle affairs—and there are nine—actually nine—buildings only one story high. And that within a stone's throw of the busiest corner in the world! Yet the Grand Central disgorges millions of business men all day long. Who of them would not be happy to reach his office by walking a few hundred yards east instead of taking a Subway train or taxi to a distant office? Yet until recently no offices have been available in this vicinity.

Only now is Forty-second Street beginning to become what we would expect it to be. Four or five of the highest buildings in the world are now in process of construction around the Grand Central—the Chanin Building, fifty-six stories high; the Lincoln Building, fifty-two stories; the New York Central Building, thirty-five stories; the Reylex Building, sixty-four stories. Any one of these buildings holds a small cityful of people.

Another phenomenon of New York property is that strange disease known as obsolescence, which, gnawing like a cancer at the very vitals of a skyscraper, soon brings its victim to an untimely end.

A certain building is, to all intents and purposes, in the best of health—a fine, young, strapping, twenty-story building; sound, modern construction, fireproof, steel ribbed, rockbound. Suddenly economic obsolescence is suspected, experts are called in; reconstruction may stave off the end a short time, but inexorably the final stages of the disease set in, the patient succumbs, and one morning this seemingly still whole and hearty young building is torn down to make way for a higher, slightly more modern building. Sad and wasteful though it seems to see these giants, which would be the pride of any

(Continued on Page 204)

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The New York Public Library at 42d Street and Fifth Avenue

•TANTALIZING TEABERRIES•

"Now, Ted dear, please don't look so glum.
All right! You can spoon with me some.
But to kiss me, of course,
You'll have to use force—
Or else get some TEABERRY Gum."

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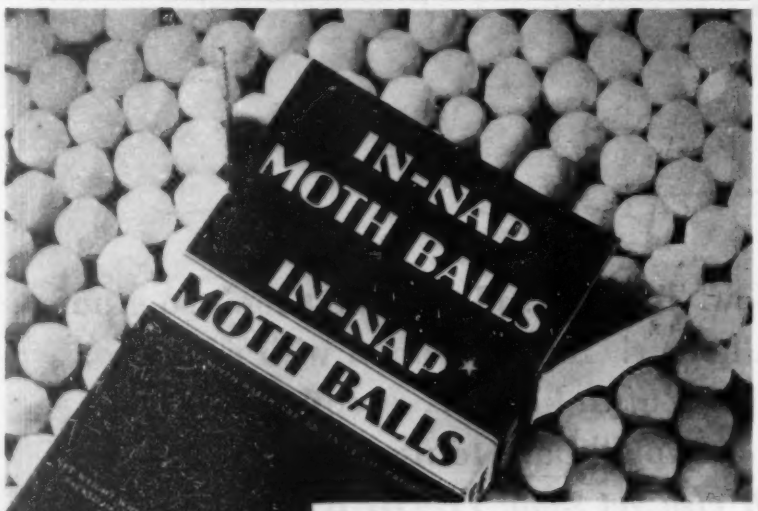

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. . REPEL THEM!

IT'S almost certain that wherever woolens are gathered together, there you will find moths. Don't bewail the fact.

With In-Nap Moth Balls and Flakes you can keep this serious little enemy safely away from your woolens and rugs.

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International Combustion Tar and Chemical Corporation
200 Madison Ave., New York

IN-NAP MOTH BALLS
OR FLAKES IF YOU PREFER

(Continued from Page 202)

smaller city, come toppling down, it is nevertheless illustrative of the leaps and bounds by which New York property increases in value. The real-estate man or investor must keep a wary eye out for the first signs of obsolescence, for it figures largely in his profits or losses.

Now, in order to understand and handle all these problems, these many factors affecting real-estate values, many minds must meet in a successful real-estate organization. There are many branches to the real-estate business, and each one is a specialty in itself, requiring experts to run it. There are literally dozens of departments—private sales, auctioneering, management of property, appraisal, industrial property, chain-store property, financial department, advertising department, art department, insurance, and so on, *ad infinitum.*

Big Deals But Not Serious

In developing a real-estate business I soon discovered that of the two methods of selling, private sale or public auction, auctioneering was the more effective for dealing with the peculiar speeded-up psychology of Americans, and was better suited to the conditions brought about by the rapid growth of the city and the swift rise in property values. New York City absorbs more property by the auction method than all the other cities of the world put together. But large private sales of real estate are quite as interesting, though perhaps less dramatic. A different type of salesmanship is brought into play in private sales, but the fundamentals are the same.

In private sales one is dealing with an individual instead of with a crowd, and one has more time to study the client and his desires and to meet them satisfactorily; but at the same time one loses the incalculable advantage of excitement, speed and the spirit of competition. It is essential always to study closely the psychology of a prospective buyer before attempting to sell him, and then fit your temperament to his. Ease and the power of suggestion are the great factors in any sale. Too much pressure is worse than not enough. An ounce of suggestion is worth a pound of force. Let your client sell himself—or think he is. The more sensitive your reaction to his mind and temperament, the greater your chances of success. The bigger the deal, the more important that it should not assume an air of portentousness, of solemnity. The whole affair should be kept in a light key, as though it were, although important and deserving your closest attention and interest, still a matter which could be handled easily and pleasantly. The danger is that any strain should enter your relations—any feeling of pressure or tensity. A joke is worth more than an argument, and an appeal to sentiment often outweighs the strongest business considerations.

I recall the occasion of selling Judge Gary the present home of the United States Steel Corporation. It was housed at the time in the Empire Building at 71 Broadway, and the judge was debating whether to buy that building or a more modern one. He asked me to make a complete analysis of all the Broadway and Wall Street office buildings and building sites in his vicinity, which I did, and finally came to the conclusion that, from every point of view, the building he then occupied, though a bit old-fashioned, was by all odds the best for his purposes. In the first place, erecting a new building seemed out of the question, for it would have taken at least five years to negotiate the cancellation of leases and to build a skyscraper in that locality, and the judge was then more than seventy years old. In the second place, the only other building already erected which he would be likely seriously to consider was 61 Broadway—the Adams Express Building—and that, I knew, was being considered by another purchaser and, I believed, would not suit Judge Gary as well as the building he was then renting. Therefore I did not include it in my analysis.

One afternoon, after the analysis had been submitted, the judge asked me to call. I saw at once that he was in a dissatisfied mood.

"Mr. Day," he said, "one of my directors, Mr. Henry Clay Frick, has just been showing me through 61 Broadway. It's a far more impressive, up-to-date office building than this. And besides, practically all the floors have an unobstructed view of New York Harbor—the same view we had from this building before Number 61 went up—and you know how much that view has always meant to me."

An Appeal to Sentiment

"I know, Judge Gary," I said, "but 61 won't have that view long. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has just made the Cunard people a large loan with which to erect a skyscraper to the south of 61 Broadway. This new Cunard Building will cut off 61's view of the harbor just as 61 has cut off yours; so in the end you'd be no better off there than here."

But that, I knew, was only an argument. It would take some far more effective appeal to sway the judge from his present predilection. I considered the situation.

There we sat in his office, looking out of the window, watching the crowds, watching what we could see of the colorful traffic of the river. There was a little pause before I finally put two questions to Judge Gary—two questions the answers to which I already knew; for many times in previous years I had heard him express himself on these points.

"Judge," I said, "where was your first office when you came to New York from Chicago?"

A pause.

"Right here where you and I are sitting, Day."

"So it was in this building, in this very room then, that the greatest industry in the world was born—that the United States Steel Corporation had its inception?"

That question he never answered. He sat tipped back in his chair, gazing out on the view he had seen for so many years, and for the next five minutes you could have heard a pin drop. This was the mood I had hoped for, and nothing in the world would have tempted me to break it. Suddenly his chair legs came down with a bang.

"That settles it. Some of my associates have been at me to move into a fine new office

building, but I've never really wanted to myself. I started in this building seventeen years ago. It was good enough for me then and, by Jove, it's good enough for me now! Get your men here at once, Day, and we'll close the deal this afternoon."

Thus, by the power of suggestion, by an appeal to sentiment—from which few men are immune—and by keeping the whole situation from becoming too tense, was accomplished, in five minutes of silence, what five weeks of argument might not have consummated.

On another occasion I found myself in an equally, indeed, a far more serious situation with Judge Gary, and here an altogether different bit of psychology came into play. The transaction was practically completed when the difficulty arose—as it is so apt to do. Mr. Farrell, the president of the United States Steel Corporation, of which Judge Gary was chairman, was interested in buying, for the purpose of erecting a shipbuilding plant, 150 acres of the 3000 acres of meadowland being disposed of by the Newark Factory Sites Company. To forty acres of this 150-acre tract we did not have a clean claim of title, but could only give a bargain-and-sale deed instead of the usual full warranty deed. This sort of fault in the title is usually enough to kill a sale, or at least to lower the price to a point where it is no longer interesting. Not wishing to be thus traded down on the price, I purposed to continue the search of the title and meantime to give Mr. Farrell a deed instead of the regular contract. We were three months searching this title, which went back a century and a half, with one grant after the other to cut salt hay on the Jersey meadows—about all they had heretofore been good for. It was one of the most involved, cantankerous titles we ever came up against, and finally it appeared that there never could be any really satisfactory title to those forty acres in the very heart of the property. Meantime the steel corporation had gone ahead with its improvements. So it was no surprise one day to receive a telephone call to meet the legal heads of the corporation—Mr. Corlett and Judge Gary. When I arrived, Mr. Corlett opened the conversation.

A Pig Brings Home the Bacon

MR. CORLETT: "Judge Gary, we've already put a quarter of a million dollars' worth of improvements in this Newark meadowland and we haven't yet received a contract—not a scratch of a pen—from Mr. Day."

JUDGE GARY: "Well, Mr. Day?"

MR. DAY: "Judge, we have a good insurable title to that land which the title company will accept, with the exception of that forty acres, and to that we haven't a clear chain of title; that's true, and this is the reason: More than a century ago Arthur Brown deeded to Jason Squires this disputed forty acres, and that deed is recorded in 1804. Now, in 1808, this same Arthur Brown transferred this same forty acres to another party—Joseph Jackson—and that's where our trouble begins; for there's no record to show that Squires ever signed it back to Brown. Now the question is: How did Brown regain possession of this forty acres—legally or illegally? If legally we're safe. If illegally we're sunk.

"Judge, this is the way I figure this thing out: Our ancestors, the good old Yankees of those days, were fundamentally honest. What I believe happened was something like this: After Squires had been cutting salt hay on those meadows for a couple of years, cursing his way through the swamps, up to his knees in muck and mire, he one day lost his horse in that marsh—saw him sink clean out of sight. That was the last straw. He'd be darned if he'd ever cut another foot of hay in those confounded swamps.

"That night he met Brown in the village grogshop, and Brown, in consideration of an unrecorded number of drinks and a pig thrown in as gratuity, agreed to call the bargain off, take back the land, and return Squires his money, which sum—probably in the neighborhood of forty dollars—was handed over there and then. But in the enthusiasm of the moment they completely overlooked the small matter of recording the deed. We can't go to the trouble, at this late date, of getting quit-claim deeds from every Squires in Jersey, and since we have a clear chain of possession for more than 100 years, from Brown down, I think we're absolutely safe with a deed by having adverse possession."

JUDGE GARY: "Mr. Corlett, I'm satisfied. That story rings true. The pig gives it the final touch of authenticity. On the strength of that pig we'll waive the contract and take a deed."

In this case it was that little touch of human interest that eased the situation off, and Judge Gary was a man one could count upon to respond to this sort of appeal.

I cannot insist too strongly to anyone interested in the technic of salesmanship that, to me, ease and the power of suggestion have always seemed prime requisites; and the little joke, the touch of sentiment, the ability to see eye to eye with one's client, to be with him and not against him, will almost always, at that last crucial moment when things begin to get too tense, help to inject that sense of ease essential to every successful sale.

Selling on a Railroad

With these 3000 Newark acres still in mind, we approached Mr. Henry Ford with the idea of selling him acreage for an assembling plant.

In 1914, when we first showed him this property, he was by no means pleased with it; for one thing because there was a copper mill about a mile away belching forth heavy, unpleasant fumes. This feature, however, could be eliminated by hooding the chimneys of the mill and changing the dampers. But at the time Mr. Ford was not sold on the location. So, after looking over the property, we motored down to Manhattan Beach for dinner at the old Oriental Hotel.

"I suppose this is the first time you've ever been here?" I said as we sat down. Mr. Ford looked about, an odd little smile twitching the corners of his lips.

"No, no," he said. "Only the last time I was here I wasn't in a position to sit in this dining room and order a dinner de luxe. That was twenty-five years ago, and I was a very poor man. I came here because Thomas Edison was to talk at an electrical engineers' convention, and Edison, you know, has always been one of my great men. It took all the hustling, all the pinching and scraping I could do to get together enough money for a round-trip ticket from Detroit, and when I arrived I had exactly thirteen dollars in my pocket. I went hot and cold when they told me the hotel rates were eight dollars a day, for the convention was to last three days and I feared I might miss Edison. But luck was with me. I heard him twice and departed on the third day with one dollar still in my jeans."

In twenty-five years, from one of the poorest to one of the richest men in the world! What epics are written in America today!

That day I said no more concerning the Newark factory site, but confined myself to a few remarks on the efficiency of the Pennsylvania Railroad—which runs right through the Newark acres—on the greatness of its organization, on the perfection of its service to its shippers, and so on, and was rewarded by Mr. Ford's remark, before he departed: "You know, Mr. Day, I believe that when we do buy East, whether it's the Newark property or not, we ought to locate near the Pennsylvania Railroad."

Shortly after, I went to Detroit to try to close the deal. When I arrived, Mr. Ford seemed interested in anything but real estate. He discoursed pleasantly of his tractor—which he had not yet brought out—showed me motion pictures of it, and finally took me out to show me a tractor in

It keeps TEETH WHITE

A WORLD OF FRIENDS—for the world can't resist a winning smile! And it's your teeth that make or mar your smile. Never let them grow dull or discolored. Chew Dentyne, the gum that keeps teeth white—makes smiles brighter. Everybody likes that unique flavor . . . and Dentyne is *the highest quality chewing gum made today.*

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

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BUSTER BROWN SHOES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM INFANCY TO COLLEGE AGE

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IN ALMOST every walk of life, men and women everywhere earn money in their spare time through our extra-cash plan.

For example there's W. O. McIntyre of Kentucky, Mayor of a bustling Southern town. For a long time, he has represented the subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Being elected Mayor didn't make any difference—Mayor McIntyre's right: the work is dignified, pleasant and *profitable!*

If you've wanted extra money . . . if you've never yet found just the spare time work that will bring you new interests, new friends . . . ready cash, try our money-making plan. This coupon will bring you all the details. Mail it now!

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of Kentucky

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operation on his farm at Dearborn. Three hundred yards away across the field stood the ungainly monster, and Mr. Ford, breaking into a jig at sight of it, clapped me on the back and shouted, "The best man gets there first, Day!" and tore off across the field. I leaped after him, but soon saw that my long legs gave me the advantage, and settled down to a steady dogtrot one lope behind him. His hand on the tractor, Mr. Ford turned to me triumphantly.

"There you are, Day!" he said. "That shows you city fellows up. All day at a desk, never a breath of fresh air, no exercise; no wonder you can't use your legs or your lungs. You're played out before you start."

"Well, Mr. Ford," I said, "there are two reasons why I didn't beat you. In the first place, I gave you a handicap."

"How's that?"

"I'm wearing a hat, and you're not."

"And what's the second?"

"You said the best man would get to the tractor first. Mr. Ford, I came out here to sell you a piece of property and I have the contract in my pocket. It would never do for me to prove myself the better man until that contract is signed."

Mr. Ford laughed, drew me under an old apple tree, and there we verbally closed the deal. A five-million-dollar Ford plant now stands on that site.

I have spoken previously of the necessity of speed in an auction sale. It is likewise extremely helpful in private sales. Some of the biggest deals are consummated over the telephone. I remember the incident of selling the late Lord Leverhulme, the English manufacturer of soap, a manufacturing plant. He had heard of the former Pyles plant on the Hudson River opposite 96th Street, had received reports from his agents, and one day when he was in New York, called me on the phone and said he'd like seriously to consider buying it. I called the owners of the factory and found—these things often come by twos—that the representative of another buyer was at that moment on his way to their office to close the deal at the price they had asked.

From One Star to Another

"Will you let me close the deal with you over the phone before the other buyer arrives? And will you accept my personal check for $10,000 which will be in your possession within ten minutes?" I asked.

They would so close the deal, accepting the $10,000 as a binder, and within ten minutes my messenger phoned me that he held the receipt for the check. It was now my somewhat doubtful pleasure to call up Lord Leverhulme and inform him that he was the owner of a factory he had had no idea of actually possessing for some time to come—in the usual, slow course of such affairs. Within fifteen minutes of his telling me he wanted the property it was his. Evidently he expected no less of American business methods, for he took it most calmly.

Even a bit of comedy may have its place in helping a transaction over the difficult places. I remember an occasion when Mr. William C. Durant vividly illustrated this for me.

We had been negotiating between Mr. Durant and Mr. Edsel Ford for three months for the sale to Mr. Ford of Mr. Durant's assembling plant at Long Island City, and it was finally left to us to fix the price. One day I went to Mr. Durant with the figure to which we had obtained Mr. Ford's consent.

Mr. Durant has the largest office I've ever seen—colossal, cathedral-like, dizzy with space and stiff with silence. In this expanse of planetary space we appeared—Mr. Durant and I—two microscopic figures. Mr. Durant, catching sight of me in the dim distance, cupped his hand about his mouth as though to make himself heard on some remote star, and, in a stage whisper, inquired, "How's the deal?" This gave the keynote to the situation. I put my hand to my mouth as though I were shouting to him across stellar space and whispered back, "Just saw Mr. Ford"—much as though I'd passed him outside, whirling by on a shooting star.

Mr. Durant again cupped his hand about his mouth and whispered back, "How much will Mr. Ford pay?"

I followed suit. "Two and one-half millions."

Mr. Durant, with a twinkle in his eye, repeating the gesture, whispered, "Sold."

A Bed on Rails

Putting both hands about my mouth, I now produced the final whisper, "We send a man to Detroit tonight to close the deal," and without a single "Hello" or "Good-by," the big deal, requiring three months' careful preparation, was closed in three minutes of impromptu comedy.

Now, coming to residential property.

One of the finest residential sites ever sold was a bit of blue sky. Just that. Of course nowadays every progressive real-estate man must have a special blue-sky department, just as he has a suburban or an industrial department, and considering that this is still a pioneer field, it hasn't done too badly. This particular site was one of the prettiest stretches of blue sky you'd ever wish to see. It was located at the Battery and overlooked the entire Bay, the Hudson River, Coney Island, the Statue of Liberty, Staten Island and quite a bit of heaven. This fine site was sold to Mr. Henry L. Doherty, the head of the Cities Service Company, and he is convinced that he can sell this plot, comprising many blue acres, at a huge increase in price; and there's little doubt he can, for Mr. Doherty has developed this particular bit of celestial property in the most thoroughly modern way.

You may possibly have seen motion pictures or photographs of Mr. Doherty's castle in his Blue Heaven. It is sixteen-stories up from earth, on the top of the Maritime Building, and its many modern features are quite as unusual as the location itself.

Spectacular as Manhattan appears during the day from such a height and such a location, it is infinitely more thrilling at night, beneath the twinkling pageant of the stars, above the twinkling pageant of the city's electric lights, and, all in between, blue night gathering thickly in the great bowl of heaven.

"I have my last cigarette at night out here beneath the stars," said Mr. Doherty to me once. "I smoke it lying in bed, out here on the roof, fling it over the balustrade into New York Bay, sixteen stories below, and drop off to sleep. See here." Mr. Doherty reëntered his bedroom from his roof garden and pressed an electric button. At once the long French windows opened and a bed came sliding out. It moved on rails, and when it stopped, the French windows closed softly and mysteriously behind it. There, to all intents and purposes, was Mr. H. L. Doherty, sleeping quietly beneath the stars, after tossing his midnight cigarette into the bay.

"This way, you see, I have plenty of fresh air at night, and in the morning,

(Continued on Page 210)

Its SPARKLING QUALITY

brings genial zest to a meal

Hors d'œuvres variés and "Canada Dry"

Just as it does in many a great hotel and club . . . on smart transatlantic steamers . . . at the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa

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The Champagne of Ginger Ales

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THE outstanding preference accorded to Chamberlin Weather Strips rests upon Chamberlin's unusual record of performance. Installations in over 20,000,000 window and door openings have demonstrated the protection, fuel-saving and draught-proofness which Chamberlin craftsmanship and factory-controlled installation alone can provide. The public wants certainty of weather stripping results. They know from experience they can depend on Chamberlin always.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Not *how deep* but *how near* the bull's eye

Power without Control is worse than wasted

A POWERFUL bow, perfect in balanced strength . . . arrows perfectly formed and feathered. Yet the shot will sink in the outer circle . . . if the *aim* is not perfect, too.

Likewise, with electric power—aim determines how close to the "bull's eye" electric motors will carry your plant . . . the bull's eye of maximum labor, time, and production savings.

Modern Motor Control aims power . . . oversees motors . . . leads them, when required, through automatic production processes . . . supplies new convenience in machine manipulation . . . protects men and motors from disorganizing accidents.

Thus your *choice* of Motor Control is important. It fixes the limits of these advantages . . . determines how completely you use electric power. That is why so many vigilant industrial leaders personally weigh the facts with care . . . specify the Control wanted on all the motor-driven equipment they buy.

The performance of Cutler-Hammer Motor Control has made it the standard for judging all such equipment through more than three decades. Cutler-Hammer is the exclusive choice of many leading plants . . . standard equipment on successful motor-driven machines . . . and the Control recommended by far-sighted electric motor builders.

13

Thirteen Times the Manpower of Industry Hidden Away in Electric Motors

Electric motors in America's industries today provide working capacity equal to 250 million workmen. That is more than 13 times the actual number of men employed. How effectively this army of "unseen" workers is used to bring down costs is determined by the care with which Motor Control is selected.

CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
1259 St. Paul Avenue
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

(8244)

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"

You CAN'T lose *this* cap!

Face Fitness Helps!

Keeping your face Fit goes a long way toward creating a feeling of well being, and the Williams lather goes a long way toward keeping your face Fit.

And you'll have pleasure in the use of Williams, for there's nothing irksome in the Williams shave. It's quick, smooth, pleasant.

Williams is super mild—as millions of ultra-sensitive skins can testify. Of uncolored purity—not one atom of dye. It makes a lather that's quick, close in texture, saturated with moisture,—holding, indeed, 10% more moisture, by authentic test, than any other we know of. A lather that cleanses pores gently, freshens facial tissue,—does all you expect lather to do, and a little more.

There are eighty-nine years of highly specialized study of what's best for beard and skin in the creamy lather blanket that Williams Shaving Cream will make for you.

Let the drug clerk testify: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!"*

Then a dash of Aqua Velva. Scientifically blended to give proper care to the newly shaven skin.

(Continued from Page 206)

when I wish to dress, I press this button, the doors open and I slide back into a warm room."

The idea of buying this celestial property came to Mr. Doherty one Sunday morning. Mr. Doherty was living at the time near his office on Broad Street—rather an eccentric idea, for he was certainly the only well-to-do resident in that part of the city, honeycombed as it is with offices. He invited me to visit him this particular Sunday morning and I learned then the reason for his being located so far downtown. It seems that, more than any other vista in New York, Mr. Doherty loves the view over New York Harbor—the same view that Judge Gary wanted to buy. He lived down on this point of the island, piercing the air with its skyscrapers, so that he might, on fine nights and Sunday mornings, walk down to Battery Park and sit there in unmolested solitude, watching the magnificent pageant of the harbor, the distant islands, the mixture of colors in that great bowl of sky and sea, and the white, stalking skyscrapers with their feet in the water and their heads wreathed in clouds. This Sunday morning, as we sat on one of the deserted benches in Battery Park, he said he'd give anything he possessed to have an apartment in one of these downtown office buildings so that, high in the air, he might always have this magnificent view.

"But, of course, there's no such thing as an apartment in these office buildings," he added.

"No," I said thoughtfully, "but why shouldn't there be? Just let me look around a bit."

One day the idea of an apartment built on the roof of one of these office buildings came to me. It would be expensive, buying a bit of heaven. It would be necessary to buy a whole skyscraper, but perhaps Mr. Doherty wouldn't feel that that was out of the question. Mr. Doherty didn't. He quite took to the idea, and the one he wanted was the Maritime Building. It couldn't be bought, we found, without buying two other skyscrapers with it—all three the Chesebrough holdings. So Mr. Doherty bought all three buildings—the Battery Park, Chesebrough, and Maritime—and on the summit of the last he built one of the finest apartments in New York. And although he originally paid $6,000,000 to get his apartment, it actually didn't cost him a cent in the end. He not only lives rent free but makes money on his investment. That's what it is to buy blue sky on the twenty-four-dollar island.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Bring your Oral Hygiene up to date

Tone and strengthen your gums when and while you clean your teeth

You may think what you want to and say what you please about modern art, modern music, modern literature! But there is one modern touch invading the bathrooms of America which you must not, except to your own great disadvantage, ignore!

The modern thought in dentistry is to keep the gums, as well as the teeth, strong and healthy!

To permit gums to be soft—to bleed—incurs the risk of gum diseases and threatens the very presence of your teeth. If "pink tooth brush" bothers you even in the slightest degree, turn now to the practice of gum massage and the use of Ipana Tooth Paste!

* * *

For the prevalent disorders of your gums, you can thank, or rather blame, the food you eat. But with Ipana and massage, you can restore the stimulation of which subnormal mastication robs your gums. You can send the fresh blood coursing in the tiny veins. You can defeat "pink tooth brush" and its kindred ills.

Modern dentists urge and advocate this massage. They speak of it. They write pamphlets. They address conventions of dentists and teachers on its results. And thousands of them advocate that the massage be effected with Ipana. It was by professional endorsement that Ipana sprang into public favor.

For dentists know that Ipana is not only a pleasant tasting tooth paste, easy to get their patients to use enthusiastically, but they know that it contains ziratol, a professionally recognized hemostatic and antiseptic, used by thousands of dentists in their daily practice.

* * *

Get Ipana today. Don't bother with the coupon. The sample is necessarily small. Get a large tube from the drug store. Use it faithfully for a month and see what a modern dentifrice can do for the health of your gums and the brilliance of your teeth. © 1929

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

* IPANA Tooth Paste *

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Were Mother and Aunt Celia mistaken?

"JUST THINK of the worry and trouble I've had with home laundering all these years!" exclaimed Alice Gartley, "because of the foolish things I had heard about laundries. But, thank goodness, I *know* now that clothes washed in the modern laundry are *cleaner* and last *longer*. Take that drying tumbler there where the damp clothes are revolved in constantly-changing warm fresh air that quickly dries and sterilizes them. I can't do that in my home." Remember a day a week at *home-laundry-drudging* means 52 days taken from *living* each year.

Go with Alice into Launderland

Ask any modern laundry in your town for this delightful journey booklet of "Alice in Launderland". A telephone call will bring your copy.

A Service for Every Family Budget

WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few individualized services available at laundries today.

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Let the LAUNDRY do it!

Milk Drinks

that look good — taste good — are good

Orange Nog ★ *Black Cow* ★ *Loganberry Cream* ★
Cocoa and Chocolate ★ *iced or hot—*
all the flavored drinks where milk is used ★

THESE drinks provide the newest and easiest and most pleasing way to follow the health rule of the day—"More milk in the diet." For children they tempt the appetite by their flavor—stimulate it by their variety. For every member of the family they make the milk requirement of the diet a treat rather than a task. You will not know them at their very best, however, till you make them with Pet Milk.

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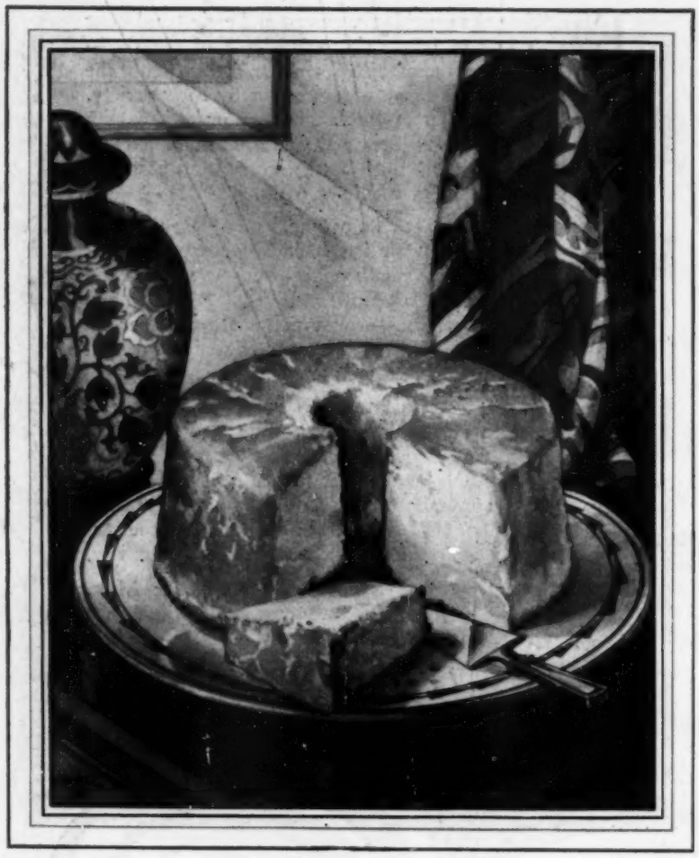
At last – Perfected!

here is a new cake flour made especially for



angel food

and other fine cakes

WOULDN'T you like an angel food that would rise higher—a lighter, fluffier, more delicate cake?

Wouldn't you like an angel food with a soft, silky texture—the sort of cake that really "melts in your mouth"?

And—a real blessing—wouldn't you like an angel food that would stay fresh longer?

These things can really happen—in your kitchen. The secret is a remarkable new cake flour, made by Pillsbury. In baking tests, cakes made with Pillsbury's Cake Flour were found to have—not one, but *all* these good qualities!

Think what this means—not only better angel food, but an improvement in all cakes. For you know that a cake flour which makes perfect angel food will work beautifully with any cake.

Pillsbury's Cake Flour is made from a new blend of certain rare types of wheat, unusually soft, powdered to a silky fineness—milled to make a lighter cake, a more delicious cake, a cake that stays fresh longer. You can depend on it to make a better cake with any of your recipes.

Try Pillsbury's Cake Flour—there is a delightful surprise in store for you—a new thrill in cake-making! Your grocer has a special introductory offer—it's described below—ask him about it.

Pillsbury's Cake Flour

FREE

Special Introductory Offer

Colored glass mixing bowls are the latest idea in the new color vogue for kitchens. Your grocer will give you one free with the purchase of two packages of Pillsbury's Cake Flour. You may have your choice of rose or green in full 9-inch size—a beautiful utensil, and so handy for mixing a cake! Remember—buy two packages of Pillsbury's Cake Flour and get one of these delicately tinted glass bowls—free!